





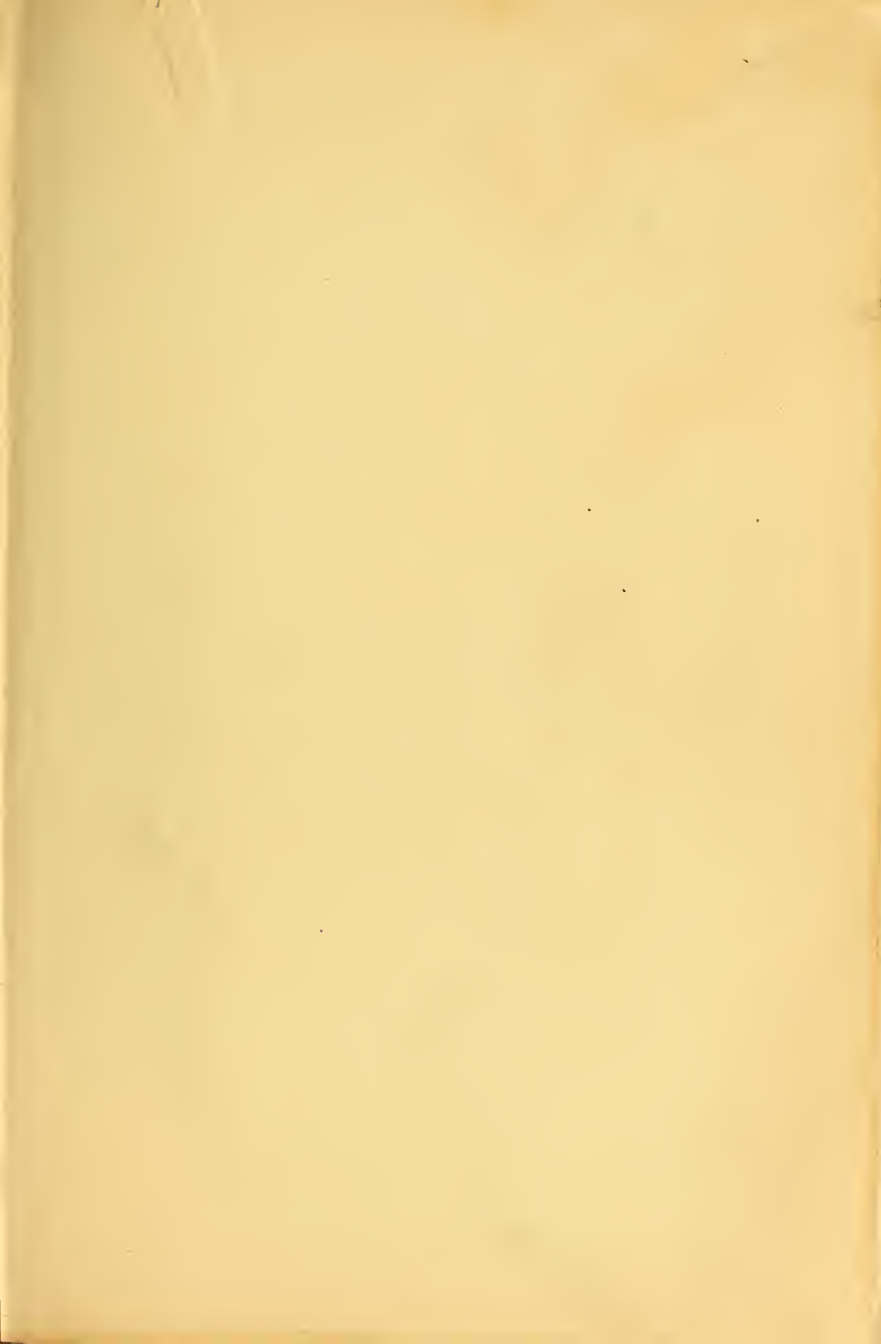
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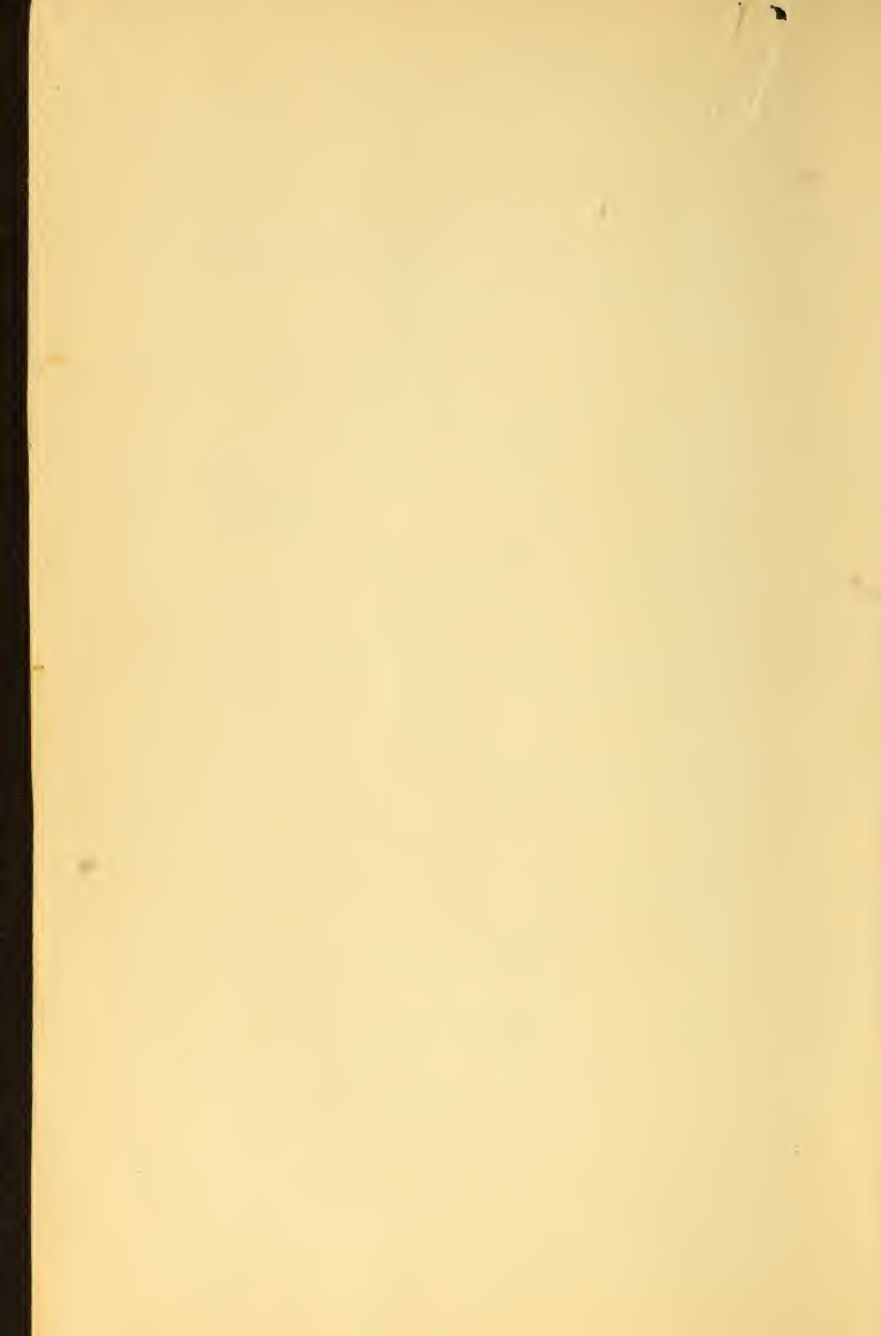
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STRIKERS,
COMMUNISTS, TRAMPS
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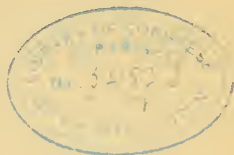
BY

ALLAN PINKERTON,

AUTHOR OF

"THE EXPRESSMAN AND THE DETECTIVE," "CLAUDE MELNOTTE AS A
DETECTIVE," "THE DETECTIVE AND THE SOMNAMBULIST," "THE
MODEL TOWN AND THE DETECTIVES," "THE SPIRITUALISTS
AND THE DETECTIVES," "THE MOLLIE MAGUIRES
AND THE DETECTIVES," ETC., ETC.

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P R E F A C E .

I AM impelled to give this book to the public for what I consider two very good reasons.

The first is, because the history of the Great Strikes of '77 has not previously been produced with either truthfulness or vividness.

The second and more important reason, in my estimation, is that their cause, progress, and final demise should be so effectually grouped and so truthfully painted that their memory, thus freshened and revived, shall ever stand as a warning and preventive of their recurrence.

My aim has been to present merely the truth, so that the public might not only be able to preserve the interesting and exciting pictures and incidents of those terrible days, but also thoroughly understand the peculiar causes responsible for these outbreaks, and look squarely under the mask and in upon the inner workings of the most important of those labor organizations which invariably result in disaster to their members and ruin to themselves.

My extensive and perfected detective system has made this work easy for me, where it would hardly have been pos-

sible to other writers; for, ever since the great strikes of '77, my agencies have been busily employed by great railway, manufacturing and other corporations, for the purpose of bringing the leaders and instigators of the dark deeds of those days to the punishment they so richly deserve. Hundreds have been punished. Hundreds more will be punished.

My first purpose was to present the history of the great strikes in such a way that the effective work since done by scores of my men could be seen. But I have found this impossible, as many of the operations, begun during the very intensest excitement of the strikes, are not yet, nor will they for some time be, finished; so that it will be readily seen that their recital would prove injurious to many interests; and I have therefore been obliged to content myself with what I believe will be considered a truthful history of those troubled times, as well as of the causes creating them. Thus, while the work may lack the colloquial interest of my preceding volumes, most of the facts contained have been secured from the very same source, and have permitted the compilation of a work which may be relied upon.

In reciting these facts and considering their lesson, I believe that I of all others have earned the right to say plain things to the countless toilers who were engaged in these strikes. I say I have *earned* this right. I have been all my lifetime a working man. I know what it is to strive and grope along, with paltry remuneration and no encouragement save that of the hope and ambition implanted in

every human heart. I have been a poor lad in Scotland, buffeted and badgered by boorish masters. I have worked weary years through the "prentice" period, until, by the hardest application, I conquered a trade. When this much was done, I plodded along under unfeeling bosses at this trade, both through Great Britain and in the United States and Canadas. I know what it is, from personal experience, to be the tramp journeyman; to carry the stick and bundle; to seek work and not get it; and to get it, and receive but a pittance for it, or suddenly lose it altogether and be compelled to resume the weary search.

In fact, I know every bitter experience that the most laborious of laboring men have been or ever will be required to undergo, not forgetting frequent participation in "the strike;" and from it all there has come a conviction, as certain as life itself, that the workingman is never the gainer—but always the loser, by resort to the reckless intimidation and brute force which never fail to result from the secret organization of the trades-union to force capital to compensate labor to a point where the use of that capital becomes unprofitable and disastrous.

These trades-unions of every name and nature are but a relic of the old despotic days. The necessities for their creation, if they ever existed, have passed away. In American citizenship there exists all the essentials to make success in the life of every man not only possible, but probable. Every trades-union has for its vital principle, whatever is professed, the concentration of brute force to gain certain ends. Then the deadly spirit of Communism steals in and

further embitters the workingman against that from which his very livelihood is secured, and gradually makes him an enemy to all law, order, and good society ; whereas, were he free from these demoralizing surroundings, his whole aim would be to improve *himself* by every means in his power, until he became a better workman, a more faithful employee, and a more loyal and high-minded citizen. And it will be found true, the world over, that in just the proportion that all classes of workingmen refuse to be coerced and embittered by these pernicious societies, in just that proportion do they rise above their previous conditions, and reach a nobler and happier condition of life.

ALLAN PINKERTON.

CHICAGO, 1878.

STRIKERS, COMMUNISTS, TRAMPS, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

STRIKERS AND STRIKING.

FROM this date, for one to look back upon the great strikes of '77, their causes and effects, it is possible for a calmer and more candid judgment to prevail. While they continued, the public mind was in a condition of unrest, excitement, and alarm. The spectacle of so vast a country as ours being even for a short time palsied, its local authorities paralyzed, its State governments powerless, and its general government almost defied, was so sudden, so universal, and so appalling, that the best judgment of our best minds were found unequal to cope with so startling and extreme an emergency.

Never before in the history of our country had there come such a swift and far-reaching peril; nor had we record of any other government being obliged to thus suddenly confront so overwhelming a danger. There was something tangible about our great Rebellion. Public expectation was to a certain degree prepared for it. For

years the opposing agencies had been adjusting themselves more and more decidedly. Men at the South had become suspicious of men at the North; Northern men became antagonized in feeling and interests to Southern men. For some time previous to the beginning of hostilities the two sections had become more distinct and separate, in all that constitutes mutual respect and consideration, than two contiguous unfriendly nations. All that was needed to complete the isolation of each was the border forts and the border patrol. The public mind of each section had been to a great degree made ready for actual hostilities. They were predetermined facts. When they came, their consequences followed naturally and in consistent order; and though neither section was wholly prepared for the rapid culmination of the numberless startling and dramatic events which crowded into the four years of civil conflict, both were enabled, through this previous certainty of some sort of peril, to cope with the same with an increasing wisdom and judgment.

But how different were we situated when this last great terror came upon us, and how unusual and startling were its phases and conditions!

It was everywhere; it was nowhere. A condition of sedition which can be located, fixed, or given boundaries, may, by any ordinary community or government, be subdued. This uprising, in its far-reaching extent, was so alarmingly sudden that it seemed like the hideous growth of a night. It was as if the surrounding seas had swept in upon the land from every quarter, or some sudden central volcano had upraised its hideous head and belched forth burning rivers that coursed out upon the country in every direction. No general action for safety could be taken. Look where we might, some fresh danger was presented. No one had prophesied it; no one could prevent it; no

one was found brave enough or wise enough to stop its pestilential spread. Its birth was spontaneous; its progress like a hurricane; its demise a complete farce.

But, looking over the destruction wrought, the consideration of the now clearly-established fact, that our country has arrived at such an age and condition that it contains the dormant elements which require only a certain measure of turbulent handling to at any moment again bring to the surface even a stronger and more concentrated power of violence and outlawry, becomes not only a most wise policy, but an urgent necessity.

I must confess to a close sympathy with workingmen of all classes. For quite a portion of my life I have been a laborer, while all my life I have been a workingman. I believe I can truly appreciate the struggles and trials of the intelligent laborer, and well understand the rigorous barriers that often hem him in. I also believe it cruelly unjust for any body of men, or portion of society, to hold him and his little world of labor and sacrifice and few pleasures so thoroughly at arm's length, as though it were an unclean thing to touch or to consider. To this miserable and too frequent custom it is most certain that we are indebted for a measure of the turbulent viciousness of what are termed the laboring classes.

But, on the other hand, I would as rigorously hold the workingman to his duty. With the numberless opportunities for the bettering of one's condition, which, in these times, every country, and particularly this country, affords, there is no excuse for other than a straightforward, honest, and honorable course on the part of any man, capitalist or laborer. No man who is able to labor at all, is unable, by persistent honesty and persistent frugality, to, in time, secure a fair competence and a fair measure of life's amenities and pleasures. When, then, the best experience of the years

has demonstrated that capital is a necessity to labor, and all the capital of all the Rothschilds is as valueless to its possessors as so much sand when labor is not at hand to give it circulation and use, the laboring man not only does a criminal act to society, but a grievous wrong to himself and those dependent upon him, whenever he allows himself to be led into any association or combination having for its *real* animus—whatever its assumed objects may be—the enforcement of certain conditions and restrictions upon the use of such capital as may be employed in the extension or use of the labor upon which he may be engaged.

It is a well-known axiom that everything eventually finds its proper level. It is certainly as true that both capital and labor, in the aggregate, receive their true rewards. In exceptional cases both capital and labor are overpaid; in certain other instances they are both underpaid. But these are only exceptions; and no combination of capital on the one side, or combination of labor on the other side, to force unjust extortion from the one or the other, can ever be maintained, and is always doomed to a termination so disastrous that the eventual loss has far exceeded the immediate profits.

The mystery of all these labor troubles is that the laboring men who permit themselves to become members of trades unions do not see the danger with which they surround themselves when they assist in forming associations for compelling from their employers what their employers cannot afford to yield. They have then assumed a position of open antagonism to the existence of the very interests upon which they are utterly dependent for their own sustenance. They immediately close avenues for their own assistance, restrict the operation of those commercial forces whose untrammelled and unrestricted working are absolutely essential to the existence of all safely-conducted busi-



M. Arthur

Grand Chief Engineer, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

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ness and trade, and, instead of deriving any benefit from their warfare upon their employers, are invariably obliged to sustain great losses and withstand severe privation, while plunging other classes of workingmen into want and penury; for it is an invariable law, that when one great business interest is assailed by the labor it employs, capital quickly feels the approach of danger and swiftly retreats into mysterious hiding-places, leaving other business interests unable to sustain themselves. Thus thousands of other laborers are grievously wronged through the criminally unjust action of a comparatively small body of men, whose rights are in no way superior to those who have been thus injured.

It is a well-established fact that the business failures throughout the United States were more numerous for a stated period subsequent to the great July strikes of '77 than for any other like period during the four years of unprecedented business depression which preceded that time. No one will deny that they were the direct result of the strikes. Hundreds of firms, unable to withstand the additional complications which the disaster imposed, were ruined, and thousands of workmen were thrown out of employment. The strikers got nothing but idleness and its vicious results. But, even had they been benefited by a forced increase of wages, who is to compensate those thousands of workingmen that were deprived of their means of gaining a livelihood for themselves and families through the suicidal acts of those who insolently deranged the entire business of a great country?

The motto of many of these turbulent associations is "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality." What is that kind of "liberty" which is the result of a rule of force upon one class of people and interests by any other class or interest?

What manner of a "fraternity" is that where one body of workingmen combine to bring about a condition of turbulence which banishes from all classes of citizens every sentiment of fraternity and humanity in a common greed, a common suspicion, and a common desperation for self-preservation?

And what should be said of an "equality" the effect of which has invariably been ruin and dismay to employers and workingmen, when one body of workingmen appeal to the brute force and terrorism of the long strike to compel their own selfish demands?

Whatever temporary gain may be secured, the history of all strikes is one of disaster to those who participate in them. They ever have resulted, they ever will result, in not only injury to the striker, but injury to the employer, which, in time, is certain to react upon the employee; and it may be laid down as a fixed principle that no strike can ever *permanently* succeed. There can be no reasonable success of a riotous strike in any civilized country.

For this reason the strike of '77 was a complete failure. Although in many instances riotous excesses were not committed, the attempt of which they were all guilty—to prevent the movement of trains—made their strike as truly a riotous proceeding as the pillage, arson, and murder of Pittsburg could have made it. By this act the strikers placed themselves in an attitude of defiance to all law and to society, and as surely arrayed law, order, and society against them. Had they won, it would have been a triumph of anarchy; and anarchy is a something impossible to exist. No community can exist save under law and order; and no riotous strike is possible of success short of revolution; while revolution itself is a failure, unless it brings to a people a still purer law and a more secure order. If workingmen who become rioters through these strikes would bear

in mind that a complete success for them in these lawless ventures necessitated an utter overthrow of the government to which they owe allegiance, it is due to their intelligence to say that they would forever abandon that mode of redressing real or assumed grievances.

The strike of '77 failed as a strike, as thousands of others have failed as strikes. When it became a general riot, its failure was doubly assured. When it took on that feature, every employer, every workingman, and every law-abiding citizen, whether employer or laborer, was compelled, from the simple law of self-preservation, to raise his hands against it. It has never yet occurred that the mutinous elements of a country were more powerful than the law-abiding elements. Even wild beasts show a certain regard for brute regulation and authority, and instances are given by naturalists where apparent sedition and turbulence on the part of unmanageable members of these brute families have met with complete extermination as punishment.

The great strike has left everybody poorer. Who has been bettered? who can point to a single instance where a body of workingmen has been benefited by their participation?

Who shall pay for the enforced idleness of millions; the ruin to vast business interests; the misery brought upon innocent working men and women; and for the hundreds of lives sacrificed upon this altar of human ignorance, blindness, and frenzy?

Looking at the matter from any point of consideration, no good thing can be seen in it, unless it may be judged a good thing to know that we have among us a pernicious communistic spirit which is demoralizing workingmen, continually creating a deeper and more intense antagonism between labor and capital, and so embittering naturally restless elements against the better elements of society, that it

must be crushed out completely, or we shall be compelled to submit to greater excesses and more overwhelming disasters in the near future.

The "strike" is essentially an institution of continental Europe, and, like all other good and bad emanations from that part of the world, gradually but surely found its way into England, Scotland, and Ireland, and from thence was transplanted to this country. Riot, which has always existed, has become the constant companion of the strike everywhere. Through my Scotch and English experiences I have become well acquainted with the characteristics of strikes in those countries. One marked difference in them there is in the fact that women, in almost every instance after the strike is inaugurated, seem the most savage in preventing the breaking of the strike by the employment of "nobs," as the "scabs" are called there, and in both inciting and participating in riots.

Resort to strikes was first had in England and Scotland among the cotton-spinners and the "tenters." The latter are the operatives in cotton-mills who attend to the proper stretching of the webs and have a general supervision of a certain number of looms. The necessity for their constant service to their employers made their unions and strikes peculiarly disastrous to the cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving interests. From this class, unions and their consequent strikes rapidly spread among all classes of workingmen and artisans. Carpenters, coopers, and cabinet-makers; moulders, puddlers, boiler-makers, engine-builders, and blacksmiths; shipwrights, and the numberless classes which subsist upon the shipping interests; butchers, bakers, and confectioners—in fact, every known trade or class of labor soon had its union or guild; and as a natural result, must sooner or later have a strike. Nothing, however, of so vast proportions as our great strike of '77 came out of this union fever

for each organization, as a rule, attended to its own troubles, and at that time communism had not gained its deadly foothold.

The tactics of the strikers, in conjunction with this disposition of women to create disorder and encourage the men in holding out, before referred to, are worthy of mention. At the mill, factory, or yards where the strike might be in progress, the strikers and their wives would congregate in large force, morning, noon, and night. As a rule they would never collect in great numbers at any one point, for this would not be permitted by the authorities; but, with great caution and very remarkable generalship, they would divide into numberless small squads, which would be stationed at different points of approach to the workshop. These small squads would invariably be supported by nearly an equal number of women armed and equipped for the fray—many of them carrying babes in their arms. When the “nobs” would arrive at the workshop in the morning, when they would leave for and return from luncheon, or when they departed for their homes for the night, they would first be set upon by the strikers and badly handled. Then, if the strikers happened to be getting the worst of it, or if the “bobbies” (the police) bore down upon them heavily, at a given signal up came heavy reinforcements in the shape of these women who had been waiting out of sight, and who, with clubs, stones, bits of iron and other hastily improvised weapons, would pounce upon the “bobbies” and the “nobs” with such fury that they were quite often temporarily driven from the field in confusion and disgrace. On these occasions of victory the poor “nobs” got terribly treated, for the women seemed by far the more merciless. If the police were victorious, as was of course the rule, still another reserve force would be signaled for, and with loud lamentations, thrilling yells and wailings,

there would rush forth from mysterious hiding-places scores of women with babes in their arms, who, with provoking persistency, pushed in among the police, dealing out sly blows to the "nobs" and shrewdly hindering the operations of the officers, who could not club women under these circumstances, until most of the strikers had escaped. These were the ordinary tactics observed in all portions of England and Scotland.

Although the English authorities have invariably treated riotous strikers with great severity, some instances of Scottish justice, which many years ago came under my personal notice, would indicate that in that country these matters are still more rigidly treated.

In 1840, what was then known as the Airdrie and Glasgow Railroad (now called the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railroad, as the line was long since continued from Airdrie to Edinburgh) was in process of construction between Glasgow and Airdrie. The construction hands, which were principally Irish, struck in a body for higher wages, and publicly swore that they would take the life of any "nob" who should attempt to take their places. Other men were supplied, and as the strikers had well-filled the section with their friends and sympathizers, many savage encounters took place. Finally a "nob" was waylaid and most brutally murdered by two strikers named Doolan and Redden. These men were immediately arrested, tried, convicted, and executed. Nor was it an ordinary execution. It was ordered to take place as near as possible upon the very spot where the murder was committed, and the condemned men were compelled to sit upon their own coffins while being driven to the place, which was a wide meadow. Thousands of people witnessed the execution of the criminals, which had the good effect of putting a quietus upon the striking fever in that section for a long time.

Previous to this, in 1837, the cotton-spinners of Glasgow and vicinity struck, and by their incendiary and turbulent acts created a wonderful excitement throughout Scotland and England. At last the authorities took the matter in hand, and large numbers of those who had participated in the outrages were obliged to escape to America and other countries, in order to avoid arrest and punishment. Determined, however, to take severe measures in the matter, the government ordered the arrest and indictment of the "Secret Select Committee," consisting of Thomas Hunter, Peter Hackett, Richard McNeill, James Gibb, and William McLean. They were accordingly apprehended and indicted for a "conspiracy to intimidate, assault, and murder non-unionists and their masters or managers," and removed to Edinburgh for trial. From the vast sums of money expended both by the government and the union leagues of Scotland, the eminent counsel engaged on either side, and the intense interest awakened, this was probably the most remarkable criminal trial on record in Edinburgh, if not in all Scotland. The extreme sentence on conviction in this case was: "Seven years' transportation beyond the seas!"

A good deal has been written and said regarding the causes of our great strike of '77. To my mind they seem clear and distinct. For years, and without any particular attention on the part of the press or the public, animated by the vicious dictation of the International Society, all manner of labor unions and leagues have been forming. No manufacturing town, nor any city, has escaped this baleful influence. Though many of these organizations have professed opposition to communistic principles, their pernicious influence has unconsciously become powerful among them. Other organizations have openly avowed them. They have become an element in politics. The

intelligent workingmen, not being altogether ready for the acceptance of these extreme doctrines, have given them no political support, and their violent propagators have been obliged to fall back upon agitation of subjects which would antagonize labor and capital. For years we have been recovering from the extravagances of the war period. Labor has gradually, but surely, been becoming cheaper, and its demand less. Workingmen have not economized in the proportion that economy became necessary. Want and penury followed. Workingmen consequently have become discontented and embittered. They have been taught steadily, as their needs increased, that they were being enslaved and robbed, and that all that was necessary for bettering their condition was a general uprising against capital. So that when, under the leadership of designing men, that great class of railroad employees—than whom no body of workingmen in America were ever better compensated—began their strike, nearly every other class caught the infection, and by these dangerous communistic leaders were made to believe that the proper time for action had come. I have therefore given considerable space in the following pages to an account of those classes and organizations most extensively represented in the great strike of '77, before proceeding with a detailed account of the history of the strike itself.

CHAPTER II.

TRAMPING AND TRAMPS.

IN that brightest of all American sketch-books, John Burroughs' "Winter Sunshine," the opening paragraph of the sketch entitled "Exhilarations of the Road" is as follows:

"Occasionally, on the sidewalk, amid the dapper, swiftly-moving, high-heeled boots and gaiters, I catch a glimpse of the naked human foot. Nimbly it scuffs along, the toes spread, the sides flatten, the heel protrudes; it grasps the curbing, or bends to the form of the uneven surfaces—a thing sensuous and alive, that seems to take cognizance of what it touches or passes. How primitive and uncivil it looks in such company—a real barbarian in the parlor. We are so unused to the human anatomy, to simple, unadorned nature, that it looks a little repulsive; but it is beautiful for all that. Though it be a black foot and an unwashed foot, it shall be exalted. It is a thing of life amid leather, a free spirit amid cramped, a wild bird amid caged, an athlete amid consumptives. It is the symbol of my order—the Order of "Walkers."

To my mind there is something of this inexpressible exhilaration which Mr. Burroughs hints at, in any form of an out door tramping from point to point, whether one is utterly objectless, or whether he may have something to gain from his journey. One may ride in a carriage, or be conveyed to his place of destination by rail, but either mode is at best one which has no other recommendation than speed. In your carriage you get stupid and fall asleep from your drowsiness, and in the railway-coach you are cramped and crowded, compelled to concede to others' whims, are a victim to every degree of heat or cold, are

obliged to breathe foul air or mortally offend the occupant of a neighboring seat, and are generally badgered and bothered. I never knew but one man who insisted that he "loved railroad riding." That man was a very intelligent conductor on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway, who told me quite recently, during a conversation on his train concerning sports and recreations, that he would "rather take a ride on a railway train for forty miles, than participate in any other pleasure or amusement of which he knew." But this is a rarely exceptional case, while the abominations of the overcrowded street-car are too well known to be recapitulated.

No person can ever get a taste of the genuine pleasure of the road and not feel in some reckless way, but yet certainly feel, that he would like to become some sort of a tramp. He might rebel against any kind of a compromise with his own manhood that would make him a tramp in the offensive sense in which the word is employed; he may be very certain in his own mind that no condition of necessity and no combination of circumstances could ever bring him to a point where he would sleep in a hay-rick, rob a hen-roost, or bully contributions from country-side folk; but there would, and there does still come an irrepressible impulse to go a-tramping.

This physical and mental elevation of spirit which comes to the walker is something that belongs solely to ourselves. It cannot be explained more than any other joy; it cannot be transmitted like any other pleasure. One must do the work himself. He must strike out on his own account. It is his own muscles that are to be strengthened, his own blood that must be thrilled, his own lungs that must be expanded and invigorated, and his own mind and spirits which will feel the flush and friction from drinking in the glories of contact with the thrilling out-door world.

Did it ever occur to the scholar, or average reader of the best literature, how much is due to what has been treasured up from these trampings of men who have, alone and unknown, but possessed of this liberty-seeking, country-loving spirit, turned tramp and thus got very close to nature and her secrets? Think it over, and then exalt the inquisitive, vagabond tramp through all ages and in all countries.

Aside from this feature of the question, look at those nations whose people are walkers, and see the strength, stability and sturdiness of them. Take Scotland, England, and some of the countries of continental Europe for example. Walking is universal. The man who cannot walk twenty miles without being "blowed" is looked upon with scorn, while the average woman there thinks nothing of a walk of a half-score miles. She will walk to church and back three times of a Sunday (and the church in those countries is always built in some little nook from one to three miles from any collection of houses), and then be as fresh as a daisy. What American woman could keep her company? But look at the result. The English or Scotch woman at forty is as blooming and healthy as a lass of sixteen. The American woman at forty, as a rule, looks like a mummy, and is as fretful as a sickly baby. These women have used their feet and legs; they have strengthened their frames, aided and built up every tissue of their bodies, made themselves capable of bearing healthy children, and kept within them the equable temper and bright, cheery ways that have made them physically and mentally the equals of their husbands, and their homes have always been places of kindly greeting and welcome.

In every instance where walking, or tramping, in its best sense, has become a favorite custom among a people, that people has been benefited in numberless ways. This may not seem to touch the subject-matter of "Tramping and

Tramps ; ” but I have referred to this branch of the question, not only with a view of awakening an interest in it, but to show that it really has held, and still holds, a very close relation to the tramp problem. This sure, but unexplainable pleasure in tramping has in many notable instances manufactured genuine tramps.

If you walk, what a new world has opened ! Whether in the city or in the country, life is seen from new windows. In the city, what human studies you can find everywhere. All that genius has inspired and accomplished you may overlook and contemplate. The fine friction from contact with the thousands you meet upon the streets stirs your blood and raises your spirits. What loiterings at shop-windows, and what a studying of all that wealth has piled up within them. What glimpses of every-day life at back-doors, through basement windows, over area railings, and up quiet courts. How you find opportunities to study the rich, sympathize with the poor, notice the insolent, admire the polite, despise the Shylocks, and revere the tender and charitable. How, in thus wandering about, you become acquainted with localities, get interested in little out-of-the-way places, and how you begin to feel a sort of ownership in what other people would not give a moment's thought ; and how, best of all, you come to have a wider, better view of life and the living of it, and a more tender, manful and considerate view of your race and kind.

But if to the better class of tramps the city is full of what others never heed or see, how much more of brightness and exhilaration there is to the walker who has learned the pleasure of a genuine country tramp across a state, for instance. To this kind of a tramp what a perfect panorama of beauty is opened. What miles of smooth road, or crisp, half-trod grass-paths, are covered. What dallyings by moss-grown bridges where the sunlit waters ripple along

with soft murmurs below. What meetings there are with sturdy old farmers on hay-racks, in ramshackle buggies, on horseback, or afoot. What passages there are with vociferous, though utterly harmless dogs. What loiterings at tumble-down bars where the music of the sickles come floating up from the fields. What drinking of deep, pure draughts from sparkling springs and from old moss-covered buckets that rumble and clatter as they rise towards the creaking windlass. What sly flirtations with blooming country lasses, arguments with cautious housewives, explanations to vigilant constables, and chattings with Rip Van Winkles at roadside inns. What quaint villages are reached, groaning ferries are crossed, and what changing pictures of pretty farm-houses, waving fields, cattle-covered meadows, and wooded hills. What sunrises; what sunsets; what splendid skies; what storms; and then, what rare sunshine again. What glimpses of rivers threading their winding ways like gleams of silver; what views of mountain, gorge, and glen; and what a grand uplifting of the whole nature from contact with everything that is interesting in nature.

Is it strange, then, that the walker, under certain conditions, merges into the tramp? or that after he has become a genuine tramp this fascination of the life on the road should confirm him in his love of utter freedom from all care or restraint? Who shall wonder that he begins to prefer his own company to that of his fellows, when he has found so bright an out-door life, where he may have everything his own way, except possibly the changing of the seasons from four to one, which would be of uninterrupted summer and sunshine?

This, however, must be considered as only a picture of the ideal tramp. From this happy-go-lucky fellow you will occasionally get a scientist, a naturalist, or a true literary genius. But you oftener get a vagabond. Shiftless-

ness, discontent, restlessness, all creep in and take possession of him. Like the genuine Gipsy, on the instant that the frost leaves the ground and the first arbutus-blossom nods from the side of the hedge, he escapes whatever winter quarters he may have possessed, and with staff, parcel, and perhaps a dog, sets forth in quest of adventure.

It is easy to see how such a person shortly becomes a vagabond. From this stage it is but a step to a bullying mendicant; and from that condition to one of becoming a criminal in a small way is all easy and natural. Many men who have become interested in this mode of passing from one point to another on foot, get so accustomed to and delighted with the practice, that the familiarity with people and things thus acquired, demonstrates to them the ease with which one may subsist while tramping; and whenever any business adversity overtakes them, they naturally turn to the road and discover in its pleasures, its freedom from care of any grave character, and the utter absence of responsibility, that they have found an easy solution to all their difficulties. Confirmed tramping is the usual result.

Still, I am certain that in all tramps there must be this underlying principle of genuine love for the out-door world, whether it be natural or acquired. There must be some other motive than a mere instinct to provide against hunger, although the motive may be very dim and indistinct in the tramp's own mind. To one who is forced to walk twenty miles a day oftener than a less number, there cannot but be some impulse considerably higher, or at least different, from that of filling one's belly during the day and sleeping in a hay-rick or a hedge at night.

I once met in Mississippi one of this careless, happy-hearted order. He was old, grizzly, bronzed, weather-beaten, but cheery and happy as a lad of twelve just out of school for a lark, and with his ragged clothing, worn stick and

neatly-made but dirty bundle, seemed to feel richer and more satisfied than some men worth their millions.

I asked him if he really liked this sort of wandering.

"Like it?" he replied, in amazement. "I couldn't live no other way!"

"But what good is it to you?" I insisted.

"Why, I ain't rich, and can't see the world any other way."

"How can seeing the world be of any benefit to you if you tramp it this way all your days?" I inquired.

This seemed rather of a puzzler to the old fellow; but, after a moment's hesitation, he brightened up, and answered:

"Why, I don't know that, exactly; but I *do* know that in twenty years' trampin' I've got more *here* (tapping his frowzy head with his stick) than a dozen of yer big city men, and it would be more worth, too, if I could use it!"

It seems to me that in this answer lies a good deal of the kernel of the matter.

Here was a mind that could not be chained down to one kind of plodding. Its possessor wanted to see the world, and had not the means to gratify that desire as others usually do. At his old age there was so much yet to be seen, and so very, very many miles yet to be done, that there was no hope that he would ever be anything else than what he was.

I do not agree with Professor Wayland and others as to the universal villainy and ferocity of the tramp, though I have no measures to advocate, nor hardly any suggestions to make. Although tramping from place to place was necessary a century ago immeasurably greater than now, the "tramp," as an institution to attract public notice, and possibly need public legislation, is comparatively new. We shall have to get better acquainted with him, when we

will know how to treat him, and perhaps, if necessary, manage him. From personal observation, which I think in these matters is a safer guide than general assertion, I am well assured that among this army of tramps there is a large number of persons of fine mind and attainments. This will be treated of more fully in a succeeding chapter. I mention it in this connection to impress a preceding statement that the tramp often began with the best of impulse and sentiment. He may end with none but a vagabond's impulse and no sentiment at all. But, as a class, I feel that they have been somewhat misunderstood and always scorned and vilified.

While wishing it thoroughly known that I deplore and condemn the vicious features of the fraternity, I am quite as willing to have it known that I have a kind word to say for thousands of them who have become homeless wretches and wandering outcasts.

CHAPTER III.

TRAMPS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

LIKE the Gipsies—who, however, have the standing that distinct race may give—the tramp, if he be an intelligent person, will tell you that there is abundant precedent for his wandering habits and lazy mode of gaining a livelihood, which, at best, is a poor one.

I have heard them quote from the best literature, and especially from the Bible, making out, I must say, a very good case for themselves, and certainly one, although highly colored, which deserves consideration. Through this fact

I have been led to give the subject considerable thought and some study, and I cannot but protest against this savage outcry that is raised through the press against the tramp.

The Bible is full of illustrious instances of tramping, on both a large and small scale.

Abram was commanded to go out from his father's house and his kindred, to a land which should be shown him, and at the age of seventy-five years took his wife and brother's son, Lot, and set forth on a regular tramp from Haran. He took his "substance" with him, of course, just as the tramp does, and wandered around the country in quite the same manner.

I say it with no levity or sense of irreverence, but Jesus Christ was himself a tramp. He was certainly one in the estimation of the Jews. His father was a tramp carpenter. But he was more utterly a tramp than them all. No other ancient or modern tramp could compare with him in destitution or homelessness. "A certain scribe came and said unto him, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. His reply was, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Further than this, he was very concise and distinct in his direction to his disciples. He insisted that they must provide neither gold, silver, nor brass for their purses. They were not allowed to have scrip for their journeys. They must not have two coats. They could not wear shoes, nor could they use staves.

If here was not a collection of genuine tramps, though their work was to be of a peculiar nature, it cannot be found in history.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Gipsies first made their appearance in Europe, their wandering and seemingly happy mode of life induced many of the

romantic to copy their manners and become themselves wanderers or tramps. They could not become Gipsies, but they could do like them ; and suddenly the highways and hamlets were filled with them.

Even long before this, between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, the Minnesingers were as well known and recognized as the church or the king. From town to town, from castle to castle, they strolled, singing their songs, and, like our modern tramps, taking their chances for securing their meals, clothing, and beds.

It was not uncommon in those days for many of the nobility to turn Gypsy, Minnesinger, or tramp. Some slight in love, some fear from intrigue, some secret state purpose, some genuine desire to study character, or some natural liking for a roving life where the severities and conventionalities of the court might be flung aside for a period of absolute freedom, has often turned men and women out of the castle upon the road, and made them for a time, if not permanently, members of these bands of strolling vagrants. When the purpose was served, they reappeared ; but many instances are recorded where the vagrant habits were so strongly fixed upon them that they clung to their grotesque companions of the highways and byways.

The antiquity of tramps and tramping cannot be questioned ; nor should it be forgotten that, aside from the necessities which have given them a certain degree of respectability in the eyes of all considerate people, we owe to the varied circumstances which have made countless persons strollers, or tramps, and then to the strolling and tramping themselves, much more than is generally conceded.

It should be remembered that many of our greatest men have either at some time been unqualified tramps, or have

done considerable of what might be called real vagabond tramping.

Sir William Herschel, born in 1738, was educated as a band musician, but turned tramp in 1767, and for a period of years pushed his way—alone, penniless and friendless—over every highway and through every city and village in England and Scotland. Had he remained in the Hanover Foot-Guards, what a loss would astronomical science have sustained!

John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," whose genius and piety stood out so brightly during the last half of the seventeenth century, and of whom the celebrated John Owen said to Charles II.: "I would really part with all my learning, could I but preach like the Gypsy tinker!"—was for years nothing more or less than a tramp tinker. He was a Gypsy by birth, or at least was of Gypsy stock, and, like all those people, was deft at handiwork. His trade was that of a brazier, or worker in brass, and like other tramps of that order, he wandered from hamlet to hamlet, wearing ragged clothing, carrying a hairy wallet upon his shoulder, working where he could, and tramping when he could not get it, sleeping at cheap inns when he could afford it, but taking to the hedge, like a duck to water, when that was impossible. Many religious bodies that admire and revere Bunyan's genius and memory most, affect to ignore this part of his history, but in my mind it should make them both stand out brighter and tenderer. The very experience he got as a genuine "pilgrim" and tramp, this getting very close to the commonest and littlest things of life as a wanderer and among wanderers, wonderfully assisted in making him what he was.

Who has read the almost pathetic story of how Oliver Goldsmith talked with his winsome tongue, and played, with his travel-scarred old flute, his objectless, aimless way

over Europe, and knows what strength and resource it all subsequently furnished him in his giving to the world some of the choicest gems of literature—that cannot have sympathy or sentiment for the tramp?

Johnson was everything but an impecunious tramp; Sir Walter Scott loved nothing better than a tramp in its roughest and most vagabondish sense; Franklin was a genuine tramp; and who has not laughed and cried over the wondrous pictures of lowly life that have been left to the world for all time through the trampings which were done by Charles Dickens?

An entertaining book could be written comprising only incidents of where tramps have become great men, or great men have become tramps; and if the reader will give the matter a moment's thought, this will not seem surprising. Men who have the advantage of wealth, of great learning, of position, and of friends, quite often are utterly wanting in self-reliance and experience. But, take a man who has had to use his wits to fill his stomach, who has passed from one county or one country to another in that painfully slow way that the tramp is compelled to—who has had to brighten and quicken every faculty in his efforts to evade police, to keep clothed, to make roadside friends, to get work—for all tramps are not shiftless vagabonds—and often to sustain life, and he has obtained a self-reliance, a wonderful knowledge of the world, and a rare observation of men and things that gives him a peculiar advantage whenever he is in a position to use it.

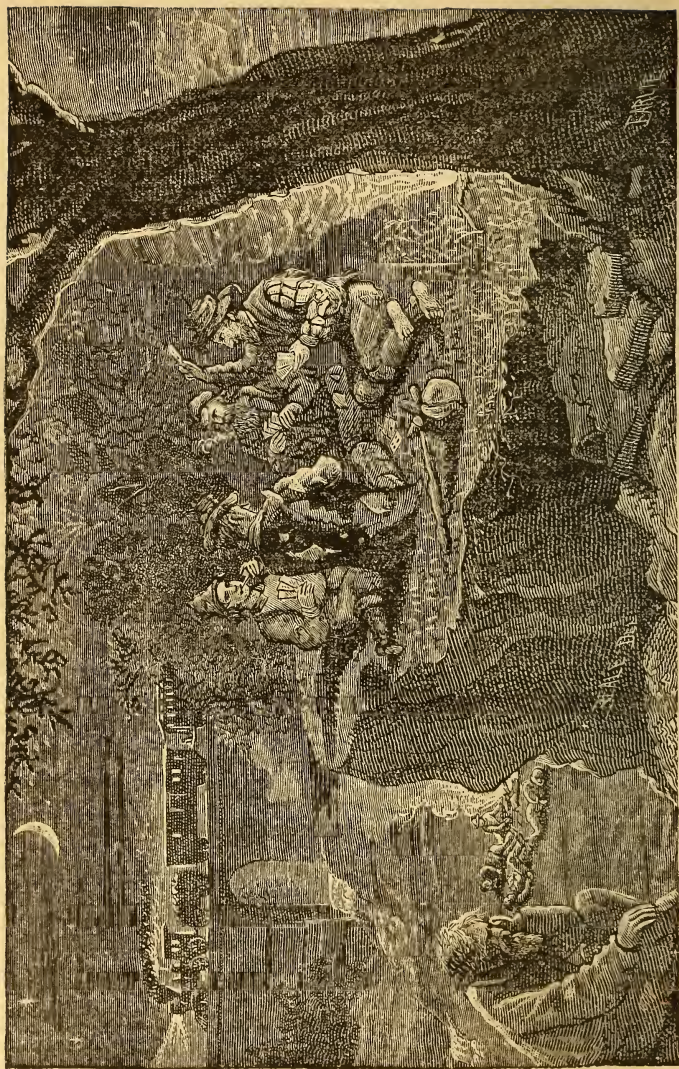
It is a common saying that self-made men are the surest and most stable; among this class there are countless persons who have been made all that they are or have been, by this peculiar educational process.

Again, among what are called the higher classes, there have been numberless instances where men, and even

women, have tired of their elegant surroundings, and with a desire to know the world as it is and see life from the under side, have suddenly broken away from their friends and for years led the life of the strolling tramp. Sometimes the habit becomes too strong to be shaken off, but oftener these persons as suddenly return to their friends, and bring with them experience and observation which make them famous.

I do not wish to be understood as encouraging tramping, nor the many evils which cannot but arise from the same, but to merely show that it has not been valueless to the world, and that consequently the outcasts and vagrants of this order, which we so commonly look upon with contempt mingled with a certain dread, are as a class entitled to more consideration than they receive. The matter has its pathetic side as well as its useful side and ruffianly side; and to humanitarians and that large class of people who are really ready to assist in bettering the condition of their fellows, if they can only be shown how and where to work, I can imagine nothing more pitiful being presented than the following scene that is reported as repeatedly occurring along the line of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

It is night, and in a deep gorge near the railroad, where the trains are constantly passing and repassing, a collection of some twenty or thirty of these outcasts, who have been driven from a neighboring village, are gathered. At the bottom of the gorge, where a stream of water leaps down from the hills through the stone archway sustaining the tracks, are sleeping or dozing, about a fire which has been kindled for warmth and to cook what little the wanderers may have stolen or begged for their supper, a large number of the poor fellows, exhausted from their day's march; for, like "Joe" in Dickens's "Bleak House," it is their destiny to be kept "moving on" and on. In different places are



Night encampment of tramps near the Boston and Albany Railroad.

seen old and young men who have retired from the companionship of their fellows, to brood over their misfortunes, regret lost opportunities in the past, or possibly resolve upon better things for the future. Up above all these, on a little eminence among the trees and before another fire which has been kindled for their special benefit, is a group of four, with toes, knees and elbows out, who take their troubles more lightly, and who are passing the hours in an animated game of cards.

They are all ragged, dirty, wretched. They are all outcasts, wanderers, vagabonds. They are all utterly homeless, and in the wide world have no spot that they may go to and claim an interest in, nor is there any hand to be raised, save against them. They are tramps, worthless tramps, things to be dreaded, shunned, driven and despised; and yet, among the gathering I have just pictured, it was found by a curious official of the railroad named that there was not one who had not seen better days. In many instances the depths to which they had sunk had been the result of their own faults, which were frankly admitted; in many other cases, misfortune, and not fault, was at the bottom of the degradation; and I have no sympathy or respect for that large class of people who cannot realize the suffering which has brought thousands of men—and women, for that matter—to this pitiable condition.

In European countries a certain class of tramping, for hundreds of years previous to the introduction of the railway system, was not only allowed, but was considered highly respectable among the laboring classes. After a mechanic of any sort had completed his term of apprenticeship, custom made it imperative that he turn journeyman, which is only another word for tramp, and pass from one part of the country to another, and often into other countries, to improve and perfect his trade by coming in contact with other

journeymen, observing how work was done in other shops, and generally bettering his skill and practice. This custom is still common in out-of-the-way sections in Europe.

I have heard old German, Swiss and French people relate many interesting incidents arising from these customs. The tramp tailor, the tramp cobbler, or the tramp tinker, were once, and are now in some localities, great institutions. Their annual or semi-annual visit to the little village, or the country-side collection of half a dozen peasants' houses, was an event exceeding in importance and interest all other occurrences of the year. They were the greatest gossipers alive. They were all characters. They were full of anecdote and wit, or what passed among the peasantry for wit, and could tell a story, sing a song, whistle a melody, or drink till the last man fell under the table, as no others could do. Wandering from place to place, they had all the news, all the scandal, all the merry-making, at their tongue's end, and were quite as much in requisition for their good-fellowship and what they could communicate, as for what they could do with their needles, their awls and hammers, or their soldering-irons and grinder's-wheels. In fact, they were the newspapers of the day—the wandering encyclopedias that were open to all their customers, which included nearly everybody on their circuits, and that brought a homely joy and pleasure, as well as a certain grade of labor, which could not be dispensed with under any circumstances.

Nor were these all. The dressmaker, milliner, and even midwife, furnished the other half of the picture and made it complete. While these women were not exactly tramps, yet their services were rendered in precisely the same manner, by walking from village to village and house to house; and their place of honor in public esteem was quite of the same character as the journeyman tramps just described,

who were very often their boon companions, and occasionally their lovers or husbands.

In my own time I have been brought in close contact with these journeymen tramps in England and Scotland, and from personal observation I am satisfied that no tramp of the present day is more of a foot-sore wanderer than some of them were at that time. Go to any part of Great Britain and you would find him plodding along the foot-paths, or upon the open highway, worn, dust-covered, sometimes very ragged, but always with his kit of tools slung in a bag over his back, and supported by the ever-present staff; while, if the roads were smooth or the weather not too severe, his hob-nailed shoes would also be slung upon his stick, to save them for a still more needy time. Entering the village, if a convenient brook could not be found, his first trip would be to the town-pump, or to the pump at some friendly though cheap and ancient inn, where his toilet would be made in the most approved order that combing his hair with his fingers and wiping his face with his elbows would permit. After this his feet would receive attention; and then, after his inner man had been satisfied with a mug of beer and a slice of cheese and bread at a near tap-room, he would proceed to the different shops where his kind of labor might be in demand, where, if he got work, he would remain until it was exhausted, and then take up his staff and bundle for another tilt at fortune and another weary tramp until work was again secured. When I have known these men so well, and been so certain that they were doing the best in their power to get along in the world and rise above the poverty of their surroundings, their abuse by those who know nothing whatsoever of suffering and privation brings a sense of resentment to my mind which I cannot but thus publicly express.

CHAPTER IV.

MENDICANT TRAMPS—INSTANCES WHERE PROMINENT PERSONS
HAVE BECOME CONFIRMED TRAMPS.

THE tramp has always existed in some form or other, and he will continue on his wanderings until the end of time ; but there is no question that he has come into public notice, particularly in America, to a greater extent during the present decade than ever before. While he is commonly the outgrowth of conditions of society which will never materially vary, the severe and unprecedented hard times that have lately been experienced, and which still seem to girdle the entire globe, have manufactured tramps with an alarming rapidity. Where they previously existed as single wandering vagabonds, they now have increased until they travel in herds, and, through the dire necessity of their pitiable condition, justly create some anxiety and alarm.

In the olden time, the tramp, or vagabond, was a fellow to be less feared than now, whether because he was less ferocious naturally, or because he was more of a mendicant than the highway pirate of the present time.

It is stated that the period between 1500 and 1700 was the golden age of tramp mendicants. They were then classified as *Staublers*, *Lösseners*, *Klenkers*, and *Dobissors*. They were born and bred beggars, and with each generation became more and more expert in all the petty tricks of the mendicant. They were not the devil-may-care fellows of more modern times, who often tramped for the mere love of the thing, and who, in many instances, had some object beyond

mere tramping which was worthy, like a study of a people or a country by some happy-hearted literary Bohemian. They were the veriest beggars ever known, and were permitted to roam about through the good nature of the authorities and the sufferance of the people, who treated them with great kindness, as they always begged in the name of the saints and professed the greatest piety. In vulgar parlance, in these days, that assumed merit in tramp-beggars would be regarded as extremely "thin."

The *Staublers* were bread-gatherers, who wandered about in families, carrying huge sacks and bags. They ostensibly pleaded for bread, but would, of course, take anything they could get, and many a dishonest picking was hid in the capacious pouches which they packed about. It is related that many of them amassed great wealth from the shrewd disposition made of the proceeds of this begging and pilfering.

The *Losseners* made the pretense of being released prisoners who had served their country loyally, were captured at the front in battle, and had suffered untold miseries for their country's sake. They had most thrilling tales to tell in exchange for alms. In all countries,—and particularly during this period in continental Europe,—the claims of the ex-soldier who has suffered cannot and could not pass unheeded. Even with our nearness to the sacrifices of a protracted war, the stories of battle, capture, escape, or terrible suffering, always interest the listener whether they be true or false, and seldom fail, if recited by a skilled beggar, to compel the desired response. As a rule, these *Losseners* had some scar to show, or relic of the battle, camp, or prison-cell to produce, which, with their marvelous flow of language, descriptive powers grown keen and graphic by constant use, and unequalled knowledge of the incidents of the wars they claimed to have

participated in, completed an unanswerable argument for charity.

The *Klenkers* were cripples or pretended cripples, and, as is quite common in our day, were a class who made a stock in trade out of their infirmities. These persons were most shrewd and cunning in their devices. Being ready for an attack upon the charitable, they would range themselves along the sides of church-door approaches, crowd in at fairs, and crawl in and about all public places, where they would exhibit these infirmities or "made-up" deformities. They were often found in the country and at little villages, and they would drag themselves about with such persistency, and often with such rapidity, that their shams would be discovered.

The *Dobissors* were the rascally tramp-mendicants who begged for alms—and they always wanted money—to assist in the repair of some ruined chapel, extend the walls of some needy monastery, or build a new church. I wish to cast no reflection on the genuine solicitor of funds for this purpose, and on those marked charities of the Catholic and other churches; but many of this class of tramp-beggars were the veriest knaves extant. Through religious superstition the people were bled unmercifully by these scoundrels, a majority of whom were not accredited at all, never saw the inside of a church, and had no wish to. They exhibited "sacred relics" which they manufactured or pilfered, and insisted on alms in the name of every saint in the calendar.

All these classes of tramping mendicants were such adepts in their particular lines that they scarcely ever failed to secure contributions; and their success caused a rapid increase of vagabonds from among other classes, who saw how much easier it was to secure a livelihood in this manner than through honest labor, which caused them to readily

fall into the same habits of wandering and trickery. So great an evil did this finally become, that the severest of laws were passed against them, as also the Gypsies who flourished in continental Europe during the same period, and they were eventually driven out, or at least into retirement. They then took up their tramp towards Great Britain, and both these vagabonds and the Gypsies arrived there about the same time. After a period of success in England and Scotland, in which their character was of course changed as the different character of the people and different customs of the country made it necessary, the severest laws were enacted for their regulation and extermination.

It may be truly said that from the effects of this great body of vagabonds can be traced the origin of confirmed English and Scotch tramps. This class are quite distinct from the journeymen tramps before referred to; but there is still a close relationship existing among all classes who make tramping a profession, whether they are, or have been from youth, accustomed to tramp for work, or whether from infancy they have been educated as mendicant tramps. The effect of tramping upon any person is to make him keenly alive to the fine generalship of living without work, and existing when work cannot be secured. He cannot but become a sort of guerilla on the outskirts of civilization.

While all classes of tramps in Europe have always been considered harmless, though they have often become pests, there has been a good reason for the fact. The countries of Europe are more densely settled than ours. Government restrictions are greater, police surveillance is keener, the constabulary are more vigilant. The tramp there, who, from choice or necessity, has determined to become a criminal, knows that his risks are very dangerous. It is too little a distance between towns. He is too closely watched. The people have come to know him as a tramp by his habits and

manners, and the first attempt to be anything worse than a tramp brings disaster.

With us it is different. The conditions which have always existed in our country, and which still exist, have made it imperative on the part of a large portion of our population to tramp it. Men leaving Eastern cities for Western towns, desiring to economize, have pushed their way along afoot, and after having been out a half-dozen days on their journey, could scarcely be distinguished from a genuine tramp; farmers of wealth, with a view to changing their residence, have walked hundreds of miles to see the country and make personal inquiries and investigations; peddlers with packs, canvassers for books, newspapers, periodicals, and insurance, often take it afoot through those sections of country not reached by rail; and for a hundred other good reasons, a hundred other classes of men, and even women, have been, and still are, compelled to pass from one section of the country to another, or between towns and villages; and this necessarily rough out-door life often produces the tramp manners and appearance, so that it would be almost impossible to select the tramp from among those upon the road.

This is all favorable to the tramp; and with all these possibilities on his side, if he is evil-disposed and like the notorious tramp-desperado, Rande, he has every advantage.

These conditions, which every observant person cannot but have noticed, have caused tramps to become more daring than in European countries, and thus they have been led into excesses which have brought dishonor upon the entire fraternity, which, as a class, if not eminently respectable, is, as a rule, good-natured and harmless.

While it is undoubtedly true, as Elihu Burritt claims, that the "tramp nuisance," as the public have come to term it, is of no recent origin with us, and is a direct importation from Europe, I cannot agree with him when he states that

our hard times have had no appreciable effect in increasing tramps ; for I am certain, from personal observation and inquiry, that they have had nearly all to do in causing the country to be so filled with tramps as it is at the present time. The brotherhood of the road in some form has always existed, and years ago had appeared in America. But the great mass of our people were ignorant of the tramp or the tramp's character. The hard times which we have experienced have been universal. They have not only so depressed our own industries that thousands of mechanics, clerks, and laboring men have been thrown out of employment here, but the same has been true of all European countries. America is the objective point for all classes who have been driven to the wall by poverty in every other part of the world, and thousands upon thousands have come to us without means of subsistence and without any possibility of securing a livelihood. What other recourse have these people had save to turn tramp, and beg and pilfer to sustain life ? It is a pitiable condition of things, but there is no doubt that the majority of those now upon the road are there from necessity, and not from choice. If thousands are here from abroad who have been compelled to turn tramp, how many of our own people have been forced into the same kind of life as the only way left to live outside of the poor-house ?

Our late war created thousands of tramps. This fact seems to be generally overlooked. Hundreds upon hundreds became demoralized by the lazy habits of camp-life, and were suddenly turned loose upon society without any regular employment, or desire for any. After what money they had been paid when mustered out was expended, they begged and borrowed from their friends until this source of supply was exhausted, when they became wandering vagabonds, with no better ideas of life than those created

and fostered by army life, which were to play the social guerilla and forage wherever they could do so.

The nucleus, of course, was formed by the professional tramps from Europe; but, ever since the war, circumstances and conditions have been continually arising to transform respectable people into tramps. To bring this more forcibly to the mind of the reader, I would suggest that this book be closed for a moment, and that the reader then tax his own recollection for instances where men or women within his acquaintance, at one time enjoying a good position or good social standing, have, by some fault of their own, perhaps, but still oftener through ill-fortune, been bereft of their means of support, and, as a consequent, their friends, and in due time became wanderers and vagrants of the road. They may have lingered in the city for a time, but by and by every old friend's face is averted, every acquaintance's back is turned, and with a bitter heart and a discouraging, hopeless prospect beyond, they plunge into the country because they are compelled to, and, in nine cases out of every ten, are from that moment tramps. I venture to say that nearly every one who will thus reflect upon the subject can recall several instances of this kind, and on further reflection it will be remembered that they have chiefly occurred since the war.

It is also quite as true that the growth of tramps has been by no means confined to men and women of the working classes, although they have suffered greatest. I am personally cognizant of scores of cases where men occupying the highest of positions have in some way fallen, and in time joined this brotherhood of strollers. A few of these are worthy to be noticed as illustrative of their parallels in hundreds of other instances that have not fallen under my observation.

One of these was of a gentleman who began life at the

very bottom rounds of the ladder, and who, from a boy, struggled against all obstacles until he had attained a fine reputation as a railroad man of splendid ability and discernment. Rising from one position of trust to another, he finally became the general manager of one of the most important railways leading to the West, and for years held this position, an acknowledged peer of our best railway managers. After a time he began indulging in too free a use of liquor, and, when it was seen that the habit was growing upon him, he was reduced to a position of less responsibility, but was still considered the most valuable man upon the road. This had the effect of causing him to drink harder, until he eventually became so confirmed in the habit that he was reduced to a position of still lower grade. This went on for some time longer, until finally the company were obliged to dispense with his services altogether. That man to-day is a confirmed tramp. He is not merely a drunkard; he is a wanderer over the face of the earth, and as brilliant as a professional tramp as he was able and talented as a railway manager.

Another instance is of one of the most eminent criminal lawyers in the country. Possibly he was not known like O'Connor or Ingersoll, but he gave promise of as much acumen as the former and as brilliant oratorical powers as the latter. He was of a fine family, and members of it are still noted as financiers and professional men. His own career in the practice of the law was one series of splendid successes. But, in spite of position, friends, prestige—in fact, all that could make a man wish to live and triumph in his profession—he suddenly, and without apparent cause, broke away from everything bright that surrounded him, and became one of the lowest vagrants on earth. There is no tramp experience which he has not compassed, no trickery or cunning of the vagabond order which he has not taken

advantage of, and no vicissitudes of the outcast's life which he has not suffered. For years he lived a genuine tramp's life, and as he had been a talented lawyer, so he became a talented tramp.

Still another instance is found in the case of a former business manager of a well-known Chicago daily newspaper, which is still in existence, though under another name. This man had as much ability, and, for that matter, as much influence, as the managers of ordinary metropolitan dailies. He was a person of good education, unexceptional connections, fine culture, and had, like all men in such positions, "hosts of friends." Some change in the proprietorship occurred which deprived him of his position. The next thing that was heard of him he was among that vast army of newspaper cormorants that was fastened upon the Northern Pacific Railroad just before its bankruptcy. From this his fortunes steadily waned, until in '74 he had exhausted the good nature of his friends, had completed that long series of brilliant expedients which come so handily to the newspaper Bohemian, and had turned tramp.

The last time I saw him he was shuffling along a country road, almost shoeless, ragged, dirty, and forlorn, wrapping himself in his skinny arms as if to thus derive some additional warmth—the picture of animated degradation, and yet with a trace of cheeriness and contentment about him, as though he derived some sense of satisfaction from the reflection that he could get no lower.

These, as I have said, are only hap-hazard instances among great numbers within my personal knowledge, where men of position, splendid mind and large influence, have, through numberless causes, turned vagabonds. Clergymen, physicians, scientists, literary men—men in all grades of profession, art, or trade, have gone the same way. Some have turned tramp from the very fascination of vaga-

bondism ; others, because they have been led into it unconsciously on their own part ; others have been forced into it from the bitterest necessity ; others, to escape, some fancied humiliation ; and still others have taken up the cudgel and bundle to see the world and study the lower strata of humanity. Not all who become tramps remain so. Nor do all those tramps who rise above that mode of existence remain in the higher walks of life. The element seems to dart back and forth through countries, communities, and society, like some swift shuttle, in and out, through and through. A man may be eminent to-day, and to-morrow a tramp. If you meet a tramp in a certain part of the country, a month from that time it is possible that you may discover him occupying some position of trust, surrounded by friends who look upon his vagaries of the tramp order as mere oddities not at all to his discredit.

I have found it to be a striking peculiarity among this strange class that a majority of their number, who have become confirmed in their vagabond habits, and who occasionally reappear for a short time within society, are men of extraordinarily fine minds. I mean by this, that they are persons of great natural gifts, close observers of people and things, keen to secure and retain valuable information, quick to discern motives for human action, splendid conversationalists, and, as a rule, also persons of superior education. It is something to be regretted that such capabilities could not be put to better use, but it is often a mark of talent to be useless, and these devil-may-care fellows derive a certain enjoyment from their very vagabondism.

It is also a noteworthy fact that, while the great body of tramps always holds its own and never suffers diminution to any extent, that the members of the fraternity are never for any given period the same persons. They come and go, appear and disappear ; but, once a tramp, they are

always the tramp in feelings and sympathy. There is always this nucleus of a brotherhood, and, as it takes but little time to secure standing among them, your presence is ever welcomed and your absence never regretted; for, should you desert your tramp-fellows, there is always an amateur ready to take your place, who will shortly become quite as proficient as yourself.

CHAPTER V.

TRAMP-PRINTERS AND TRAMP ENCAMPMENTS.

WHILE there are numberless distinct classes of tramps in our country, all deserving of notice, I have not the space to treat of them separately; and, before passing from the subject, will only briefly refer to one class which in my opinion stands pre-eminent as representative of tramps. These are the tramp-printers. Never was there another such a shrewd, good-natured, harmless, and yet reckless class of strollers on earth. It is also a fact with printers as a body of workmen, that there is scarcely a man among their tens of thousands that has not at some time "tramped it." In fact, a printer is ordinarily considered "no good" when he cannot definitely refer to this mark of graduation and proficiency, and there is not a newspaper or job office in the world that has not its tramp-printer, and that does not count upon periodical visitations from that irrepressible individual. There have been bright exceptions where printers have secured a competency, as they are all able to, and social standing, as any man can do; but, as a rule, they are inclined to a frequent use of the "flowing bowl," almost invariably are

gamblers, or rather are a source of great profit to professional gamblers, and are, one and all, from a subtle and unexplainable spirit of adventure of which the craft seem possessed, full of a chronic restlessness that permits of no stability or reliability. Watch any printing-office in America for a month. It may retain the same foreman for that length of time, but what a change has there been at the "cases"! Every day or two a new face appears, and one that has become familiar disappears. They have gone to "carry the banner." * No one has ever seen this mysterious emblem of the craft, but every printer has patriotically borne it with a heroism worthy of a better cause.

Printers are not all tramps, but, as stated, there is scarcely a printer who has not at some time been upon the road. The fraternity are quite proud of their accomplishments in this direction. Half the chatting among the employees of an office is upon the adventures of certain of their number, or of some particularly chronic old walker who has made a national reputation for himself on account of some noteworthy achievement in the tramp line, or who has some interesting personal characteristics. There are often among these confined tramp-printers, men of most brilliant minds and winning manners; but they long ago gave up the idea of it being necessary for them to labor, and they would scorn to do a square day's work at the "case;" but they are always tolerated, for tramping is a recognized pleasure and necessity among printers.

The course taken by the regular tramp when he "strikes a town," as it is called, is to immediately hunt up the printing-offices—and he usually has learned how the land lays from some compatriot upon the road who has too

* "Carrying the banner" is a slang phrase among printers, denoting that the ensign-bearer is living without work, upon his wits, which are usually equal to every emergency.

recently "worked" the same offices to return. Climbing to the aromatic quarters usually occupied as the composing-room, he sneaks about the door until he has "piped off" the foreman, and has mentally taken his measure, when he boldly approaches that petty tyrant with some assurance and the question :

"How's business, boss?"

The foreman may want a man, and may give the tramp work at once. As a rule, however, there is not much to be done, and the tramp has no deep desire for it, if there is. It is immediate financial aid that he wants; and his whole talent is to be used with that end in view. He will probably get a bluff reply from the foreman.

"Well," says the tramp, "the office is good for a night, isn't it?"

This means: "If I can't get work, I can get lodging and a little lift on the road, can't I?" and, after he has sacredly promised to "throw in" three or four "thousand" (distribute three or four thousand "ems" of type) in the morning, he considers himself quite at home.

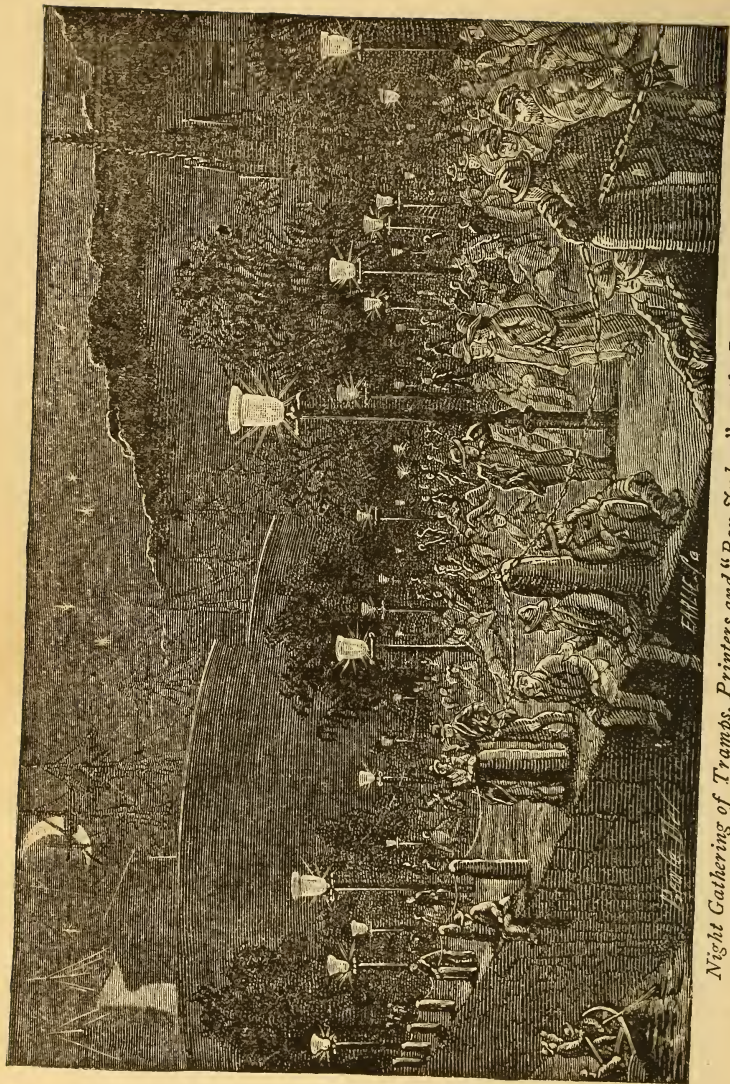
He will then immediately edge around among the boys and "nick the office." "Nicking" the office consists in begging among the printers for nickels, or any other loose change they may have to bestow; and the tramp under these circumstances will not despise even coppers. He may not get a quarter all together. Often he gets several dollars. But the good fortune of getting anything always depends upon whether the foreman is good-natured or not. At night the strolling guest usually rests his classic form on the composing-room floor, sometimes upon the "imposing-stone," if it is large enough, for the rats cannot reach this safe elevation, oftener upon the "stock"—the piles of printing-paper—and, if the foreman is soft-hearted enough, the knight of the road may be favored with a luxurious couch

upon the floor of the editor's sanctum, or, if he has a sofa, upon that convenient piece of furniture.

He is always true to his word of the night previous, and in the morning fulfills his promise as to the distribution of type. Sometimes he gets steady work for a week or two; but if he remained until he made five hundred dollars, he would invariably "carry the banner" out of town, having "played in" his money at the faro-bank, or lived a gay life, as printers know so well how to do; and he takes up the old tramping perfectly satisfied with his record, and philosophically looks ahead with the brightest of hope to future conquests.

Upon the road again he is the genuine tramp, and that is all. He only differs from other classes of the same *genus homo* in greater versatility, and possibly readier wits. He never fails, however needy he may become, to keep posted on the current events of the day; and therefore, when commingling with other tramps, holds something of the position of an oracle. The box-car, the hay-rick, the hedge, the arches of the road or railway bridge, the hen-roosts, are all familiar to him just as they are to all other tramps.

Probably one of the greatest night rendezvous for tramp-printers in this country is at the Battery, in New York city, in the summer. These careless fellows will hang about the printing-offices, hide about for printers in luck to borrow a "half-case" (a half-dollar) from them, and sun themselves in City Hall Square upon the benches until night. Then the police will drive them out, and, in company with the "pan-jerkers"—all that large class of loafers who subsist by rendering some slight service about restaurants—they begin "moving on." By eight o'clock, down every approach to the lower part of the island, will be seen these squads of tramps straggling along to the Battery; and by midnight



Night Gathering of Tramps, Printers and "Pan-ferkers" on the Battery, New York City.

hundreds will be asleep upon the benches, leaning against lamp-posts, stretched upon the ground, and even lying upon the wharf with their ragged legs hanging over. The police permit this, because they must go somewhere. There is nobody to be molested at the Battery at night. Nothing can be stolen, for there is nothing to steal. And so through the warm summer nights these outcasts have a place that is secure from intrusion, and remain in undisturbed possession until daylight, when the awakening life of the great city is the signal for the police to rouse them, and roughly move them on again, when they straggle away north, past Trinity, to repeat their previous day's strange experiences.

Many statements are made as to the Freemasonry of tramping. I have been told by old knights of the road that these signs and pass-words were in use, but almost wholly among those who have been born and bred tramps, and whose fathers and mothers have followed begging and tramping as a profession in the old country. Among this class every possible art and device is resorted to. Charts of the country, showing the best routes for travel, and of cities, designating the most benevolent neighborhoods, are common. This same class have a regular system of operation. In the cities they beg during the winter, and when summer comes, one of a party will start out in advance and "work a route" as a peddler or tinker. In this way, as he stops at nearly every house on a designated route, he will have learned the character of the inmates, whether they are benevolent or rude, and he seldom takes his departure without leaving some pre-arranged sign to indicate to him who follows after, just where, and where not, to make application. These scamps become such keen and correct judges of people and surroundings that they scarcely ever commit an error; and if one could read the hieroglyphics upon door-

steps, gate, fence, or tree, which is usually laid to the chalk or jackknife of the bad boy of the neighborhood, they could ascertain just what opinion was had of them by the tramps who have passed that way. But deciphering these symbols is simply impossible, for each party establishes its own signs, which are changed as often as it may be necessary ; for, if this were not so, some still more characterless fellow might follow the advance courier and take the benefit of his labor.

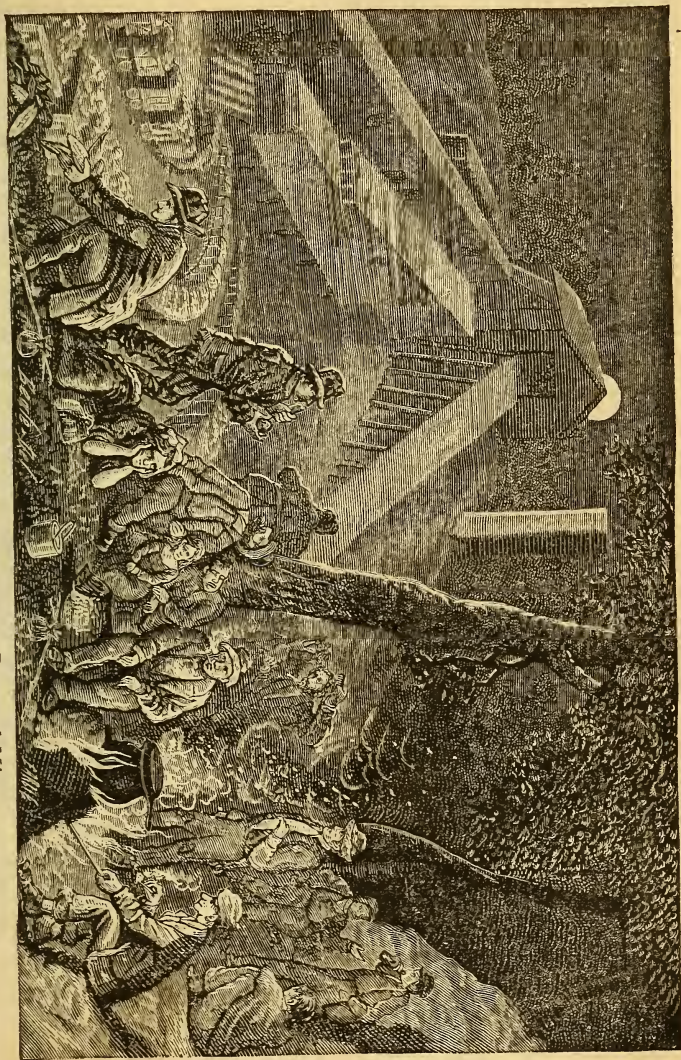
But these things are only true of the professional tramp, who has nothing to recommend him to public interest save his shrewdness and persistency. He has no romance about him, and follows this sort of life simply because he has been bred to it. It is only the tramp who has been something better, can be something better, or that, being what he is, has humor and bravery about him, that I consider really worthy of the name.

Throughout Pennsylvania, as well as many other Eastern states, there are whole communities of outcasts who, for a better name, are called tramps.

During the great strikes of '77 one of my operatives, in the pursuance of his duty at Wilkesbarre, Pa., suddenly came upon a bivouac of tramps near a coal-shaft, which had been deserted by the miners who had struck and were participating in the general excitement at Wilkesbarre.

This grotesque company numbered thirty or forty persons, and had evidently been gathered at this particular point in anticipation of possible opportunities for raids in every direction while the locality was deserted. They were cooking their supper at the edge of the timber, among the rocky bluffs and beneath overarching, protecting trees. The moon, rising above the lonesome old breaker, fell across the camp, giving its inmates a weird, witch-like appearance as they moved about in the lights and shadows. They

Bivouac of Tramps near the Desert Diamond Mine.



seemed to be a tired, dreary, wretched lot, and had the marks of travel and weary wandering upon them. Most of them had fallen upon the ground for rest, and in all sorts of sluggish positions were dozing in a stupid, sodden way that told of brutish instincts and experiences. In the centre of the encampment a huge kettle was placed over a bright fire, and from the longing looks of those around it, it evidently contained some stirabout that would prove palatable on being served. Some were dressing chickens lately foraged from convenient hen-roosts; some were husking green corn for roasting in the coals; others were munching potatoes that had been baked in the ashes; others were making rude toilets with almost toothless combs, and old rags for towels; while some, the most fortunate of all from the tramp standpoint, were indulging in copious draughts of liquor to drown their sorrows, raise their spirits, and whet their appetites. There were old men, abandoned women, the wretchedest of wretched hags, young persons in the heyday of health and strength, and little children, prematurely old and shrewish; but all seemed as contented and satisfied with their fortunes as though it was all they deserved and better than they expected.

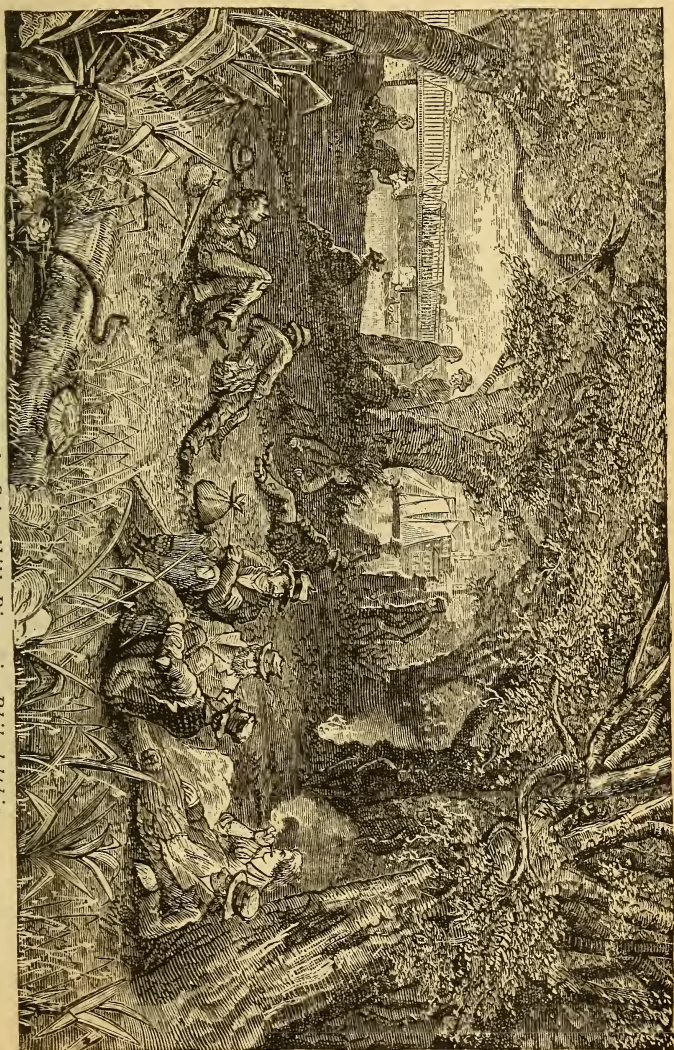
The next morning the encampment broke up, and Gypsy-like, its members went different ways, possibly to again meet at some pre-arranged retreat the same night, and possibly to never again form another like vagabond assemblage.

In a strip of wood on the Darby road, near Philadelphia, and in a most picturesque spot, is a regular settlement of tramps, who live in the same place winter and summer. Sometimes a portion of them are away upon the road, but it always seems that others come from a mysterious somewhere to take their places; so that, though the members are ever changing, the number is nearly the same throughout all the year. During the day they lounge around fires

made of dry limbs gathered from the forest, and built between convenient crevices in the rocks. Sometimes they are singing, sometimes cooking, washing, or mending, and very often drinking. When they get out of provisions, they either take to the roads and beg or steal a supply from the farmers, or stroll into the meadows and gather mint and other herbs, or flowers, which they take into the city and sell for whatever they can get, the proceeds of which they usually invest in nine parts whiskey and one part food, and then, returning to camp, inaugurate a regular debauch, when they make the woods ring and ring again with songs and laughter. They have a cabin built of limbs of trees and bark for the more aristocratic of their number, but the majority sleep upon the ground, with any arrangement for protection which their ambition may suggest. One would naturally think that in time they would exhaust their resources and become starved out. But this is not the case. They fare well, and are apparently the happiest and jolliest dogs under the sun. They have women among them, many that yet bear the traces of beauty, and the men seem to show them a rude yet certain kind of respect, though of course these women are always ready for debauch and revelry. At nights, quite like the Gypsies, they lie about the fires, play cards, or sing and dance, and seem to enjoy themselves to the utmost. They have a sort of a leader, and also a woman who holds the relation of a semi-barbaric queen. All that is requisite for admission to this Druidical tribe is the certain evidences which a tramp or outcast wears; the lower you are, the more sure of a welcome you are. While you remain, you may have as good as they have, providing you show yourself willing to assist to the extent of your ability. You may possibly pay your way with well-sung songs or well-told tales; but otherwise, you must do enough pilfering or begging to contribute your share to

the common fund, or you must take to the road again of your own accord to avoid a broken head and summary ejection.

It is also a fact, which is probably unknown to a hundred people within that city, that within the limits of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill river, near Grey's Ferry, and immediately back of and below the almshouse, is a long reach of swampy land known as "The Reeds," which, during the summer, is completely filled with tramps. The spot has hundreds of clump willows which afford shade and protection for these outcasts, who flock here from the city, as also from the country, in large numbers. The almshouse is conveniently near, and these lazy crowds, from some unexplainable reason, are kept pretty well supplied from that institution. This rendezvous is a regular hotel for both male and female tramps—if a spot where men and women of this class may be entirely free from police molestations, and are able to loll about day and night to their hearts' content, may be called a hotel. This spot, however, is a perfect heaven for tramps. The river is at hand for a bath after night; the almshouse is close by, and from it abundant supplies can be begged; they are within the city, where all sorts of tramp tricks may be played with an immediate opportunity to escape consequences. Every advantage and facility is here offered, and they are all taken advantage of. If one could happen in upon this spot at mid-day and could remain unobserved, he could get a view of these outcasts at their best as tramps. Sequestered in the dark, cool recesses, beneath these heavy clump willows, would be gathered between fifty and a hundred tramps of all ages, conditions, and sex, and all lying about promiscuously, alone or in little knots, near smoldering fires. Here may be an old man, all alone and glad of it; there, a young fellow with his head upon his bundle, lazily smok-



Tyamps Resort on the Schuylkill River, in Philadelphia.

ing and contemplating the clouds through the trembling leaves of the trees above. At another spot are gathered three or four men and women, joking and chatting, and possibly making love in their rude fashion. Another party may be playing cards; another, earnestly discussing some project for future execution; while others are relating with evident relish some adventure upon the road or within the city, where a simpleton had been outwitted, or an officer evaded and outgeneraled. But the stick and bundle are everywhere. The lazy, contented vagabond leer and look are everywhere. It matters little how the elections go, whether the banks break, or whether revolutions occur. They are all contented, at least for the time being, and are well satisfied with life from what it has brought for the day.

They are a study, for one cannot help wondering what misery has been experienced before this stolid and philosophic acceptance of a vagabond condition was reached. The mind of the ordinary looker-on naturally inquires if it is possible for these outcasts to really enjoy their degrading experiences; and it will puzzle you to decide whether in all the world there is any place for them to go to if they would, or if among them all there are not some who would be gladly received among the old friends, were this kind of life abandoned.

Many pathetic and tragic incidents are daily occurring to add interest to this subject. One has not to go far beyond the daily newspapers to find this true.

A tramp once hung himself at Columbus, Ohio, by twisting a spool of cotton into a rope and suspending himself from a nail in the wall.

Another writes to the Philadelphia *Times* that he may manage to beg his way perhaps two weeks more, but that he has become desperate and will make his mark upon something before he "caves."

Peter B. Lee, the noted tramp-printer, met his death by attempting to board a train and steal a ride. He had been a man of a good deal of independence of character, and had never before made an effort of this kind. Nearly his last words were: "Served me right for goin' back on principle!"

During the passage of the celebrated fast train sent from New York to San Francisco, by Jarrett & Palmer, in '77, a tramp, desiring to reach San Francisco, boarded the train at Cheyenne, climbed to the top of the coach, and enjoyed hugely his elegant and rapid manner of making the journey until Sherman was reached. At that point the engineer got a glimpse of him and he at once began throwing a heavy shower of cinders and increasing the speed of the train to the utmost power of the engine. The rapidity of the train and the rolling and lurching of the coach caused the tramp to wind his arms and legs around a stove-pipe and hang on for dear life. His hat flew off quickly, and left his head and face almost wholly unprotected. His coat-tails flapped so hard that he saw he must lose them, but he dared not loosen his grip upon the pipe to tuck them under him, and they were shortly torn off like leaves whipped from a limb by a terrific storm. The lighter cinders passed over him, but the heavier ones pelted him like the fiercest hail, burned into his clothes, cut his arms, legs, and face, and beat upon the poor fellow's head remorselessly. So great was his actual physical suffering, and so terrible his fear lest he be hurled from the train and killed, that when the train reached Green River, and he was let down more dead than alive, his hair had turned gray, and he looked more like an old man of sixty than a lad of nineteen as he was.

Instances illustrating the risks run, the dangers encountered, the sacrifices made, the suffering, privation, and

terror that frequently come with the tramp's experience, as well as an occasional exhibition of the better human traits which are developed, could be repeated indefinitely.

In leaving this subject, I can only express a most earnest conviction, founded on personal observation and study of this peculiar class of people, that no severe measures will ever eradicate the evils to society which arise from tramps and tramping. Like the poor, we shall always have them with us. If you throw a man in prison as a vagabond, you leave the prison taint upon him, and forever after he is embittered and at war with his fellows. It may be desirable—indeed, it may be found necessary, to provide some measures for weeding out the more dangerous of tramps. But as a class they are not criminals, and we have no right to take such measures against them as will make them such. They have always existed; will always exist. Their rapid increase, which is so alarming to certain kid-gloved social scientists, is the direct result of unprecedented hard times and conditions which a great and protracted war has left as a legacy. When these pass away, and brighter days return to our industries, people will see tramps disappear from the highways and byways—not altogether, for this will never be, but the thousands among them who have trades and professions will gradually but surely return to them.

But during this period, when the hard hand of necessity bears down so heavily alike upon business man and workingman, and when we, who may be situated in comfort, are so apt to forget the keen needs of thousands of our fellows who have fought the fight against persistent and relentless misfortune, and fallen, there should be a more general leniency towards a class who are made up of people often as good as we; and some charity should be exercised, rather than a relentless war inaugurated, the result of

which will only be to reclaim no one of them, and rapidly increase crime and criminals.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARISIAN COMMUNE.

THE majority of newspaper readers are acquainted with communism as exemplified in the tragic story of the sixty-seven days of its sanguinary reign in Paris, France, in 1871. A portion of this era of horrors seems to demand brief description here. The famous Red Days commenced the 18th of March, and closed on the 24th of May. Meantime, Paris was a miniature Pandemonium, and all of France a segment of Purgatory. Frenchmen suffered mental and physical torture.

The humiliation and despair which followed the success of the German arms left the people of Paris, and notably the worthless National Guard, in a condition of complete demoralization. The long restraint caused by a protracted state of siege was broken over, and a period of drunkenness and debauch followed. In this condition of things the city fell an easy prey to a horde of bad men, the worst of its vile elements, and human beings so devoid of all conscience, pity, or consideration, that it is hard to look upon them as possessing the least of human attributes. But this is the class, the world over, who are at the bottom of all troubles of a communistic nature. They were the *real* cause of the great strikes of '77, and their prompt and utter extermination, in this and all other countries, is the only method of removing a constant menace and peril to government and society.

On the 18th of March, in pursuance of a diabolical scheme for the inauguration of a reign of terror, the police superintendent's offices, and the depot, or prison, were seized, and one of the most infamous men in the history of the world secured the reins of government, and became dictator of Paris.

This human fiend, Raoul Rigault, with his co-conspirators, had won the treacherous National Guard, had bribed officials with promises, and had conquered all other necessary forces by threats. An attempt to capture the insurgents proved futile, and the government forces were compelled to retire to Versailles, leaving Paris at the mercy of Rigault, the National Guard, the Commune, and the mob.

Rigault is spoken of as follows :

He was then aged twenty-five years, was connected very prominently in journalistic circles, always dressed with the most scrupulous taste, was of genteel appearance, fine stature, able, energetic, and single. "He was consumed by a most deadly hatred of society and a most intense thirst for blood. His associates bowed acquiescence before his most desperate will. No one opposed it, for his gesture was the signal of death. He held in his hand the life of every man in Paris, and wrought his terrible vengeance on every soul for whom he fancied he had a dislike. He organized murder, and instigated robbery and incendiarism."

The following instances of his fiendish cruelty are given :

He dragged M. Chandrey, a distinguished lawyer, and connected with one of the most influential Republican journals of France, to a cell, to cause his murder simply to satisfy his hunger for murder. Chandrey's beautiful wife came to Rigault with her little child, and pleaded for her husband's life in anguish.

Taking the little child's hand and patting it on the head,

Rigault replied: "My child, you shall very soon see us shoot your father!"

That very night Chandrey was dragged into the prison-yard and fell, shouting "*Vive la République!*"—shot through the heart.

He had previously incarcerated Chief-Justice Bonjean. Turning from this butchery of Chandrey, he proceeded to that fallen official's cell, and taunted him with his coming doom in seeming demoniac glee. On the very next day, he ordered the Chief-Justice brought to the prison-yard of La Rouge and executed. No reason for these inhuman murders can be found, nor were ever given. The man's mere love of fiendish cruelty seemed to prompt every act, and was transmitted to his reckless followers.

When the police headquarters were seized by Rigault, one M. Core was the director of the prison.

"You are removed!" said Rigault.

"Not without an order from the Minister of the Interior!" answered Core.

"We shall simplify these matters!" returned Rigault, scratching a line on a piece of paper.

In a few moments M. Core was put in charge of a communist—one Garreau, a journeyman locksmith, acquainted with the prison from personal experience as an inmate upon various charges—and soon found himself inside one of his own cells. The federals were removed, but the clerks and keepers retained. From his casemate Core could exercise a certain influence.

In April, came Eugene Fanet, a lame barber, to act as commandant. He was a timid and harmless man, and left his subordinates almost to themselves. In his reign the prison was a sort of harem for the pashas of the Prefecture, and they nightly sent for as many of the women of the town there caged, as they required. During the sixty-six

days of the sway of the Commune, 3,632 male prisoners were sent to the depot for confinement.

No 3,440, one Jean Veyssett, aged fifty-nine, a farmer, charged as a spy, and ordered to be kept for disposition by Ferre, brought in May 21st, was a very important prisoner, for he was truly an agent of the government at Versailles, and had in charge a plan for the defeat of the Commune. On the 11th of May, a number of Flourens Avengers had searched Veyssett's room in the city, for he was suspected, and not finding the man, arrested his wife, who bribed Courvet with 3,000 francs to remove her to St. Lazare, where, lost and hidden among the wives of the incarcerated sergents-de-ville, she could feel more safe than in Ferre's neighborhood.

After failing to succeed in a peaceful surrender, Thiers authorized Veyssett to buy up a guard to admit the government troops within the fortifications. He therefore bribed an artilleryman at Montmartre, paying ten thousand francs when he and his men had spiked two guns in his presence. The next day, faithful to their contract, the artillery killed sixty federals at Levallois-Perret, an "accident" mentioned in the official journal as showing that "the aim of the pieces was not yet quite exact." Veyssett then arranged to buy up General Dombrowski, who was to receive one million five hundred thousand francs, and safe conduct from France, for the surrender to the Versailles troops of the fortifications from the Point-du-Jour to a certain gate. The money was to be paid in bills on the Bank of France, or by draft on the Rothschilds at Frankfort. The 20th of May was the day fixed upon. The guns were to be silenced and a retreat ordered, so that the Versailles soldiery could enter, the drawbridge to be left down, ostensibly for the passage of the General "to make an inspection," and Veyssett bore the earnest of twenty thousand francs on his person when arrested.

This spy had several different lodgings, and for a long time successfully evaded Rigault's agents; but a woman named Muller, and one of his own spies, betrayed him for a paltry amount. Just as Veyssett was taken to the prison the gates were opened to the government troops. Dambrowski himself, thinking that he was betrayed, tried, in desperation, to retreat, but was shot in the stomach by a woman, near barricade Boulevard Omano, May 22d. (Another account has it that he was killed by Sergeant Casanova, of the 45th of the line, who, with an infantry force, had established himself in a house commanding the barricade, at the corner of the boulevard and Rue Myrrha.)

Jean Viellot, aged twenty-eight, captured with arms in his hands, was the first victim taken from the prison. He had five francs in his possession. When given up to the platoon he demanded the return of his money. "You'll get your five francs in five minutes," replied the Flourens Avenger; "come along!" He was immediately dragged out and shot. On the register the record was written in accordance with the fact.

It was the 24th of May that the cannonading recommenced. At that moment of triumph Thiers' faithful agent, the spy Veyssett, had sealed his devotion with his death.

At eight o'clock the same morning Théophile Ferre, another monster of the Commune, at the head of a body of demons called the "Flourens Avengers," appeared at the police headquarters, and in one terse order gave assurance of other bloody acts which were to follow.

"All the *sergents de ville*, all the *gendarmes*, and all the priests must be shot off-hand!"

"I count upon you," he continued, carelessly.

Two of the Federals protested. They were willing to fight, but said they were not butchers. He called them

cowards, and their comrades jeered them out of their scruples. At the clerk's office Ferre ran his fingers down the pages of the register until he came to Veysett's name. "Bring out that man," he said, and his order was obeyed almost instantly. When Veysett saw Ferre and the firing-party he knew that his hour had come; but, affecting to ignore it, he said: "I had twenty thousand francs with me when I was arrested; where are they?" "It is none of your business," answered Ferre. "Besides, we shall settle all our affairs with you at once." The guard surrounded Veysett. The clerk asked, half in remonstrance, "You are not going to shoot that man?" "Yes, and you too, if you say too much!" returned Ferre. They marched away, and halted near the statue of Henry the Fourth. "You are to be shot—have you anything to say?" exclaimed Ferre. Veysett shrugged his shoulders, and as they pushed him back against the railing, answered, "I forgive you for killing me!" "Fire!" said Ferre, and in a moment a volley rang out. Four men lifted up the corpse—if, indeed, it was yet a corpse, which is doubtful—and threw it into the Seine. Said Ferre to the spectators, "You see, we don't do things in holes and corners!"

When Ferre went back to the prison a couple of hours later, he seated himself in the Director's office, and called for the register. Ferre was new in the place. Pierre Braquond, the Deputy, determined to save the prisoners' lives at all hazards. He was an old soldier. He knew that a short time would see the city in the hands of the regulars—a few hours at most—for the Federals were giving way and the government forces pressing forward. The noise of the street-fighting was gradually becoming louder and louder. On a sheet of paper, ready prepared, Ferre wrote slowly a name: "Joseph Ruault, probably Bonapartist agent." As he did so, Braquond slipped away to Ruault's

cell, dragged the man out, and whispered to him: "In here! No matter who calls, don't, for your life, answer to your name!" He thrust him into one of the common wards, where some three hundred prisoners were crowded together. Then Braquond ran back to Ferre's presence. "Call out Ruault! Hurry!" cried Ferre. In an instant his assistants were shouting, "Ruault! Ruault!" through the corridors. Ruault did not answer. No one knew him. Many precious minutes were gained. "We can't find him!" said Braquond. "You are all *traitors*!" yelled Ferre, furiously striking the table. "Bring out Ruault this moment, or I'll shoot you!" "That won't help matters," responded the Deputy. "You don't understand! You are asking for a man who is not in the prison at all!" "Not here? Then where is he?" roared Ferre. "How do I know?" imperturbably replied Braquond. "But I'll tell you in a moment," and Braquond took the register and read: "2,609, Ruault, Gilbert; peddling Bonapartist songs, April 19th; removed to La Santé (another prison) by order of Edmond Levrault, May 18th." The Ruault thus saved was not the Joseph Ruault sought by Ferre. The real Joseph Ruault was meantime in Mazas, and one of the hostages butchered in the Rue Haxo. Ferre did not notice the difference in names, offenses, and numbers, but, after cursing Levrault, took the book, examined it once more, and then ordered up "Michel." "Which Michel?" asked Braquond. "There are perhaps half a dozen 'Michels' in the prison. Tell me which one you want, and you shall have him in an instant!" Taking up the register again, Ferre read: Michel, Lollie Pierre, policeman; Michel, Jules Alfred, laborer; Michel, Xavier, clerk; Michel, Henri Louis, ex-sergent de ville." Then said: "That will do! Call Henri Michel!" At once Braquond raised the cry for "Henri Michel," secure in the knowledge that it would not be answered, for this

particular Henri Michel, brought in May 18th, had two days later gone mad with excitement and fright, and in a straight-jacket was then dashing himself frantically against the padded walls of a cell in the infirmary.

Meanwhile the prisoners in the common wards could see eight men, led by a ninth in a highly decorated coat, drenching the floors and window-seats with some liquid, applied with large brushes; then they saw them strike matches and apply them to the wood-work, which instantly burst into flames. Still the sounds of the conflict outside came nearer and nearer. But the fire spread, and curled and crackled, and devoured the interior of the depot. The prisoners at once raised the alarming cry of "fire," and made desperate attempts to escape, or attract the attention of the keepers. This was while the guards were shouting uselessly for "Michel." Ferre was raving in impotent wrath at their delay. Some of the boldest were already unlocking the doors, and whispering to the inmates to "keep up heart! It could not last many minutes!" Then suddenly were heard fearful shrieks from the women's wards, where several hundred scared females were kept. They had seen flames burst out in the Prefecture, and gone wild with panic. "Make them shut up!" yelled Ferre. But the cries were not in the least diminished. Braquond could stand it no longer, and leaping upon a chair, he shouted to his keepers: "Unlock every cell door! Let out all the prisoners from the wards!" This order was instantly obeyed. The wild rush of several hundred men and women along the corridors followed, and Ferre, starting up, ran into the street with his Avengers. He may have feared that the released prisoners would massacre him and them; or he may have remembered that the place was pretty sure to be burned down, and that the vaults of the Prefecture were filled with gunpowder. Any way, he fled, and after an hour and a half of anxiety, Pierre

Braquond remained master of the field, having saved every hostage in his keeping, except the unfortunate Veyssett.

Two hundred men and women prisoners set themselves to work to remove the powder. The first to move in this was Lebois, a baker. He was followed by an Auvergnat woman, Saint-Chély by name, a charcoal peddler, a female Hercules, of great beauty, singular coolness, and infinite jollity. Hair flying loose, sleeves rolled up, she shouldered the heavy barrels, carried them to the Dessaix fountain, and dumped them into the basin, recognizing her companions with jests and assurances, as the fire crept down the building towards the powder, that "there was plenty of time for one more load." This was kept up until all the powder and 1,200,000 cartridges had been put out of harm's way. Ferre, by threatening the firemen with death, had compelled them to remove with all their engines, and until midnight the people had to fight the flames with buckets and pitchers of water, wet blankets, and the like ; but they succeeded in saving their houses, and in preserving most of the papers of the Prefecture.

The inmates of the depot, surrounded by blazing buildings on either side, strove to escape. Some ventured down to the Quai de l'Horloge, others to a different quay, both of which were swept by bullets from the exchange of shots between the Federals and regulars. A few escaped ; many were wounded ; five or six fell dead. The remainder hastened back to the prison, where Braquond received them, organized them into squads, fastened the doors, and fought the fire with desperation. But, alas ! it established itself on every roof. Nearly a hundred prisoners became panic-stricken, insisted upon leaving, and did leave in charge of a turnkey named Laurent. Reaching the wharf, he signaled to the regulars with a handkerchief, and they ceased firing long enough for the fugitives to cross the quay and find

safety. The remainder of the prisoners escaped death by burning, but came near being drowned, the great tank of the prison bursting and drenching the whole building beneath, so that the floors were covered with water ankle deep. At about five o'clock in the morning a detachment of the 79th Regiment of the Line reached the prison, and there was no longer any fear of fire or massacre. Two months before, to a day, Pierre Braquond, not caring to take orders from Garreau, had told M. Bonjean, the Minister of Justice murdered by Rigault, that he intended to make his way to Versailles—he had had enough of the Commune. “As a magistrate,” returned M. Bonjean, “I order you to remain; as a prisoner, I beg you to remain! If you and your followers leave, you will be replaced by a parcel of vagabonds, and we may see another Septembrist massacre. I adjure you to stay and protect the victims of the Commune.” He remained. Braquond is still at the depot, a stout, spectacled, smiling man of sixty. He got a promotion, but no medal or cross, though before entering the prison he had been promised a decoration, twice for saving drowning comrades, and for gallantry in the field; and when jail-guard, he saved his chief from assassination by throwing himself before the assassin’s knife, which entered his breast deeply. The little barber, Fanet, still shaves, and tells how one of Rigault’s clerks, being unable to settle a five-franc bill for hair-dressing, gave him a roll of passes to and from the prison, which helped many a prisoner to escape. As for Mme. Saint-Chély, she has prospered, and knits behind the counter of a well-stocked shop, broad-shouldered and jolly as of yore, and having only one unpleasant reminiscence of the Commune—that, while climbing or backing out of the window of the prison, where there were quantities of powder stored, she caught her petticoat on an inopportune nail and made

a more liberal display of sturdy ankles than she had intended.

Probably the most atrocious act of the Commune was the butchery, under the orders of Dictator Rigault, of the brave and noble Archbishop of Paris. He and other prominent personages were seized, thrown into prison, and held as hostages for the more lenient treatment of the Commune leaders, should the government forces eventually succeed in retaking the city. When they came on and on, and no hope was left, as a last act of diabolism he was shot with his companions in horror, and their bodies thrown into a ditch.

With a grim sort of humor, the Commune abolished public executions, while foully murdering scores of victims in prison, and publicly burned the guillotine amid the wildest rejoicings of the half-crazed populace. It destroyed public buildings and demolished monuments. It levied upon the rich, and encouraged rapine upon both rich and poor. Incendiarism, robbery and murder were its constant practices. It brushed out of existence nearly a hundred great newspapers, and brought into existence nearly a hundred sheets which for vileness were never equaled. Unbridled license was the crowning feature. All that is held by mankind as execrable and infamous was enacted by it.

Its members stole all the silver and gold found in the churches, and all the valuables from the government buildings were appropriated. What could not be carried away was demolished, the Archbishop's palace was sacked, and Thiers' splendid residence was torn to the ground. During the expiring hours of the Commune it was ordered that the magnificent palace of the *Louvre* should be destroyed and that the great church of Notre Dame should be demolished. When the last hope was gone, these human devils, who fought the government troops with a desperation and valor

almost unparalleled in history, made a requisition for all the petroleum in the city and made a fierce attempt to completely destroy Paris, as if their own ruin would contain a touch of awful grandeur if it could also comprise the entire destruction of one of the first cities of the world.

It is estimated that the Paris Commune was responsible for the destruction of upwards of two hundred millions of dollars' worth of property.

But its terrors can never be computed, and, so long as time shall last, such another season of horror can scarcely be known. The death of Rigault, the dictator and friend of the Commune, was as startlingly tragic as any of his brutal butcheries had been. He was shot down in the streets, where he laid for days, spurned, spat upon, and defiled by the very populace that so short a time before had bowed to his supreme sway.

So ended the Commune of Paris, of which the preceding is but the faintest sketch. Great volumes could be filled with tales of its grim humor, its deep terror, and its touching pathos. Its lesson is not one for Paris, or even France alone. It is one for the entire civilized world. In looking back over the great strikes of '77, the recklessness and desperation of Rigault and Ferre are everywhere visible. The same inveterate hatred of society was shown in the spirit and actions of American Communists. Fire, pillage, murder were their object and aim. Their enlistment of the workingmen of the country has always been for the purpose of securing tools. The continued exciting of their worst passions against law, order, and society has been merely for the purpose of holding them in hand, bleeding them for their own support, and, in a time of great public excitement, using them for their own desperate purposes. Citizens of the United States must not forget this constant and increasing danger, and must work heartily and unani-

mously towards its suppression. That the horrors of the Paris Commune were not repeated here is only because the pestilential spirit was not so deeply rooted as there. Give it time and let it alone, and it will lift its red hand with all the savage ferocity with which it struck Paris, that most beautiful city, when her helplessness compelled the pity of the whole world.

CHAPTER VII.

WORK OF THE INTERNATIONALE.

BECAUSE of the immediate connection of the Internationale, as the great international bodies of the communists are called, with our great strikes of '77, I feel that some notice of the history and general character of that body is necessary to a proper consideration of labor troubles in this country. On every railroad that was held by lawless men, in every city where violence reigned, and through every excited assemblage where law had been trampled under foot, this accursed thing came to the surface. If its members did not actually inaugurate the strikes, the strikes were the direct result of the communistic spirit spread through the ranks of railroad employees by communistic leaders and their teachings. When they were fairly begun, the communists commenced to grow bold and defiant, and showed their hands; and when the strikes were well under way, every act of lawlessness that was done was committed by them. They held an undeniable and easily defined relation to every instance of outrage, and they are unqualifiedly responsible for the millions of dollars in property

destroyed, and the hundreds of lives sacrificed. They are a class of human hyenas worthy of all notice and attention.

In this country the financial crisis of 1873 had a disastrous effect upon the trades-unions. Many of them practically disbanded, and others were so weakened that they protected no one. In the city of New York alone, the aggregate memberships had been not far from forty-five thousand. In a few brief months there was a reduction apparent of fully ten thousand. In 1871, the shoemakers' guild — called the Crispins — numbered three hundred branches and upwards of seventy thousand members. At the present time a general organization can hardly be said to exist, although several feeble offshoots of the parent stem can be discovered lingering along languishingly. Indeed, it has been several years since communism first blossomed out and began to flourish in the United States. The Workingmen's Union of New York had a rush-light existence. In 1876, an Amalgamated Association of Iron-workers was formed, embracing societies previously existing in different branches of the iron trade. The National Labor Union Association met in Baltimore, in 1866, and, although aspiring to represent all the workingmen of the country, it gradually took the form of a political party, and in several States of the Union a labor reform ticket was regularly presented to the voters for their support. There is also a Labor League of the United States, with headquarters at Washington, but it is an affair of limited power and has a short lease of life.

Though the Communistic doctrines of the Internationalists have made considerable progress in England, they have not, until recently, or to any noteworthy extent, crept into the labor organizations of this country.

It is generally understood that the International Society, which, during a brief experience, has been causing much

anxiety to European governments, and whose principles are practically illustrated by the darker deeds of the Parisian Commune, had its origin in London, England, under the fostering care of one George Odger, a defeated aspirant for parliamentary honors. It is well-known that, during the progress of the Polish insurrection in 1863, certain residents of England and France exhibited intense sympathy for the cause of that unhappy country. A deputation of workingmen waited upon Lord Palmerston, asking him to recommend active interference in behalf of the Poles. A public meeting was also held in London, in April of the same year, avowedly to promote Poland's cause. In Paris the mercurial inhabitants went so far as to select and send over a deputation to represent them on the occasion, and from this convention sprang the germ of an international association for the defense of what were called the rights of laboring men in every country, without regard to race, distinction, color, or place of nativity. In September of the succeeding year a second meeting of delegates convened, which drew to it attendants from nearly every European country. Dr. Beesely was present and received the distinction of being made president. Dr. Karl Marx prepared and read to the convention a manifesto, which was adopted with hardly a dissenting voice. The society was rough-framed and established, and Odger became the first permanent presiding officer. The address was translated into various languages and circulated everywhere. The office of president, it was subsequently found, was incompatible with the principle upon which the society proposed acting, and Odger having been voluntarily reduced to the ranks, a different chairman was thereafter appointed to preside at each weekly meeting. Early in the history of the Internationale the type-setters of Leipsic demanded higher wages, were refused by their employers, and struck. They

subsequently appealed to the society for help, and it was granted. This caused the members of the Commune to be watched very carefully by the government authorities. Even their secret agents did not escape espionage.

Geneva, in Switzerland, had the questionable honor of being the place in which the first Communistic Congress gathered. Mazzini, the famous Italian agitator, put forth at this meeting a scheme for organization, proposing, among other things, a thoroughly centralized, strongly conspiratorial foundation for the society, dealing more largely with political than general ideas. Labor and capital, he believed, should stand in the background. The Russian, Bakinin, and Karl Marx offered an extremely radical and business-like plan, which the congress, after discussion, adopted. Among its dogmas were these: Wages for labor must be numbered with the things that were and are not. Salaries must go, as serfdom had gone, and as slave-labor would go. They must all be replaced by associated labor; this was to be developed and fostered by national aid. It held that no man had a right to call anything his own which he had not purchased by the labor of his hands. Marx's platform declared that the working classes were enslaved; they must be emancipated. They must bring this about by conquering themselves. It was claimed that the Internationalists were not struggling to create class privileges or monopolies, but for equal rights and duties, and the demolition of rule by any certain class. It was declared that the subjection of the laboring man rests at the bottom of servitude in every form, with all sorts of social misery as well as political dependence; and the disenthralment of the working classes was the great end to which every political movement should be directed. Pauperism could be brushed from the land by using the proceeds of labor according to the work performed, and not according to the capital invested. Individual own-

ership should be succeeded by common ownership. No rights existed, or could exist or be tolerated, without duties ; no duties without rights. Every laborer was entitled to share in the benefits and comforts that his toil produced. The fourth and last congress of the Internationalists, as far as is now known, was held at Basle, in 1869 ; but by that time Karl Marx had withdrawn from the association. Their last manifesto was a public defense of the crimes of the Paris Commune, an inkling of which has been given in preceding pages.

Following the formation of this society came the prevalence of a dangerous spirit among the masses, manifesting itself all over Europe, and continuing to produce strikes and agitations until the commencement of the Franco-German war. This poison was absorbed into the political systems of Spain and Russia, and in both countries brought forth its characteristic and natural results. Governments were alarmed. Negotiations were entered into for the curbing of the designs of leading conspirators. An antidote, or a preventive, for the spread of the infection, must be discovered. England was more than once confidentially appealed to by Spain, and asked to interfere with the strong hand to prevent the concoction of plots on its soil against that government and inimical to the welfare of society in general. Ukases were promulgated at St. Petersburg, denouncing the sect in set terms, and providing for the punishment of its leaders and members. In France the Internationale found a warm welcome. It was like native soil, and the pernicious seeds scattered by the earlier adherents sprouted and gave forth an abundant harvest. Despite the statute of 1791 against the formation of societies composed of persons of the same trades and professions, the order grew rapidly. Laboring men could legally combine for a strike, if they thought best, but they had to abstain from politics. Mur-

murs began to be heard soon after the address from the society. Where peace had reigned before, disturbance raised its hydra head. The police had orders to prevent the meeting of disaffected persons. The bronze-workers of Paris, however, to the number of five thousand, struck in 1867, and were kept out and supported with money sent from England until employers were forced to comply with their demands. The cotton-spinners of Rouen had a general strike in 1868. During its continuance, at St. Etienne, troops had to be called out, who fired upon the mob, and killed fifty persons. The record of that year closed with a monster outbreak of workingmen at Vienna, in which fifty thousand communists took part. Nobody, even in that great affair, was especially benefited by the movement.

Some of the most violent communists have appeared in Germany, and the Internationale is still a mighty lever in that empire. Mutual aid associations are favored by the government, while combinations for the purpose of raising wages are repressed. The trades-union movement started in Germany in 1866, but agricultural laborers were not allowed to combine. Artisans and hand-workers in wood, iron, brass, etc., could arrange terms with their employers to suit themselves, if they refrained from threats, intimidation, and violence. It was in 1869, however, that Dr. Max Hirsch founded a scheme to unite workmen of all classes in Germany under a central directorship, with a general council to exercise the chief executive power, the purely legislative function being entrusted to an assembly of chosen delegates. One officer was called the General Attorney, and, besides having the chief management of business, he was to devote himself to the task of disseminating the principles of the society and gaining converts. The organization claimed about thirty thousand members, two hundred and sixty-seven branches, and included shoe-

makers, smiths, tailors, harness-makers, carpenters, and masons.

The growth of trades-unions in the empire is greatly held in check by the action of the police, who break up and disperse large meetings every year, on the charge that they are seditious and dabble in politics. The strike in Silesia, in 1869, was supported by contributions from the confederation; and still another, at Erith, in 1875, which at one time threatened to become general, was terminated only by the interposition of the military.

The recent upheaval in this country has again set the same class of agitators at work in Europe, and it will probably be but a short time before their movements will be revealed and their objects understood. Intense interest prevailed in Russia and Germany regarding the railroad strike in America, and all their leading journals have fulminated articles and editorials upon the subject. The old socialistic leaders are loud in their eulogies upon the class of people they are good enough to call "the martyred Mollie Maguires." To exhibit their sympathy with that body and its companion association—the latter composed, in the United States, of the scum of creation, who stood at the front in the late troubles—they opened subscriptions in their favor. It is flattering to their intelligence and sense of the fitness of things, however, that the scatter-brained, restless few in their midst have not thus far succeeded in raising any considerable sum for the unsuccessful Commune of America. Nor is it probable, now that their schemes are known to the civilized world, that much more will be contributed. They deserve nothing. It has been well said that communism is another term for scoundrelism. Viewing it in this light, the people of Europe are certainly correct in refusing its New World representatives money support. Communistic law boldly assumes that the vagabond is as good as the honest

laborer, and that the laziest loafer of the slums has the same claim upon the more fortunate of mankind for bread and drink, clothing, comfort, and protection, that the industrious, economical citizen has. There cannot exist a more cowardly doctrine than that all men have equal rights in property. Rights are obtained by rates of behavior. They are not inherent in man, but come through labor and thought. The representatives of the Commune, if judged by this standard, cannot be made shabbier than they really are. They are, in their days and nights of power, confessed thieves. They repudiate all relations with decent society—and decent society repudiates them—sneak in at your kitchen and filch from your larder when your back is turned, and steal from your hen-coop, or smoke-house, under cover of night, when honest men and women sleep. They tell us they must have bread, yet earn nothing. They are of the sort that have never done anything, and never will do anything from choice. Constituting the real and effective force in all riots, they swarm to the theatre of fresh troubles and hang about the purlieus of threatened cities, like unclean beasts and birds which sniff the scent of carrion in the air. They fatten on the misfortunes of their betters. They assume to lead good men, and do lead them—to destruction. They stood at the back of the Locomotive Brotherhood. Out upon them! They deserve only severe punishment. Citizens of enlightened European countries do well in refusing to sustain them with money.

There is every reason for belief that, at the back of actors in the scenes I have to describe—when the curtain may be raised and the whole truth come forth—will be found the inspiration, if nothing more tangible, of the Internationale—possibly the identical blood-red figure which “cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war” in Paris, in the day of Robespierre, in 1793, with a Danton and a Marat as

his lieutenants—and again, in the same city, in 1871, when the rallying-cry was, “Paris against Versailles.” That I am not alone in this belief is evidenced by more than one circumstance. There appeared in the *Philadelphia Times*, under date of August 5, 1877, a communication over the signature of “Internationalist,” which boldly confessed to the starting of the troubles of the preceding month, warmly praised the Commune, and concluded with the admission that all through the world there exists a secret, all-powerful, ceaseless organization, which cannot be suppressed; that two emperors and any number of kings have tried to stifle it, but, like Banquo’s ghost, it “will not down.” This organization is pledged to the abolition of wealth, the elevation of the lowly. “Starting,” as the correspondent says, “in Germany twenty years ago, the creation of Karl Marx, it now counts its four millions of members, forming a force as large as all the standing armies of the world, and it is resolved to see justice done, though the heavens fall.”

When bloodshed was stopped in Paris, many of that city’s Commune sought refuge in the United States, and from that day to the present, journals in various parts of this country have circulated their peculiar views. It is certain that their societies have been gradually increasing, and that in the mobocratic spirit, the outrage and pillage of July, 1877, are plainly seen the outcroppings of this foreign-born element. The police say that in New England there are few, if any, Internationalists; hence, no riots of any consequence. But New Albany, Baltimore, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Chicago, all have abundance of that sort of material. Again, a Paris correspondent, seemingly well instructed in what he writes, has this about the Internationale: “It is purely a secret organization, with agents always actively at work in Europe and the United States, as the sworn enemy of all political institutions as they now

exist. It is a standing conspiracy against progress, liberty and civilization the world over. Its leaders hate the government of the United States as heartily as they hate the controlling powers of Germany, France, or Russia. One of the members of the French Commune has defined its objects. They are, atheism, materialism, the negation of all religion. Its political programme is absolute personal liberty, by the means of the suppression of all governments and the division of nationalities into communes more or less bound together; and its political plan consists essentially in the dispossession, without compensation, of the present holders of capital and the distribution of coin and other money to associations of workmen. One of the leading Internationalists of Paris recently boasted in my hearing that the American Republic would ere long be supplanted by communism, and that, as there would then be no capital, there could be no further strife between capital and labor, concluding with a statement which, in the light of succeeding events, seems almost prophetic, that, having failed in Europe, their aim is now to repeat the savage scenes of massacre in republican America that visited Paris in 1871, and on the ruins of her institutions to erect their own arbitrary rule."

An organization, called the Knights of Labor, has recently attracted some attention in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. It is probably an amalgamation of the Mollie Maguires and the Commune. In the vicinity of Scranton and Wilkesbarre two-thirds of the workingmen belong to it.

Of the recent political combinations resulting from the strikes, I need say but little. They are to be expected. They will have no beneficial effect. A few demagogues will be hoisted to the surface, and possibly reach position, and the men raising them up will find, when too late, that they have egregiously blundered. The platform in vogue

embodies a few of the Internationalists' theories, with some modern inventions of a similar character, which, in the nature of things, will prove ephemeral and delusive to all giving them room in their minds and attempting to reduce them to practice. It demands that all the means of labor, land, machinery, railways, telegraphs, etc., shall become the property of the people, for the purpose of abolishing the wages system, and substituting in its place co-operative production with a just distribution of its rewards. It prescribes eight hours as a working-day, would prohibit prison labor by private employers, abolish all conspiracy laws, and asks the government to take exclusive control of all industrial enterprises and detail their actual operation to the trades-unions for the good of the whole people.

It is certainly true that the agitation in labor circles during the past few years, under leadership of agents of the Commune, has caused the outgrowth of numerous organizations, which, while working independently, have the same ultimate object in view, and propose to accomplish the same object, namely, the destruction of all government by the ballot, and if that shall fail, by force, when the proper opportunity arrives. Among these are the Ancient Order of United Workmen, The Junior Sons of '76, and the Universal Brotherhood. There are scores more, but these are samples of them all. In order to give the public an idea of how ignorant workingmen are gulled and deceived by a form of secret society which holds them together by a mysterious dread and fear, where their prejudices may be excited and their minds filled with a deadly antagonism against all law and society, I caused one of my operatives to become a member of the last-named society, the Universal Brotherhood, and am thus able to present its entire ritual.

There is nothing very harmful in it. It is simply a mess

of the silliest bosh imaginable. But men are initiated with all the impressiveness which mystery and fear can give, and are subsequently held and controlled by these communistic scoundrels who in stealth and secret continue their conspiracies against civilization.

RITUAL FOR SUBORDINATE LODGES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

INTRODUCTORY CEREMONIES.

"The Messenger will retire to the outer court, and see if there are any strangers seeking admission to our protective fold."

The Messenger retires to the outer court.

Messenger :—"Honorable Commander, I find in the outer court strangers, children of sin and sorrow, who humbly seek admission into our mysterious realm, and who await your orders."

The Commander will now proceed with the initiatory ceremonies :

Commander :—"Brothers, there are strangers in the outer court, pilgrim travelers, who have long wandered upon the desert wastes of the outer world, and now seek admission to our sacred retreat. Shall we admit these wanderers?"

Brothers, in concert :—"None but true and tried men shall enter these sacred precincts. Prove them!"

Commander :—"Brother Messenger, you will retire and prove the strangers if they be true and trustworthy."

Messenger retires, and propounds the following questions to each :

Messenger :—"Are you in perfect health?"

Candidate :—"Yes."

Messenger :—"Are you subject to any chronic or inherited disease that would shorten life?"

Candidate :—"No."

Messenger :—"Have any of your ancestors died of consumption, cancer, dropsy, apoplexy, paralysis, or heart disease?"

Candidate :—"No."

Messenger :—"Are you addicted to any habits that would tend to shorten life or bring reproach upon our brotherhood?"

Candidate :—"No."

Messenger :—"Do you swear that your answers to these questions are true?"

Candidate :—"Yes."

Messenger :—" Strangers, should you swear falsely, you forfeit the benefit of our brotherhood, and bear the mark of perjury upon your face all the days of your life. Strangers, do you swear perpetual allegiance to the Universal Brotherhood of the world ? "

Candidate :—" Yes."

Messenger :—" Do you swear before God and these witnesses that you will keep secret and inviolate all the secret work of this brotherhood ? "

Candidate :—" Yes."

Messenger :—" I will retire and report you to our honored Commander."

Messenger returns to the hall and reports.

Messenger :—" Honored Commander, the strangers have taken the oath of allegiance to our brotherhood, answered the questions satisfactorily, and await your pleasure."

Commander :—" Brothers, the strangers have assumed the oath of allegiance and loyalty to our brotherhood. Shall we admit them to our royal domain ? "

Brothers, in concert :—" It is well. Bring them into the fold."

Messenger retires to ante-room to the strangers.

Messenger :—" The candidates will now be presented severally to the court of our honored Commander, where they will receive instructions in the secret work of the brotherhood."

The Steward now takes charge of the candidate.

The candidate is now led around the room blindfolded, and is made to believe he is going through narrow defiles, rough places and over imaginary hills; is intercepted by robbers, and the life half scared out of him, when he is halted and ordered to kneel at a coffin, in which is a wax figure representing a corpse.

The Steward will repeat the following as he proceeds :

Steward :—" Stranger, let us proceed on our pilgrimage; let us leave the vales of ignorance and folly; let us climb the hills of difficulty, and strive to reach the height of wisdom, where stands the temple of honor and fame. But it is a dangerous journey; pitfalls abound on the way; an unguarded step might plunge us down a frightful chasm into the roaring torrents and treacherous quicksands; or a foolhardy venture might lead us over a precipice, to be dashed in pieces on the rocks hundreds of feet below. Stranger, we are nearing the end of our first day's journey to the paradise of our Universal Brotherhood. We can look across yonder dark, broad river to that fair land, the Eden of our hopes, the haven prepared for us. Far in the distance we can discern the domes and spires of the celestial city; we may catch the gleam of the eternal sunlight, resplendent upon the pearly gates and the streets of shining gold. In that land there is neither sickness, nor sorrow, nor dying. Perpetual

summer reigns, and the sunlight never dies. Stranger, if you follow in the pathway marked out by our honored order, you will gain that happier goal, and be numbered with that mighty host of our Universal Brotherhood, in the realms of eternal happiness beyond the shores of time. But let us turn to the right, and approach the cavern of that grim messenger from the regions of death, where we must take an everlasting covenant, renew our vows, and assume the obligations of our brotherhood."

The skeleton will stand about ten feet from the coffin at which the candidate kneels; it will hold in its right hand a book, in its left a dim taper; while a dim blue light illumines the scene just enough to render the figure visible. Back of the figure is a black curtain, stretched across the hall, hiding the furniture of the hall. The brethren, all clad in black gowns covering the whole body, will stand around in a semicircle as witnesses of the covenant and oath; a brother who is an impressive reader will stand behind the skeleton and propound the obligation in a solemn tone of voice. Perfect silence must be observed during the whole ceremony.

The coffin bears the following inscription: "THE TRAITOR'S DOOM."

In full view stands a gallows, with an effigy suspended on a beam, with this inscription: "The Fate of Perjurers."

The Steward will perform an obeisance before the figure, and address the skeleton as follows:

Steward:—"Dread sovereign of mortality, a wandering stranger from the vale of mortality has approached the entrance of our universal domain. He seeks wisdom and eternal life; he is seeking admission to our protecting fold, and to be numbered with our Universal Brotherhood. He will take an everlasting covenant—take upon himself the vows and assume the iron-bound oath of allegiance to our dominion and laws."

Skeleton responds:—"Child of mortality, before you can enter the inner portals of our mysterious realms, you must take upon yourself a binding obligation, and an oath to keep secret and inviolate all the private work of our brotherhood, and to observe and practice its fraternal precepts all the days of your natural life. Will you take such an obligation? You will elevate your right hand, and place your left upon the coffin, and repeat after me:

OBLIGATION.

Commander and candidate:—"In the presence of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, I, ———, do promise, declare, and say, I will never reveal to any person or persons any of the secret work of the Universal Brotherhood, except to a brother, knowing him to be such by unmistakable signs. I will not write, cut, carve, or engrave, a word, sign,

or figure pertaining to this work, or cause it to be done, lest any part thereof might be exposed.

"I do now make an everlasting covenant to the Universal Brotherhood to obey its laws and practice its precepts all the days of my natural life

"I do solemnly affirm that I will assist a brother in every time of need, and I will go to his rescue in time of peril; that I will patronize, employ, and sustain a brother in all business connection in preference to all others; that I will, to the best of my ability, render aid and support to all worthy brothers within the sphere of my intercourse, in all business, commercial, social, and fraternal relations. I do positively affirm that I will not wrong a brother, or any one of his family, in any way; that I will apprise him of approaching injury; and advise, encourage, and assist him in time of misfortune and adversity.

"I do further promise and declare that I will not wrong this commandery or any members thereof; that I will be obedient to its laws, rules, and regulations; that I will obey all mandates of the General Commander of this State, and of the Supreme Commandery of the World.

"I do further promise and declare, that in case I should be guilty of a transgression of the laws of this brotherhood, I will cheerfully submit to such penalty as the council of brethren will dictate. I do also affirm that, in case I should ever be subject to expulsion or suspension from this brotherhood, I shall regard this covenant as binding as while in full fellowship in the order. In affirmation of this covenant and these obligations I pledge my most sacred honor; and should I wilfully violate them, may I be accursed of men and wear the mask of perjury upon the forehead all the days of my life."

Skeleton :—"Brothers, the stranger has taken the oath and made an everlasting covenant with the brotherhood. Instruct him in the mysterious rites of our honored order."

The candidate will be again led around the hall, while the brethren sing the initiation hymn. He will then be presented to the Commander with the following introduction :

Steward :—"Honored Commander, a weary mortal from the outer world approaches the portal of our sacred retreat, and humbly seeks admission."

Commander :—"Has the stranger taken the oath and made an everlasting covenant with the brotherhood?"

Steward :—"He has."

Brothers, in concert, will say :—"He has."

Commander :—"Stranger, we welcome you to our fold, trusting that you will be true and faithful to our mystic order all the days of your life. My friend, you have now taken upon yourself a solemn obligation, which in effect should be more binding and impressive than the legal oath admin-

istered in our courts of justice. It involves your honor, and integrity and your manhood, and your reputation as a citizen and member of our friendly order; it should be regarded as the bond that connects us as a band of brothers associated for mutual aid and protection.

"You should henceforth regard every member of our order as a friend and confidant. You should be to him an ally and present help in every time of need. You should aid, patronize, and employ a brother in preference to all others. You should be as regular in attendance at meetings of this lodge as your business relations will allow. Be prompt in the payment of dues and in performance of all duties that may devolve upon you. I would admonish you to exercise care and discretion in proposing candidates for membership, lest we incorporate with us persons who might disregard their obligations and bring reproach, disgrace, and dishonor upon our beloved order. I also exhort you to refrain from the expression of any political or sectarian opinions. In discussions suppress all personal hate or partisan prejudice which you may have entertained towards anybody. Let peace, harmony, and concord mark our intercourse and prevail in all our deliberations. Let brotherly love, charity, and sympathy be manifested in your daily walk. Be ever ready and willing to extend a helping hand to an unfortunate brother. When the hand of disease falls heavily upon a brother, administer to his needs with tender sympathy and willing hands. Should death invade our circle and strike down one of our members, it will then become your duty to enshroud our fallen brother with the vestments of the tomb, with sorrowing hearts spread the funeral pall over his bier, and bear the mortal remains of our departed brother to an honored grave.

"I will now instruct you in the signs, signals, salutations, grip, passwords, etc., peculiar to our order.

"The outer signal is one rap on the door.

"The countersign is the word *Multitude*.

"The inside signal is one rap, two threes, and one countersign, *Boundless salutation*.

"Advance to the middle of the room, raise the right hand so that the forefinger rests on the brow, left foot thrown forward, and then bring the hand down again alongside the right leg, making a bow to the Commander.

"The grip is given with the right hand. The one giving the grip lets the forefinger go into the palm of the other's hand, and gives the same taps with the finger as you do on the inside door. The answer to it is the other party presses the hand.

"There is also a salutation, which is: *The crops are universal; the health of the world is universal*.

“The peril signal is made by bringing both hands in front of the body, as if engaged in prayer, keeping them together and raising them perpendicularly above the head. The answer is, the right hand brought up, with the tips of the fingers touching the top of the head. When you are going to a shop to look for work, shade your eyes over the brow, as if you were looking at a distance. The answer is the same as if brushing a fly off the right ear.

“The caution signal is to brush the right hand down over the face from the top of the head, with the fingers extended over the face to the chin. There is also a voting sign, which is made by forming a semicircle with the right arm, with the fingers together and the thumbs inside of the hand. These are all the signals and passwords used by the order.

“Let the stranger now be introduced to our venerable Prelate, that he may listen to the words of wisdom and eternal truth.”

Steward :—“A stranger from the outer world, a pilgrim wanderer bound for the celestial city, the abode of life and immortality, craves your fatherly counsel and benediction.”

Prelate :—“My child, hearken unto the voice of wisdom, and give ear to the words of eternal truth. Your life is short, your days are numbered; therefore prepare for your departure to that mysterious land beyond the shores of time. We are pilgrims upon this earth, bound for the paradise above, prepared for our brotherhood that they may dwell together in unity throughout the countless ages of eternity.

“My child, the ceremonies observed in introducing you into this Universal Brotherhood are designed to indelibly impress upon your mind the grand and noble principles upon which our order is founded; the steep and perilous ascents, the dangerous chasms, pitfalls, and treacherous quicksands.

“I extend the hand of brotherly greeting, and invite the brotherhood here present to do likewise.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

TRAMPS and communists, as classes, both played a prominent part in the great strikes of '77. Tramps, who had nothing to lose, in their philosophical way entered upon the rioting and plunder because it seemed to be the order of

the day; while the communists, who had lent their aid to the turbulence, not to assist in redressing any particular wrong, but merely for the purpose of precipitating a condition of things where they might wreak their vengeance on society, came to the front, ripe for any form of reckless outlawry, and ready for arson and murder; but the great moral responsibility for the strikes and their vast train of disastrous effects is certain to rest upon the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

This fact has been very generally overlooked. Some few charges of complicity have been brought against it, and many railway officials have held this belief, without being able to find the proof, or give other grounds for their conviction than that they *knew* from certain evidences, which did not amount to absolute proof, but which were convincing beyond question, that this once powerful organization was responsible, more than all other causes and forces combined, for these troubles.

It will probably never be known just how far this responsibility extended; but it can be pretty well defined when the simple fact is stated that railroad troubles, as a distinct class of labor disturbances, never were known until after the organization of the brotherhood in 1863. There had been, of course, occasional local troubles arising from the turbulence of gangs of men employed in railroad construction, and infrequent misunderstandings which sometimes terminated in short-lived strikes; but there had never been any protracted uprising against railroad management until this association had become an organized power. Ever since that time the attention of the public has been almost constantly directed to the rise, progress, and termination of some form of railroad strike. So frequent have they been, and so daring and impudent have railway employees become in consequence of the spirit of insubordination imparted

through the remarkable growth and dictatorial assumption of the Brotherhood, that it could almost be said that there has been one continuous series of strikes ever since said organization was effected.

But, before going further into its history and a detailed account of its doings, it would seem to be in place to give a short sketch of the man who, above all others, has made the Brotherhood successful in point of numbers, wealth, and influence, as well as dangerous and contemptible in its arbitrary exercise of a power as illegal as it is menacing to all railway and other public interests. It is very certain that the organization is passing out of power and influence, and that it is tumbling to pieces of its own weight and the geneneral public condemnation which its acts have brought upon it; but this man, P. M. Arthur, its Grand Chief Engineer, has enjoyed to so large a degree the cheap glory of being its master-mind, and, as he claims, having brought innumerable railway companies to terms through the power at his back, which he has invariably used more to his own aggrandizement than in the Brotherhood interests, that he would seem to deserve a place in these records of the great strikes of '77.

At the corner of Seneca and Superior streets, in Cleveland, that most beautiful of American cities, is a long, three-story brick building, known as Sloss' Block. The lower story is occupied by shops, between which, at the entrance to the stairway leading to the upper stories, one who is in the habit of reading signs as a diversion would notice the following:

HEADQUARTERS

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS,

ROOMS 9 AND 10.

If you were of an inquiring turn of mind, as my operatives generally are, or if you had any special business at the

headquarters designated, you would climb the narrow stairs, enter a pleasant hall, on either side of which are lawyers', brokers', and insurance offices, and, continuing to the extreme end, passing a side entrance leading up from Seneca street, you would turn to your left and enter a very spacious apartment, not very elegantly furnished, but still having fine appointments, and impressing you more with the air of a comfortable reception-room than as an office. In one sense it really is so, for as there is little done here requiring many callers, the general business of the order being transacted through the mails and by telegraph, that appearance can be easily retained, the more easily as there is another room next it, inside of which, very carefully and securely arranged, is still another apartment, where all the secret work of the order is transacted, and from which has emanated more annoyance to railway interests than from all other sources that can be named.

Seated at a fine secretary between two windows, where, winter and summer, there are always plants and birds, will be seen the man who, for several years, has been a constant annoyance and threat to railroad officials throughout the United States and Canadas.

I can best describe him by comparing him in personal appearance with the great evangelist, Mr. Moody, and with no disrespect to that eccentric individual. Take out of Moody's face, then, the low-browed, sullen-eyed, bull-dog look; give him closely-cut, well-silvered hair, instead of glossy, almost black hair, and a closely-trimmed set of whiskers, rather gray instead of glossy brown, which cover all of the face save the cleanly-shaved upper lip; give him, instead of a fish-like, expressionless dark eye, a bluish-gray eye full of light and animation, and, at times, of jollity and merriment; provide him with just as ruddy, though not so "puffy" a complexion, and rather one indicating a more

sacrificing diet and a better habit; make him a trifle shorter, though proportionally just as solidly built; and then give to every motion of his form and features decisive, determined action that reminds you of superb and finely-governed machinery, and you have the man before you.*

Mr. Arthur was born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1830, and is at this writing nearly forty-eight years of age. His father was a shawl manufacturer in a modest way, but not to that extent which would permit of an extended education of his family. Shawls were manufactured entirely by hand in those days, and young Arthur would probably have grown up in that trade were it not that, when he was eight years of age, his mother died, and two years later his father came to America to endeavor to establish a business here, leaving the children with an aunt to be cared for. A year or two later his father sent for him, but there was some delay about his sailing, and his father set out from America to bring him here; but he had been put in charge of a ship's officer in the meantime, and while the father was returning to Scotland the son was aboard a vessel bound for this country. They passed each other in mid-ocean, and young Arthur never saw his father afterwards, as the latter sickened and died before reaching Scotland and was buried at sea.

Mr. Arthur states that this left him almost alone, and altogether dependent on his own resources, in New York, in 1842. He finally found an uncle, one William Service, who was a straw-goods merchant at 110½ William Street, who gave him a home and a good deal of work. Becoming dissatisfied with his employment and his surroundings, he turned boy-tramp and strolled out into the interior of New York State, to take whatever luck might bring him.

* See Frontispiece.

At last he straggled into the quaint little Dutch town of Niskayuna, in the Mohawk Valley, and there fell in with an old German farmer named Matt. Winne, who was going to do wonders for him. He led young Arthur to believe that, work as hard as ever he could, he could never possibly hope to earn his "keep," as he called it. The old farmer had a big farm, ran a brick-yard and dealt in timber, and Arthur found his work almost more than he could do; but he kept on and remained with Winne for several years, and then went to Schenectady, where he got employment with a wholesale grocer named G. Q. Carley. After he had been in this grocery work nearly two years, he purchased a horse and dray with his savings, and turned drayman, which proved to him an unprofitable investment, when he sold out, and after a little time secured his first employment from any railroad company, in the repair-shops of the Schenectady and Utica (now the New York Central) Railroad, where he was taken on as a "helper," or a stout, handy young fellow to do anything and everything which might be required of one who had no regular trade.

After a few months of this sort of work, he secured the position of fireman on the old "Benj. Marshall," a little single driving-wheel engine, John Wicks, engineer, who was afterwards killed in an accident where his engine jumped the track. From the "Benj. Marshall" he was transferred to engine "23," David Oxley, engineer. This same David Oxley is now master mechanic at the car-shops of the Illinois Central Railroad, at Centralia, Illinois. He remained with Oxley about a year, when he was put on engine "49," Edwin Wemple, engineer; and after firing two years and two months altogether, he got his first engine, being given passenger engine "16." From this he was transferred to the "Mechanic," from that to the "President," a ten-wheel engine; then to the "Mohawk," and then, succes-

sively, to engines "John Bridgeford," "Edward H. Jones," and the "Cephas Manning." While running the latter engine its name was changed to the "Wm H. Vanderbilt." Mr. Arthur ran the "Vanderbilt" until he left the New York Central Railroad, to attend, as a delegate, the Grand International Division of the Brotherhood, which was held in Cleveland, on February 25, 1874, when he was elected to the office of Grand Chief Engineer for a period of three years. He was again elected to the same position and for the same term of office at the convention held in Boston, in October, 1877.

Of the Brotherhood itself, its original objects were undoubtedly all that they should have been; and to-day it would be one of the most admirable adjuncts of railway service were it confined to the disbursement of charity, the strengthening of those ties of friendship and common interest, and the mutual improvement and assistance, which make any class of employees better men and more faithful in the discharge of their duties.

The primary organization was effected by the following engineers: E. Nichols, F. Avery, L. Wheeler, John Kennedy, T. Wartmouth, M. Higgins, B. Northrup, Geo. Q. Adams, and W. D. Robinson. These men were all friends and acquaintances—engineers on the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana, the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads, and the American division of the Grand Trunk Railroad—and came together at Marshall, Michigan, in April, 1863, as any number of friends, all following a like avocation, might come together to form a helpful association. Mr. Arthur himself states that these men had no idea that the organization thus started would develop into what it has, which is undoubtedly a fact; for, on looking up these men's characters, I find that they were persons of kind hearts, good purpose, and so faithful to

their calling that they would have contemplated the character of such an order as now exists with utter dismay.

These engineers framed a constitution and by-laws embodying the fundamental principles of the order, and produced an obligation which was subsequently changed to a most terrible oath, which will be given in a succeeding chapter.

The form of association as then effected proved wonderfully popular, and the organization of divisions on different roads was a work of the greatest ease. When this had been somewhat advanced, a convention was called and delegates sent from each division, who met at the hall of Division 1, Detroit, August 17 and 18, 1863. The headquarters of the Detroit Division was then, and is now, at room 23, Murrill Block, at the corner of Jefferson street and Woodward avenue.

This convention, on the second day of its meeting, founded the order and gave it the name of the Brotherhood of the Footboard, and elected W. H. Robinson Grand Chief Engineer.

At the convention held the next year, in Indianapolis, the name of the order was changed to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and it was ordered that the annual conventions should be termed Grand International Divisions.

To illustrate how popular the order was at that time, and show its rapid increase, it is only necessary to instance the fact that when the convention met at Indianapolis, only one year after the Brotherhood was fairly on its feet, it was found that sixty-seven divisions had been established, and that a membership of over sixteen hundred engineers had been secured.

The progress of the order for a period of several years was flattering and really remarkable. So long as it remained an association for the mutual benefit of its members, and

was conducted upon the principles which ordinary charitable associations are supposed to be founded, it received both the earnest encouragement of the railroad authorities and the public press. It was everywhere welcomed as one of those organizations which cannot but elevate and improve its members. Wherever its conventions were held the citizens welcomed its delegates, railroad companies furnished them with free transportation, and newspaper men made unusual efforts to give full publicity to their proceedings. And this state of things would have been certain to continue had not its leaders become eventually possessed with a greed for personal aggrandizement, and a desire to use the power that the rapid wealth and swift increase of numbers gave.

At the Boston convention of '66 a resolution was passed authorizing the publication of a monthly journal, to be exclusively devoted to the interests of the order; and there was accordingly established a magazine, called *The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Monthly Journal*. The supervision of its publication was vested in the grand officers; and the magazine, though of limited interest, *has* had a large circulation, both among members of the order and among railroad officials, whose interest in it of late years has been solely that which has been created by alarm.

CHAPTER IX.

BROTHERHOOD HISTORY CONTINUED—DISASTROUS DEFEATS.

IN the early part of '77, when the order had the largest membership, although it had for some time been waning in prosperity, it was known to have upwards of ten thousand members. In October, '76, the membership stood at 9,975,

and about one hundred and fifty initiations were known to have taken place during the succeeding year.

It was claimed by the order that over ninety per cent. of all the *skilled* engineers of the United States and Canadas were members. I hardly credit this, for the simple reason that, in many instances where the officers of railways have made a persistent fight against the dictation of the order, which in time grew intolerable, and my services were had for securing engineers to take the place of discharged or striking Brotherhood men, not only was the number required always available, but hundreds more than were needed could in every case be secured. These men were not amateurs, but were skilled engineers; and when it is borne in mind that, although the Brotherhood at one time had men on railroads in every state save Florida, there was no railway in the country whose engineers were all Brotherhood men, their claim would seem to be altogether unfounded.

The officers of the organization which for nearly ten years the association has been conducted merely to support, are the Grand Chief Engineer, First Grand Engineer, Second Grand Engineer, First, Second, and Third Grand Assistant Engineers, a Grand Guide, and a Grand Chaplain. Three of these are salaried. The Grand Chief Engineer, P. M. Arthur, since '74 receives, it is stated by members, \$3,000. He only admits to receiving \$2,500 annually, and all expenses entailed through travel, establishing subdivisions, conducting strikes, bullying railroad officials, and the like. The First Grand Engineer has charge of the editorial work of the *Monthly Journal*, and is a general assistant to the former officer, being vested with like powers, so far as regular office business is concerned, during his absence. He receives a salary of \$2,000 per year. The First Grand Assistant Engineer holds the position of the Brotherhood's

financial officer, and also receives a salary of \$2,000. Thus it will be seen that, when the various expenses of so extensive an organisation are grouped—the allowances for the hundreds of items in the hands of men who have got an order like this by the throat for the purpose of being supported, which cannot but be enormous, and are added to the large cost of sustaining strikes and the yearly expenditure for salaries, this most important branch of railway employees is famously taxed for the simple privilege of being led, or forced, into repeated collision with employers, of being surrounded by a constantly demoralizing influence, which from its very nature antagonizes their own and their employers' interests, and which in nearly every instance at the end of the year leaves them not only out of pocket to the extent of their fees, but the amount lost by many weeks, and sometimes months, of self-imposed idleness.

One feature of the Brotherhood, in theory at least, will command universal respect. This is its insurance department, which was established in '67; or rather an association of that kind was then formed, which subsequently became a department of the organization. In that year Frank Abbott, an engineer of the New York and Erie road, issued a circular to the different divisions of the Brotherhood, requesting all those divisions favoring some plan of insurance to send delegates to Port Jervis, New York, for the purpose of effecting such an association. A large number responded, and the matter was got under way in December of that year. This plan of insurance was simply this: On the death of any member of the association, to issue notice of the same and order an assessment of one dollar on each member. All members of this association were Brotherhood men, and it was finally incorporated in the order. Before this, however, it had suffered a loss of above twelve thousand dollars from its officers appropriating that amount.

It is stated that nearly a million dollars has been paid out to the widows and orphans of deceased engineers. If so, a good work has been accomplished, whatever has been the manner of doing it. But if all this has been done, it was some time since, for recent facts have come to light which show that though assessments have been repeatedly increased, payments of this kind have been continually lessening in number, as well as decreasing in amount.

It is claimed by Mr. Arthur that the Brotherhood is in no sense antagonistic to railroad interests; but in the same breath he lays down the following as its regulations governing the action of its members in cases where strikes are inaugurated, or where such misunderstandings arise as are liable to precipitate strikes in case the demands of the disaffected Brotherhood engineers are not acceded to:

If engineers are not receiving commensurate wages, or are notified that a reduction in wages is to be enforced, or if from any other cause they have become dissatisfied, they first meet in their division lodge and discuss the matter. In case a majority decide that the "grievance" should become a matter of protest, a committee is appointed to wait upon the proper officer of the road and make the complaint, or such complaint is made in writing and submitted. If it is refused attention, or if it receives attention and the demand contained is refused, the power of the division is exhausted, and the "grievance," with a full history of what action has been taken by the division, is then referred to the Standing Committee on Grievances, or the General Grievance Committee, as it is called.

This body, which is composed of thirteen members, and which is something in the nature of a high court of appeal, is appointed annually by the Grand International Division, and is composed of twelve members of the Brotherhood, generally selected with a view to the importance to the

order of the railroad lines on which they are employed, the thirteenth member being the Grand Chief Engineer. This places the determining vote, in case of a tie, always in the hands of the latter, and in reality makes that personage the supreme dictator, as he certainly has been since the position has been occupied by Mr. Arthur.

This General Grievance Committee is called together at Cleveland, and occupy the inner guarded room within the second apartment of the general offices before referred to, and are supposed to inquire into the merits of the grievance submitted by the division. If it is considered groundless, or should it appear that it would be a poor policy to force the matter upon the railroad company, the division which has appealed has no further recourse. But if a majority of the committee conclude to force an issue, the Grand Chief Engineer is empowered to proceed to the company's headquarters, and with all the power of persuasion, or all the force of threats, secure for the engineers of the road the demanded concessions.

If the company cannot be bullied into granting them, the Grievance Committee, which has remained in session awaiting the result of the efforts of the Grand Chief Engineer, again act upon the matter, and if it is decided to make a fight, a strike is at once ordered, and the whole power of the Brotherhood—which of late years has meant intimidation and violence, as well as a most reckless use of money where it was necessary, and the wildest of promises where the latter would answer—are brought into requisition to make the strike a success.

Of the scores of strikes previous to the great strike of '77, precipitated by the Brotherhood, probably those of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, were the most important, as well as the most disastrous to the order, for they both illustrated the

silly bombast and pretension, as well as the utter insignificance, of the order when it came in collision with railway officials who were possessed of dignity, decision, and action.

Of the strike on the first-mentioned line, which occurred February 12, '77, the facts were as follows: The pay of all employees on that road up to '76 had been steadily increasing for the previous fifteen years, so that they were then receiving from sixty to seventy per cent., according to grade, higher wages than they received in '62. The per diem was from \$2.50 to \$3.50, with an additional sum of twenty-five cents per day, which was withheld until the close of each three months, and then paid as a bounty to all those who could present a clear record. On account of a general falling off in the business of the road, and an imperative necessity for comprehensive retrenchment, an order was issued, to take effect January 15, '76, reducing the salaries and wages of all officers and employees ten per cent. This left the sixty-seven engineers on that railroad receiving from \$2.25 to \$2.90 per day, which was still from fifty to sixty per cent. more than was received by the same class of employees in '62. An effort was then made by the engineers, nearly all of whom were Brotherhood men, to get the order rescinded so far as they were concerned; but the officers of the road would not yield, and there the matter rested for nearly a year, during which the Brotherhood had inaugurated and carried out successful strikes—some of them, and notably that on the Grand Trunk Railroad, with great injustice and cruelty—on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the Georgia Railroad, the St. Louis and Cairo Narrow Gauge, and the Grand Trunk, which had filled the members of the order all over the country with a good deal of self-confidence and bravado.

Animated by this feeling that they could accomplish

about what they liked, during the latter part of March, '77, the Brotherhood engineers on the Boston and Albany road, through their committee, submitted to the company's officers what was in effect a demand for a return to the old scale of wages so far as engineers and firemen were concerned, having already enlisted the latter class through promises of compelling an increase of their wages.

President White, after reading the paper, told the committee that he had no authority to act; but if they desired an immediate answer, he could only say that, as far as he was concerned, he could not comply with the demand, and felt certain that no encouragement whatever would be given them from any source.

Upon this termination of the interview, Arthur was telegraphed for, who, upon his arrival in Boston, immediately penned President White a note, in which he stated in a very grandiose manner that he did not come "in the spirit of coercion and dictation, but as a mediator," to settle the matter, and requesting, in an offensive way, an interview. President White, holding quite a different view of Mr. Arthur than Mr. Arthur did of himself, very properly declined to have anything to do with him, not being able to understand how the business of the Boston and Maine road was in any way identified with the business of Mr. Arthur, who resided in Cleveland, and occupied a fat position merely because it pleased several thousand workingmen to support him in idleness.

This resulted in a modified form of a demand being presented by the engineers, in which were embodied proposals very much more modest than those previously submitted, and another long interview ensued, during which the members of the committee stated that if their demands were refused, a strike of every engineer on the road would be the result. No desire for further time for consideration was ex-

pressed by any one, and it was tacitly understood that the decision arrived at was final.

The engineers, under Arthur's management, immediately prepared an ultimatum embodying all of the demands which had been previously made. This was submitted on the twelfth of February, and stated that unless their demands were submitted to by four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, all of the companies' engines would be brought to a standstill at that hour; and at the same time an order was issued by the committee to every engineer upon the line to stop work promptly at four o'clock, *wherever that hour might find them*, and there to hold their engines for a period of two hours, unless a telegram signed "G. W. Stevens," to the effect that all was "settled," should be received. But if such telegram should not be received, to "blow your boiler out and abandon your engine."

But the officials of the Boston and Maine road were not quite ready to transfer the management of their business to either Mr. Arthur or the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Superintendent Furber had made such arrangements as prevented that requirement, even for a short time.

Promptly at four o'clock, wherever a passenger train was stopped there was found a skilled engineer to take the place of the striking Brotherhood man, and with very little trouble and delay every train then out was run to its destination; and the subsequent passage of regular trains, with the exception of freight trains, was very slightly retarded, so prompt and vigorous had been the action of the officers of the road.

Arthur and the Brotherhood engineers were greatly dismayed at their quick defeat. They fondly thought to bring the Boston and Maine officials humbly to their feet, and a howl of defeat was everywhere heard. There was only one thing now to be done. That was to bring into

requisition the same system of "bulldozing" and intimidation which has disgraced every body of strikers that ever were got together. This was found useless, as the officials checkmated the Brotherhood by an effective use of police, and every man who took the place of a striker was *thoroughly protected*. The next move of Mr. Arthur was to squander the Brotherhood's money in buying off every man possible who presented himself as a "scab" or substitute for strikers. This had the effect of annoying the management of the road somewhat, but inside of two weeks everything was running smoothly, and the Brotherhood had suffered its first overwhelming defeat.

Now, to illustrate the foolishness of this man Arthur, it is only necessary to state the fact that, in less than ten days after he had publicly boasted in Boston that by a wave of his hand he could stop the movement of every railroad train in America, he was left in the humiliating position where he could contemplate his own littleness, where he could ponder over having squandered thousands of dollars of the Brotherhood's money, ostensibly collected for the benefit of the helpless widows and orphans of engineers; where he could realize that he and his society, through their dictation and tyranny, had thrown out of employment sixty-seven men, the larger number of whom had been in the steady employment of the Boston and Maine Railroad Company from ten to thirty years, and who were now reduced to the unenviable position of being obliged to beg work of other companies, with the discredit attaching to them of having participated, and failed, in one of the most criminally foolish and reckless strikes ever known. Not one-fourth of these men have since secured employment; the pledges of the Brotherhood, that they should be sustained if they failed, have all been broken; and many of these deluded men are to-day utterly without support for themselves or

their families, suffering from one of the most cruel and arbitrary organizations that can be imagined; for it has induced good men to add to its power and influence, urged them into an antagonism towards their employers which threw them out of work, and then, when they were helpless, had utterly deserted them.

The trouble on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, in April, '77, resulted quite as disastrously to the then disorganized Brotherhood as did the strike on the Boston and Maine road.

Certain information had been placed in the possession of Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, the president of the road, that a strike for higher wages by *all* the regular trainmen of the main line and branches, under the management of the Brotherhood engineers employed on the Philadelphia and Reading road, was to shortly take place.

In the minds of Mr. Gowen and the directors of the road there was only one way to meet this danger. The insolence of the Brotherhood threatened to destroy all security and safety in railroad management. Nearly every railroad in America had felt its demoralizing influence, and their officers trembled when they heard its ominous mutterings. A fight must sooner or later come, and with all that fearlessness and keen calculation of results which characterized Mr. Gowen, in his splendid and victorious battle with those pests and disgrace of modern civilization, the Mollie Maguires, he at once determined to grapple with this still more insolent and dangerous organization, whatever the consequences might be.

By openly challenging all the power of this most powerful order, the Philadelphia and Reading road performed a duty to the general public which in its extent can hardly be estimated. It is beginning to be realized, but at that time it was only faintly appreciated. Its management had

no animosity towards the Brotherhood as a *society*, any more than it could have towards a church sewing-circle; but they felt that the constant menace which existed, as the organization was conducted by Mr. Arthur, not only towards their individual interests, but to all railroad interests, had become simply unbearable. As Mr. Gowen put it, he preferred a precipitation of the worst that could come, and that at once, to a continuation of the company's business with this Damoclean sword hanging over it.

The Philadelphia and Reading Company, which imperatively demanded the withdrawal of all the engineers who wished to remain in its employ from the Brotherhood, did not make this demand without proposing to provide all of and more than the Brotherhood's helpful features. It agreed to contribute \$15,000 to a life insurance fund, and \$10,000 to an accident fund, both for the benefit of the employees of its road. To the life insurance fund engineers should pay \$2, conductors and firemen \$1.25, and brakemen \$1 each per month. In the event of death, the families of those who had contributed \$2 per month would receive \$3,000; of those who had paid \$1.25 per month, \$1,000; and of those who had given \$1 per month, \$700; payments to be made within one month after the decease of the employee so insured. To those dismissed from the service of the company, the amount contributed would be returned, and participation in the benefits of the fund would immediately cease. To those voluntarily leaving, nothing would be returned, and their interest in the benefits would also end. In the accident department, those paying into the fund fifty cents per month would receive \$6 per week when they were disabled; those contributing seventy-five cents per month would receive \$9 weekly; and those giving \$1 per month were to be paid \$12 weekly. In no case, however, was the payment to be continued longer than six months. It was

also provided that the \$25,000 endowment, and the moneys received from contributors, were to be placed in the hands of the president and cashier of the Farmers' National Bank of Reading, who, with Mr. Gowen, should act as trustees of the fund, and who were also required to submit an annual report showing a full statement of receipts and disbursements, the company to pay all expenses for clerical assistance.

Now, any rational man cannot but admit that this proposition took from the Brotherhood all opportunity for complaint that this company in particular had no regard for its employees save in the light of rolling-stock and machinery. It provided everything that the Brotherhood provided, with the single exception of the power to strike and dictate terms to a railroad company for conducting its own business; and right here was the rub.

After the company had perfected this plan, its General Manager, Mr. Wootten, immediately issued a notice to all employees, and especially directed to the engineers, explaining the proposition of the company as to insurance endowment, and stating that all engineers who desired to remain in the employ of the Philadelphia and Reading road must withdraw from the Brotherhood; and that their remaining on their engines after a certain designated date would be construed as an indication of their acquiescence in the requirements of the company.

This was decisive action, and it was bound to bring about decisive results.

The Brotherhood engineers, who had never before been called upon to swallow so bitter a pill as they conceived this to be, met at once; and, with their usual insolence and assumption of power, under direction of the great mogul, Arthur, issued a notice, not only to engineers, but to all trainmen of the road, to stop work at twelve o'clock, midnight, on the 14th of April, 1877.

Through the services of my agencies, the Philadelphia and Reading Company were as well prepared for this anticipated action as it was possible to be, and to the deep chagrin of the Brotherhood, which made a more desperate fight than they had ever before made or will ever again make, not a single passenger train was stopped, or even delayed. Before they had scarcely left their engines, these misled and deluded men found their places filled—in most instances by engineers quite as skilled and capable as themselves; while a large number of experienced firemen were instantly promoted to engines, which they handled with consummate skill and coolness under the trying circumstances.

To counteract this, the defeated Brotherhood organized numbers of firemen and brakemen into what they termed a subsidiary "Union," and led its members to believe that by degrees they should be admitted into the Brotherhood, which promised every man who could be persuaded or intimidated from work, or who had come from a distance to accept work and could be bought off, the same sum per month to remain in idleness as the company would pay to them should they retain their places, or accept positions offered them.

It is needless to add that in no single instance were these reckless promises kept.

Notwithstanding every force and power which the Brotherhood could muster, the running of the road was but a very little impaired. The most trouble was experienced on the Catawissa branch, extending from Port Clinton to Williamsport. Many of the striking engineers lived at Catawissa, and they insulted, annoyed, and threatened the men constantly, and on several occasions were barely prevented from mobbing them; but the company increased its police force, and, like the Boston and Maine road, furnished their new men very thorough protection.

To illustrate how powerless these discharged Brotherhood engineers and their sympathizers were to consummate their threatened destruction of engines and other property of the company, and how simple a matter it is at any time for railway corporations to throw off utterly and forever this miserable and constantly threatening yoke of insolent bondage, it is only necessary to state the circumstance, now a matter of railroad history, that no importance whatever should be attached to the statement in the newspapers that a large number of engines had been burned, and thereby rendered unfit for service. The bare fact of the matter is that but one engine out of the hundreds in use was disabled during the entire trouble, and that the cost of its repair was insignificant and trifling.

There was, of course, some trouble and delay consequent upon the general excitement and inexperience of a number of the new trainmen. This, however, was but temporary, and in a short time it was evident to all that the Brotherhood had a second time, and that within a period of two months, experienced a defeat that was both disgraceful and crushing.

And now for the result of all this recklessness. Not half a dozen of this large body of men, who were as comfortably situated as men could wish, have been able to secure employment since they so shamefully deserted it. Being out of employment, the Brotherhood has proven itself absolutely powerless to furnish anything but the most paltry assistance, which came in dribblets and pittances of no earthly help, and which were in fact an injury, as they served only to build a hope that more substantial recognition of their loyalty would be forthcoming, and prevented their taking up other work until these misled men had reached a condition of abject want and suffering.

This is no imaginary picture, nor is it a careless statement

based on insufficient information. The public need not go beyond the passionate appeals for aid made by delegates to the Grand International Division held at Boston on the 17th of October, '77.

They stated that these Philadelphia and Reading engineers, who had struck and whom the Brotherhood had pledged its sacred honor to sustain, had lost their homes, had had their families broken up and scattered, many of their children being subjects for alms; that, through the discouragement that had come upon them, others had merged into loafers and drunkards, while still others were forced into becoming tramps and vagrants.

Every phase of human suffering and despair was shown to have been endured by these men, and, after most piteous begging and pleading, this great braggart brotherhood was finally induced to *vote* the amounts promised. Up to this time they have not been paid, and the rapid dismemberment of the order will undoubtedly prevent such payment ever being made.

CHAPTER X.

COMPLETE EXPOSÉ OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL UNION OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN AND THE NOTORIOUS TRAINMEN'S UNION.

I HAVE been able to ascertain that the securing of an increased membership for a Brotherhood lodge is more often a matter of policy than gaining good men for the organization, or for bettering men who need bettering, as Mr. Arthur so strenuously claims is an important feature of the order.

When a lodge is established, the first and only object of the charter members is to quietly and rapidly secure a con-

trolling influence among engineers on the line or lines where the lodge may be in operation. No doubt there has been an effort at the beginning to place the matter in the hands of engineers of the greatest influence and best standing; but after this much has been accomplished, the only object beyond is to create power from numbers and secret organization.

The point is simply to bring about a condition of things where, when any difficulty occurs between the management of a railroad company and any of its employees, there shall be found in this Brotherhood organization sufficient power to control the final settlement in some manner through which the order shall be the gainer, and so that the company shall be compelled to concede its right, and if not its right, its power, which is still more effective, to both control and dictate.

The benefits to be derived from organization, association, mutual aid, fraternity, provision for families in case of accident or death, are the influences first used to approach non-Brotherhood engineers for the purpose of getting them within the order.

It is simple enough to see how powerful these are to men whose profession is so dangerous as that of the engineer, and it is no discredit to these brave and earnest fellows that they are anxious to make some such provision as the Brotherhood so temptingly guarantees. This is the bait thrown out. After the lodge has been established, all this guise of good fellowship and fraternity falls off. The *form* is sustained, but every member of the organization at once sees that the *real* purpose of the order is the acquiring of a concentrated power which shall at all times, even at the veriest whim of its leaders, be able to assert itself in antagonism to railway management.

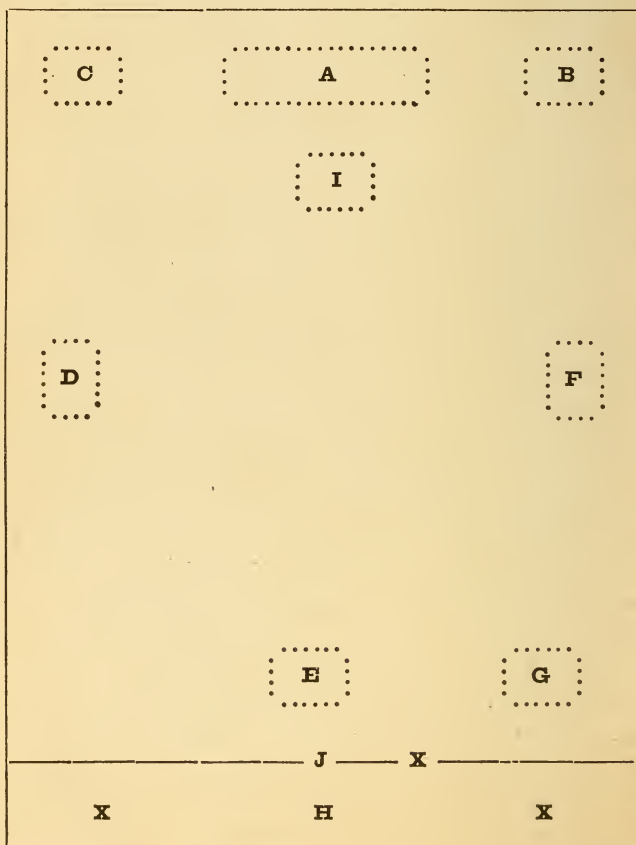
In pursuance of this policy, which, from the nature of

things becomes an active, progressive principle, new members are sought from among engineers with a view to their use at the point and in the section where the lodge is organized. One man may have influence at headquarters. He must be got hold of, for outside the order he is dangerous to it. Inside the order he is at least harmless, and his "influence" may be doubly effective in its interests. Another man may be naturally mulish and obstinate and full of denunciations of the Brotherhood and its members. He must be secured in order to quiet him. Another may have a special and peculiar influence with firemen; may be exceedingly popular with them. He must be made a member quietly, so that in case of trouble this class of trainmen may be better controlled. In fact, among the vast body of railroad employees in our country and Canada, this order stands precisely as a huge political devil-fish that feeds upon anything and everything necessary to satiate its appetite and give it power; and it is both quite as regardless of what comes to its voracious maw as what it puts its reckless and once powerful grasp upon.

For whatever cause it has been found desirable or necessary to bring a non-Brotherhood man within the order, when he has at last consented to become a member the following are the forms considered requisite and ceremonies to be observed before he shall have become a full-fledged brother:

His application is signed by three members of the order in good standing. "Good standing" in this order has come to mean that one enjoying such reputation owes no dues. The three signers must vouch that the applicant has run on some road as a locomotive engineer for the period of one year, and that he possesses a good moral character. This application is then passed upon by the lodge in session. If the applicant is accepted, he is sometimes admitted at that session, but oftener not until some succeeding session, it

being supposed desirous to give the impression that it is not such an easy matter to become a member of this great order. At the time set for initiation, however, the candidate, in company with a good brother, proceeds to the lodge-room, after the lodge is in session, and awaits developments in the ante-room. The following is a diagram of a division lodge-room, and gives the relative positions, or "stations," as they are called, of its officers:



- A**—Station of the Chief Engineer. His duties are to preside at all lodge meetings, and perform similar functions to all officers of like character.
- B**—Station of the First Assistant Engineer, who is the lodge Secretary.
- C**—Station of the Second Assistant Engineer. He is the Treasurer and general financial officer of the division.
- D**—Station of the First Engineer. This officer only officiates at the opening and closing ceremonies, and in the initiatory "work."
- E**—Station of the Second Engineer, who assists in preserving order, and attends to the "wicket" communicating with the ante-room, and all applications for admission from that quarter.
- F**—Station of the Chaplain.
- G**—Station of the Guide. This officer has charge of the candidate during his initiation.
- H**—Station of the Third Engineer, who acts as Outside Guard in the ante-room.
- I**—Altar.
- J**—Wicket communicating with ante-room.
- X**—Door.
- X X**—Ante-room.

When everything is in readiness for the reception of the candidate, the Guide proceeds to the ante-room, in company with the Chaplain. The latter greets the new-comer appropriately, and then questions him closely as to his motives in desiring to become a member of the Brotherhood. The burden of this is to make a still deeper impression upon the stranger of the importance of the order. Satisfactory answers being received, the two leave the candidate in the ante-room in charge of the Third Engineer, and return to the lodge-room, where they report the result and resume their "stations." On notice by the Second Engineer, through the wicket, that the lodge is prepared to receive the stranger, the Third Engineer and an assistant blindfold him most securely.

He is then conducted into the room, where all the members rise with a great rush and racket. This is followed by perfect silence for a moment, after which, during the sing-

ing of an ode, the Guide marches the candidate around the hall twice. The room is completely darkened, so that, should the new-comer conclude to remove the bandage for purposes of his own, his treachery would avail him nothing.

Then, in perfect silence, he is led to the Chief Engineer's "station." That officer suddenly and impressively inquires who it is that approaches. The Guide humbly states that he has a friend in charge, who wishes to become a worthy member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. After the Chief Engineer has formally satisfied himself that the candidate is well qualified, he orders the Guide to conduct him to the station of the Second Engineer, who repeats the challenge offered by the Chief Engineer, and is answered in precisely the same way, which brings an order from the Second Engineer to proceed to the altar.

This is immediately in front of the Chief Engineer's "station." Here the candidate is compelled to kneel and place his left hand upon his heart, and his right upon the Bible, which lies upon the altar before him, when the Chief Engineer administers the oath, the candidate repeating each sentence after him. That it contains that which should be repulsive to all sentiments of manliness and fair-dealing among men, and makes of this organization something to be despised and condemned, every good citizen cannot but admit.

It is as follows:

I, ———, do swear that I am a locomotive engineer, having been employed as such for a period of one year. I now wish to be made a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

In this solemn position I do promise and swear, and declare upon my most sacred honor, that I will keep forever secret any and every thing that I shall see done, or hear, in any division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Farthermore do I promise and swear that I will never in

any manner be disloyal to this order, or wrong any one of its members, or permit one of them to be wronged or injured, if it shall be in my power to prevent it.

Furthermore do I promise and swear that I will forever keep secret the doings and orders of this Brotherhood, and that I will never disclose to any living person its passwords, grips, and signs, except when duly authorized so to do, and then only to a member in good standing.

Furthermore do I promise and swear that I will support, and abide by, all the requirements and decisions of the Grand International Division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; and further, that I will never speak of the order in a disrespectful manner, but will always yield a cheerful obedience to all of its laws, rules, and usages, and that I will not recommend any unworthy man to membership in this order.

Furthermore do I promise and swear that, should I be expelled from this order, I will never disclose to any living person anything concerning the Brotherhood, of any name or nature, and will as sacredly preserve its secrets as though I were still a member in good standing.

Furthermore do I promise and swear that I will at all times do everything in my power to assist a member of this order in good standing to secure and retain employment; but I pledge my most sacred honor, calling on God as my witness, *that I will never, under any circumstances, assist, or recommend for employment, any one who is a non-Brotherhood man, or an expelled member of this order.*

To all of which I do pledge my most sacred honor, binding myself to a rigid execution of every promise, in spirit and letter, to the uttermost, under no less a penalty than to have my eyes torn from their sockets, and to myself be forever damned and disgraced by all members of this Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. So, help me God!

I have purposely italicized the latter portions of this oath so that the public may fully appreciate its fearful character.

Here is an organization with a professing Christian at its head—a man who in every public manner possible, upon the platform, in long-winded communications to newspapers, to acquaintances and friends, and with his eyes raised to heaven to witness his honesty and sincerity, has protested that nothing but sweetness, simplicity, reform, Christian charity and all the graces have nestled within it,—which has for its very foundations a most heartless pledge to refuse all assistance to the very class to which they belong, and every member of which is just as deserving as themselves of the opportunity of securing an honest livelihood.

Out upon such “brotherhood”!

Every important sentiment expressed by this obligation is utterly antagonistic to the spirit of our republican citizenship, and its very treason to common humanity, to common decency, and to common manhood, should bring upon their supporters, and propagators, and particularly upon the dangerous man who to-day is both ruling and ruining the organization with a sham and pretense of pious humanitarianism, while living upon the hard earnings of his deluded followers, the execration of all classes of workingmen and that of all other good citizens.

The fearful oath which caps all this dangerous stuff, binding the engineer taking the same to the terrible penalty named, in case of disloyalty to the Brotherhood, is too revolting to call for comment. It is simply the consummation of outrageous brutality.

But this is not all.

After the administration of this oath, the light is suddenly turned on in the hall, the bandage is removed from the eyes of the candidate, and he is then given a “lecture” by the Chief Engineer, in which the solemnity of the oath is

dwelt upon, his general duties regarding secrecy and other matters are reviewed, and he is specially reminded, and that with great impressiveness, that it is one of his *chief* duties to prevent, with every means in his power, *the promotion of firemen to the position of engineer.*

Now, in every instance where Brotherhood engineers have gone upon a strike, it has been their first business to secure the co-operation of the firemen upon the line, or lines, where the strike was to occur. This is invariably done by representing to these hard-working fellows that their interests are identical, that they are the stuff from which engineers are made, that the fireman and the engineer are equally powerful when combined, and equally helpless when separated, and that it is the chief duty of men who aspire to become engineers to assist these men in every possible scheme and move which will give them an advantage over the railroad company; and yet the "lecture" of every chief engineer of every division of this Brotherhood contains a most earnest and impressive injunction that it is of paramount necessity with the Brotherhood engineer that he shall use every means in his power to prevent the fireman's promotion!

How will this great body of earnest fellows relish the knowledge that these Brotherhood men—whom they have stood by manfully in every trouble with which they have been identified—have used them as mere tools to cast aside when done with, and that it is one of their most earnest duties to prevent their well-earned advancement?

After this remarkable "lecture," the candidate is obliged to sign the constitution and by-laws, when he is instructed in the use of the signs, grips, and passwords of the order.

This order has three signs—the Sign of Recognition, the Sign of Distress, and the Voting Sign.

The Sign of Recognition is as follows: Both hands are

raised, open and backs upward, until, with the arms, they describe a semi-circle, the points of the fingers meeting between and just above the eyes, and then both hands are brought down over the eyes to the sides with a quick movement, *indicating the penalty of having the eyes torn from their sockets in case of disloyalty*. It is answered in the same manner.

The Sign of Distress is made by placing the left hand upon the region of the chest, pressing the same, and expressing by the features that the one making such sign is suffering bodily pain. The response is made by the use of the same sign.

The Voting Sign is made by raising the *left* hand, instead of the right, as is usual in such bodies when the votes are counted, bringing the hand to the breast, and then dropping it at the side.

There are two passwords. The general password, which is used when traveling and when testing visiting members—as will be explained—is changed annually, and is given by the Grand International Division of the order, and *only* to those divisions whose grand dues are wholly paid.

This password for the year 1877 was the word “Michigan,” the peculiarity of its division into syllables, and their pronunciation, vouching for the sincerity of its possessor. This will be explained.

Aside from this, each separate division—and in February, '78, there were about two hundred of these divisions, or lodges, in the States and Canada—has its own password, which, under any circumstances, is of very little importance, as each member of a local lodge is expected to personally know every other member.

There is but one grip for all circumstances and occasions. This is given by grasping a brother's right hand with your own, shaking it heartily, and instantly, on ceasing this

motion, giving the side of his hand four successive taps with the point of your little finger, which should be quickly-recognized in the same manner.

The amount of initiation fee is fixed upon by each division, but it is usually ten dollars.

The emergency fund (local), division dues, Grand International Division dues, and the "levies" ordered by Mr. Arthur for the sustenance of striking Brotherhood men, and for the insurance payments to families of deceased Brotherhood engineers, usually have amounted to about nine dollars per member annually. On account of Mr. Arthur's rashness, the striking of engineers in several localities, and the great strikes of '77, for that year they reached twice the amount stated, and were utterly repudiated by large numbers of Brotherhood engineers.

Aside from the signs, grip and passwords, members of the order *in good standing* are furnished with a traveling card, a copy of the face and reverse of which I here give :

(FACE.)

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>To The</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.</p> <p><i>This is to Certify, that Bro.</i> _____</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Is a Member in Good Standing of</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">_____ <i>Div., No.</i> _____</p>	<p>(Signature of Applicant.)</p>
<p><i>Given at</i> _____, 187 .</p> <p style="text-align: right;">_____ <i>F. A. E.</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">_____ <i>C. E.</i></p>	

(REVERSE.)

187 . _____ Granted _____ To be returned in three months from date.	_____ Years' Experience as a _____ Engineer.
	Employed at present by _____
	_____ C. E.
	_____ F. A. E.

It will be seen that this is a complete record of the man, and entitles him to every consideration and courtesy in the power of the order, when presented; but there is even still a check on a person who may have surreptitiously become possessed of one of these important cards, which must invariably bear the impress of the seal of the division which grants it.

This is "the test." It is invariably applied to a visiting brother under the following circumstances, and in the manner described.

The visitor is admitted by the Outside Guard, who immediately communicates the fact of such admission to the Second Engineer, through the wicket. The latter officer at once makes the fact known to the Chief Engineer, who suspends business and appoints a committee to wait upon the visitor and submit him to the "test."

On their reaching the ante-room, the chairman of the

committee greets the supposed brother cordially, causing him to give the grip, which is answered. The visitor has the right, and frequently asserts it, to demand the charter of the division, that he may be assured that the lodge is properly authorized and regularly working. If this is found satisfactory to the visitor, he so expresses himself, when both he and the chairman advance towards each other with extended hands. Then grasping each other's hand, again giving the grip, and placing the left side of the toe of the right boot against the left side of the instep of the other's right boot, the visitor bends forward, whispers the first syllable of the word "Mich—i—gan," thus: "Mich!"—pronounced sharply "mish!" The chairman responds by whispering in his ear, "I!" The visitor then answers, "Gan!" *

This test was formerly considered sufficient for all purposes, and on its being properly sustained by the visitor, he was immediately conducted into the lodge-room, when, advancing to the center of the hall, he saluted the Chief Engineer with the regular sign of recognition, which was returned by that officer, when the Guide led him to a seat, and at "recess" he was heartily welcomed.

But, on account of the recklessness with which the organization has been handled, leading, as it has, to general dissatisfaction, withdrawals from disgust with the whole thing, and expulsions for non-payment of assessments to perpetu-

* The Traveling Password for the present year (1878) is the letters "B. L. E.," given in the same manner as the word "Michigan."

The Sign of Recognition has also just been changed from that of bringing the joined points of the hands from the center of the forehead, quickly down over the eyes to the sides, to clasping the hands in front of, and upon, the waist.

The Sign of Distress—only supposed to be used at night—is now given by sharply striking together the two hands and uttering the words: "O help me!"

ate warfare against some railroad, and the consequent idleness of scores of men whom it was found necessary to support, this test-work is now little relied on.

The traveling card, which has been explained, is now almost the sole test of membership and good standing, as it must be renewed every three months, and will not be granted by the division only when dues have been fully paid. Its necessity is also shown in the fact that, although for years it has been almost an invariable custom for engineers, when traveling from one section of the country to another, to "get a lift" in the cab of any engineer to whom he may apply, so much bitter feeling has been created within the Brotherhood itself by the withdrawals and expulsions referred to, and so much suspicion has arisen between Brotherhood men since the great strikes of '77, that the comparatively few Brotherhood engineers who still have faith in the order will not permit another engineer to ride upon his engine, however effectively he may give the sign of distress, or however excellently he may stand "the test."

He must have the traveling card, or he is left the alternative to pay his fare or tramp it.

This concludes what I know to be a full and complete *exposé* of the inner workings of this order. With the information here contained and a "traveling card," every intelligent male reader of this book could enter any division lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers with just as much ease as P. M. Arthur himself.

I am able to also say, with quite as certain a knowledge, that the organization has passed its zenith of power and is gradually but surely falling to pieces. Whether it is true or not, thousands of members have come to feel that Mr. Arthur was re-elected through the veriest of political wire-pulling; and a large number of the members openly express the con-

viction that the moneys of the organization are being systematically misapplied. Such a loss of confidence can never be regained from men who labor for their money so steadfastly and faithfully as do locomotive engineers.

They see that dissensions are constant; that members are constantly withdrawing from various causes of disaffection; and that other members—nearly three hundred during 1877 and almost twice that number for the first two months in 1878!—are being expelled for non-payment of dues and assessments which are continually growing more onerous and burdensome; they see that every pledge made by the grand officers has been broken nearly as soon as it has been made; and, above all, they have learned, many from the bitterest of personal experience, that in almost every instance where a strike has been ordered, it has not only brought them disaster, notwithstanding the bluster and bravado of Mr. Arthur, but that they have been permanently deprived of labor, and, after that, deserted in the most cowardly manner by these grand officers who have so sacredly promised them support.

Intelligent men, as the locomotive engineers almost invariably are, after a time learn these lessons so well that no sophistry, flattery, or selfish cunning, can retain their confidence or renew their fealty when they have once retired from the order; and it may be set down as a certainty of the future that the day for any powerful organization of railway employees of like influence and daring to that which the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had gained and exercised, is passed, and will never within the present generation be re-established upon the crumbling ruins of this notorious and at one time respectable organization.

Before passing from the subject of railway employee organizations, it is no more than proper that a few words

should be said of those other associations kindred to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The Grand International Union of Locomotive Firemen, which is of comparatively recent origin, is nothing more or less than an almost exact copy of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Its grand officers are the same, under different titles, and have the same general duties; its lodges are operated in almost precisely the same manner as are the divisions of the last-named order; it publishes a monthly magazine, similarly edited and conducted; it has its General Grievance Committee, with the same functions and powers; and it feeds and supports, out of the scrimped savings of hard-worked firemen, just the same number of official dictators.

This organization has, at this writing, eighty divisions, comprising a membership of nearly four thousand firemen. It is not considered prosperous, as the firemen who have already joined the order, with the career of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in mind, are not over-confident of its success; and that immense body of firemen outside of the association, for the same reason, are very cautious about forming an alliance with influences which can only antagonize them towards their employers, as well as endanger their own interests.

But, of all ridiculous, wild, and absurd schemes of brainless and unprincipled men for the combination of employees in railway service, the Trainmen's Union was the silliest, the craziest, and the most reckless. It was this organization which precipitated the great strikes of '77, but as elsewhere stated, the encroaching spirit of communism, and the insolence which the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had engendered in nearly all classes of railway employees, were the principal causes—if, indeed, they were not the real causes which created the Trainmen's Union

itself. This notorious society was founded by Robert A. Ammon, or "Boss" Ammon, a sketch of whose career is elsewhere given. This reckless adventurer and conscienceless agitator organized the order in Allegheny City during the latter part of May, 1877, and just previous to the attempted strike of the next month, being the person to formulate the oath, as well as the constitution and by-laws, and was the first person who took the oath and signed the articles.

The machinery of the Union was very simple. The whole thing was only the result of one of Ammon's freaks, and, although it was at one time the bugbear of nearly every railway official in the country, it never had one iota of character or power. It was a new thing, and because it permitted all trainmen to become members, the public immediately jumped to the conclusion that nearly all trainmen *had* joined it, and what was of really the least importance imaginable, became something to be dreaded and feared by all.

Although a great effort was made to secure members, at no time in its existence had it a membership of over seven hundred persons. It was commonly believed that one hundred times that number belonged to the order. It received everybody and anybody without question. All that was necessary to be known of a candidate for admission was that he was a professed enemy of railroad management on general principles; and at the third meeting for the initiation of members, my operatives were able to become members of the union without any trouble whatever.

To illustrate how characterless the organization was from beginning to end, it is only necessary to state the fact that the "grand chief" of the union was one "Sam" Muckle, who was so worthless and unprincipled a man that, though he had at one time occupied nearly every position below an

official one in railway service, he had become so thoroughly dreaded and despised, that he himself confessed to be unable to secure employment on any railroad in the country. Besides this reputation, which he so richly merited, he added the honor of being proprietor of one of the lowest "poker-dens" in Pittsburg, and of being the constant companion of thieves and prostitutes.

The Trainmen's Union is no more. It died a violent death with the violence of the great strikes, and there can to-day hardly be found a man who will confess to having once been a member.

And thus the disruption of such combinations goes on. Were they confined to such purposes as is always claimed for them by their leaders, they would live and accomplish vast good. As they are merely schemes for exercising brute force for selfish ends, whatever may be the disaster and ruin to others, in good time they invariably meet with the fate they deserve.



CHAPTER XI.

THE START AT MARTINSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

LEAVING for the present, further discussion of the subject of tramps, communists, and turbulent organizations, to be reverted to hereafter, as occasion may demand, I come to the time just preceding the 16th of April, 1877, and the incidents bearing upon the beginning of trouble with the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. In 1856, John W. Garrett, who had acquired some reputation as a business man, became president of the company, which he found in poor

condition, its stock quoted low, and its dividends small indeed. Garrett appeared the right man for the place, and when the civil war came, developed splendid executive ability. Surrounding himself with capable lieutenants, and having influence with the secretary of war, he secured such profitable contracts that, in the end, the credit of the corporation was fully restored, and the road extended, until it became one of the most prominent lines in the country. Early in the month of July, however, clouds began to gather above the president's head. A storm was impending which, before it could be controlled, or its power combated, would extend its ravages from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Pennsylvania to Texas, involving the nation in untold loss and misfortune. The great strike of '77 had its inception upon this line of road, and was the result of a docking of ten per cent. in the wages it paid its train employees. The 11th of July, the president by means of an official circular, informed the hands that, at a meeting convened the same day, a preamble and resolutions had been adopted ordering a reduction of ten per cent. in the compensation of all officers and operatives of the road where the sum received was in excess of one dollar *per diem*, the change to take effect on and after the sixteenth of the same month. This rule embraced every man engaged upon the main line and branches east of the Ohio River, and the trans-Ohio division, as well as the roads leased and run by the Baltimore and Ohio Company. The notice stated that the road had postponed action in this direction until some time after its great competitors, the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Hudson River, and New York and Erie companies, had made sweeping and similar retrenchments, hoping that meanwhile business would revive and the necessity for a decrease of expenses thus be obviated. In this they were disappointed. The principal reason brought

forward for the action taken was depression in general business interests of the country, which was unavoidably and seriously affecting the earnings of all railways. In short, the change must be made. The call for it was imperative.

Persons who have means of information superior to those of the ordinary observer suppose that the low-wages movement along the great trunk lines was undoubtedly canvassed and decided upon by the representatives of the various roads shortly after the close of Vanderbilt's freight war, in the spring. At least the Pennsylvania company put it in force during the month of May. Its cutting down of wages to the extent of ten per cent. met acceptance by the men employed. At least they made no trouble over it at the time. The Erie road followed, with the New York Central, the reduction to take effect the first of July. In these cases the laborers were duly informed, beforehand, of the changes that were to be made, and had an opportunity, if they so desired, to send in a demurrer. The Baltimore and Ohio road, as asserted in its circular, was nearly the last to move in the matter. Two days before the rule was to be enforced on its line, some of the firemen at once decided to strike. They *could not*, and *would not*, stand such sweeping deductions from their incomes. Divisions or sections of the Trainmen's Union were in full blast all along the line. They had been effectively instituted, during the preceding spring and summer, by a duly authorized traveling delegation from the Pennsylvania road, and every preparation made for a movement of their own, unanimously determined upon, but which they had intended deferring until the succeeding fall. Would they ever be in better trim to make a stand against the company? Many thought not; so they began the strike.

These workingmen assumed that their grievances were

unbearable. They were certainly badly treated by the merchants and boarding-house keepers along the route, the latter class compelling them to pay inordinately high rates for meals, lodging, and such necessities as trainmen are compelled to have. They believed that a turn in affairs could not make them much worse off, and it might possibly better their condition. With low earnings—which, however, were not so low as other workingmen were receiving—very high rents, heavy demands on their scanty store for all they had at the stations and elsewhere, extravagant prices for groceries and provisions, by dealers outside of Baltimore, where many of those having families made their frugal homes, with extortion pressing them on every side, coupled with compulsory credit purchases from month to month, they began to nurse a hatred towards the company and an antagonism towards the general public. Of one thing, however, they could not reasonably complain. Their monthly pay came regularly. On no occasion, since the inception of the organization, had the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's laborers been forced to wait more than a few days for their rightful dues. The engineers, firemen, brakemen, baggagemen, and other hard-worked employees of the road always received their dues with admirable promptitude.

The company had been for more than a year gradually reducing the number of persons under regular pay, and yet retained more than the traffic of the line warranted, preferring to do the best possible by those retained rather than keep a large force on starvation wages. But still there was more help than work. The directors claimed that they must keep a certain force, in order to meet the demands of the coming busy season, when men might be hard to find. This excess of help, as compared with work done, caused some complaint. Those under wages lost valuable time, amounting

in some cases to two or three days in a week, for which they could collect no compensation, and thus reducing their incomes greatly, but which was still far better than no employment at all. The road carried a moderate amount of freight to the eastward, but could not get sufficient to the westward to load its cars. It ran in the busiest season not more than thirty-five trains in each direction. To the west they were unprofitable, being largely made up of empty cars. Thus the number of cars in a train could be increased or doubled up, and a portion of the crew must lie over and wait, at their own expense, until their services were required. The labor demanded of those working was considerably increased, while part of the crews remained idle. It was a style of management which could not fail in a hard time to prove economical to the railway, but it was very hard upon the employees of the company. Often a single brakeman on a freight train had over twenty cars to attend to, an increase of eight over those of the previous year. Then the number of men on a train was reduced to four—the conductor, brakemen, engineer, and fireman. These things, coupled with the great depression in wages, were sufficient to engender discontent. There were grounds for it. But the subsequent act of the engineers and trainmen's unions cannot be approved or sustained. They had discouragements—so had the entire people of the United States, for that matter. But it would seem that men endowed with ordinary foresight might have known that their condition could not be bettered by a strike. Still they did not see—and struck.

As soon as President Garrett, Vice-President King, and Second Vice-President Keyser were made acquainted with the strike—and they knew it early and were well-posted as to the movements of the Brotherhood of Engineers and the Trainmen's Union—they pronounced it untimely, ill-ad-

vised, and fated to meet no great success. This road, like all others, was passing through the darkest days of its existence—a financial stringency which was affecting the whole country. There was a falling off in business where an accession had been confidently calculated upon. These were some of the results of competition and unproductive extensions of line. The demand, they all said, existed for a curtailment of expenses, and the reduction had to be made. But the strike was simply suicidal on the part of the men engaged in it. When informed of the demands of the strikers, the officers promptly refused them. They knew that a stoppage would lead to a great loss, but preferred to let the road stand still for six months rather than submit to dictation and cause a reinstatement of the former rates of wages.

Meetings of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers were held, advice was given and received, and that body, it was supposed, had concluded not to take part in the strike. At least such was the report made to outsiders. But, if the organization did not turn out as a society, it consented that the Trainmen's Union should do so, and in some instances assisted indirectly in starting the important movement. All things being ready, the strike was commenced at Martinsburg, West Virginia, where the first actual violence occurred on the very day that the reduction of wages on the Baltimore and Ohio road was ordered to take effect, which was on July 16, 1877.

In the lively little city of Martinsburg, West Virginia, near the historical Harper's Ferry and the locality where old John Brown sealed his devotion to what he considered a holy cause with his life, and a little less than a hundred miles from Baltimore, occurred the first important incidents of the great strikes of '77. The precise time was the night of July 16th. The same day two engineers deserted

their locomotives at Riverside, south of Baltimore. The strikers had notified the crews of all freight trains that no person should move an engine after a certain hour, under penalty of death. It is not pretended that this order was an official fulmination from the Trainmen's Union. It had undoubtedly obtained circulation through its leaders, however, and carried with it the weight of an authorized rule. Engineers on the road were paralyzed. The managers of the line hastened to make good their usual trips and secure help to take the places of the men striking. But they met only partial success.

Martinsburg, which has added to its eventful history the doubtful compliment of having been the theatre of the inauguration of violence in the late labor troubles, is a handsome place of eight thousand inhabitants, centrally located in the midst of the garden-spot of West Virginia. It is probably the most prosperous of the inland cities of the great valley of Virginia. Swept by the waters of the placid and beautiful Potomac, its environs are unsurpassed for romantic and picturesque glimpses of farm-houses, green fields, sloping hillsides, glades, and groves. To the westward stands North mountain, and to the eastward rise the cloud-like tips of the famous Blue Ridge. Nestled like a flower-garden in a sweet valley, between the higher peaks, is the town, resplendent in white paint, glistening church-spires, and numerous brick buildings with the brightest of green blinds. To the northward and southward, unrolled in a vast and undulating plain, dotted with clumps of trees and crossed and recrossed by network of fence and hedge between mountain-spurs, is seen the fruitful savanna forming this portion of Berkeley county. Nearly all the land is arable, and under a high state of cultivation by a hardy, rugged population, many of whose members have removed to the state from Pennsylvania and other states, since the

close of the late war. A more orderly or thrifty people than these farmers could not easily be found. The counties of Morgan and Jefferson adjoin Berkeley on the west and the east; the Potomac on the north; and Frederick, in Old Virginia, on the south. For many miles around Martinsburg the region is rich in grain-fields and pastures, the latter specked with fat cattle and fine sheep, and in its stables are some of the best bits of horse-flesh in the whole country. To those who have been accustomed to traveling through the dreary, yellow-soiled, sad, forlorn, deserted, and forsaken portions of the Southern States, this section of West Virginia appears a very garden of Eden. It is really a delightful locality. The town is well built up, and has some spacious edifices, public and private. Nearly all of the orthodox churches are represented by houses for worship, of more or less pretensions; and there are six school-houses for the accommodation of white and colored children, twenty-five hundred of whom can be taught within their ample halls. The business of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with that of the division shops, gives employment to a large number of mechanics, and the pay-roll from railroad and repair labor alone amounts to some \$30,000 monthly. The streets of the city are lighted with gas. Medicinal springs of great reputation are found within a few miles. The cost of the system of water-works, obtaining cold, clear water from a lime-rock spring near by, was over \$80,000. It was in this happy neighborhood, since the war resting in peace and quietude, that the combination of railroad men, carrying out their communistic ideas, imbrued their hands in blood and met their first loss of life.

The night of Monday, the 16th of July, the train hands leaving Baltimore that morning, and those coming from the west upon freights, began to concentrate at Martinsburg.

Some of the cabooses from the city had several employees in them. There was nothing unusual in seeing a number of locomotives upon the tracks near the dispatcher's office. Nor was there anything particularly noticeable in finding several freight conductors, engineers, firemen, and off-time baggage-men and brakemen congregating at that point. But there was surely something of more than ordinary interest transpiring, or about to transpire, when these persons met mysteriously in little groups at the depot hotel, the machine-shops, on the track, at the switch-stand, and in other localities, and anxiously and excitedly counseled together, not speaking above a whisper, but emphasizing their words with many gestures, and often signs of undue excitement. Everybody seemed to be in ill-humor. The explanation of the unusual gatherings, the conversations, and the gesticulations, was plain enough when one fireman announced to the dispatcher that the cattle-train was forced to stop there, as its crew, conductor included, had struck, and no one could be found to fill their places. In fact, he thought no more trains would be allowed to move from Martinsburg, in either direction. The infection soon communicated itself to the lookers-on, and they commenced to talk and energetically wag their jaws and tongues, adding to the confusion of the hour. More people came down the hill from the adjacent business houses and residences, to see what was going on. Among the rest was the big policeman, with the broad back and crooked legs, with his club in hand. Then there was the thin policeman, and the small policeman, both with their big clubs. These latter personages sauntered leisurely around the depot, then stopped, leaned listlessly against the posts of the gallery, and waited to see if their invaluable services would be called for. Presently the locomotives were detached from the trains, and all run into the "stables" at the round-house, where the

proper attendants were in readiness to take them in hand, "rub them down," and draw their fires.

Everything was performed systematically and quietly, without use of loud words or unnecessary noise of any sort, as if the work had all been pre-arranged before the coming in of the trains. When asked by the proper officials what such movements portended, the strikers responded that no more trains were to be run over that road, in any direction, until the ten per cent. reduction of trainmen's wages should be withdrawn by the company. It was, in truth, a strike of the trainmen for higher pay. Without it was conceded, they intended to refrain from work, and would not permit a new set of men to labor in their places. The freight trains must stand just where they were. Mail trains could pass for the present, but eventually they would also be brought to a stand-still. This was, in part, the statement made to the company for its consideration.

A buzz of stirring interest was elicited from the, by this time, increased crowd of spectators. The ripple spread and widened, and spread again, until it reached every citizen of the place. It was taken up by the telegraph, flew quickly to Camden Station, Baltimore, the headquarters of the corporation, where it was the cause of considerable tribulation among the officials and employees; then sped to the great centres of the Associated Press, in Washington and New York, whence in a few minutes the news was sent forth, still on the wings of the lightning, that there was trouble at Martinsburg, West Virginia, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and that an actual blockade of the line had been formed. The staid citizen of Portland, Oregon, when he read the brief announcement in his favorite paper, the next morning at the breakfast-table, glanced slightly at it, and quickly concluded that it would hardly amount to anything. The Britisher, rosy and rotund, in

London, impatiently remarked, while he quaffed his bitter beer at his inn: "Those blasted Hamericans 'av got hup another wiot an' a wumpus, hall about nothing!" And he probably sent his copy of the *Times* politely to a hot place, because of its lack of something stunning in the way of war dispatches. The little vibration of wrath had reached to the uttermost limits of earth having the telegraph, and still caused no particular sensation. But it was the precursor of a monster wave, which made America tremble and sent a perceptible thrill throughout the habitable globe where newspapers are published and dispatches received.

The small policeman was finally sent for the Mayor, Captain A. P. Shutt, who promptly put in an appearance, and, backed by his trio of municipal guardians, held a conference with the railway officials, during which he made known his willingness to do all he could to induce the disturbing element to subside. Then, in accordance with his promise, he proceeded to speak with the crowd, now greatly increased by railroad men making their homes in the city, using mild and temperate language, and advising those present to return to their work and trust to the fairness of the company in the settlement of their grievances. He thought they would, in that manner, receive whatever was just and proper. His remarks were well calculated to quiet and conciliate reasonable beings; but the mob, following the general rule, had reached that point where sense vanishes, and passion and uncurbed turbulence assume the reins and drive men's minds to madness and violence. Therefore, the Mayor was hooted at, derided, and his good counsel turned to ridicule. He signally failed in impressing upon the railroaders any of his mild-mannered notions. He could not make them understand that it would be best to run their locomotives to their destinations. On the contrary, his speech served to add fuel to the fires already

fiercely burning, and, in a short time, giving it up as a hopeless task, he sent his policemen to arrest the ringleaders of the mob. The crowd of strikers laughed in the faces of his inefficient force. The policemen made frantic efforts to obey, but were powerless. Both of the Mayor's appeals were about equally fruitless. The men would not work. The engineers found an excuse for refusal to work, saying they dare not ascend to their cabs. The firemen and the trackmen held back with all their strength; neither would they allow others to supply their places. The Mayor was finally forced to withdraw from the field, with his officers, and the strikers in a short time had the situation at their undisputed command. By midnight the machine-shops, depot, and round-house were all deserted, save by a deputation of Union men, left to guard the track, and see that no trains started from or passed by that point. The strangers from Baltimore had sought shelter at the hotels, or been taken in and provided for by their fellow-strikers, and the local master of transportation, the telegraph manager and his operatives, were left alone in the office to communicate the information of the strike to President Garrett and Vice-President King, at Baltimore.

A little after midnight a special car brought to the spot Capt. Thos. B. Sharp, General Master of Transportation, who, after taking in the full condition of affairs, which was not difficult of comprehension, sent the result of his investigation in a telegraphic dispatch to the principal office. After due consideration by the Baltimore officials of the road, a telegram was prepared and sent to Governor Mathews, stating the facts as here given, and asking him to send a militia force to compel the strikers to abandon violent measures and allow trains to move in safety.

The Governor was very prompt indeed; some there were who thought him entirely too prompt in returning a dis-

patch to Col. C. J. Faulkner, at Martinsburg, dated at Wheeling about midnight, ordering the colonel, if necessary, to call out his command, the Berkeley Light Infantry, to protect and aid the civil authorities, and make due report to the executive office as to his operations and the existing state of affairs.

Col. Faulkner is a son of the Confederate General Faulkner, who, it will be remembered, gave the United States forces so much trouble throughout West Tennessee, in 1862 and 1863.

When informed of the Governor's wishes, which was at about 12.30 A.M., July 17th, Col. Faulkner returned answer, also by telegraph, that the strikers had refused to allow trains to move either east or west from Martinsburg, and inquired if his instructions extended any further than merely protecting the peace. If so, he desired an answer in full. Meanwhile, orders were issued by Faulkner for the immediate assemblage of the militia command at their armory, prepared for active duty. This was promptly responded to, even by many railroad men, members of the organization, and possibly at the same time connected with the Trainmen's Union. Certainly a number, as well as numerous citizens, were hearty sympathizers with the men on a strike. In half an hour a dispatch was received from Governor Mathews, advising Col. Faulkner to avoid the employment of force if possible, but to see that the laws were executed, at the same time giving all necessary aid to the civil authorities. The Governor's message concluded :

"I rely upon you to act discreetly and firmly."

The hour fixed upon by Mr. Sharp, Master of Transportation, for moving the trains, was five o'clock, Tuesday morning. An engineer and fireman were hunted up, who agreed to take the stock-train through to its destination, if protected while doing so. Col. Faulkner, his command of

militia, Mayor Shutt and his police, and the Sheriff of Berkeley County and a posse, were requested to be present and see that the rioters did not interfere. Before retiring from the scene, Col. Faulkner once more asked Governor Mathews, by telegraph: "Must I protect men who are willing to run their trains, and see that they are permitted to go east and west?" In an hour the Governor replied as follows: "I am informed that the rioters constitute a combination so strong that the civil authorities are powerless to enforce the law. If this is so, prevent any interference by rioters with the men at work, and also prevent the obstruction of the trains."

With this communication in his pocket, Col. Faulkner knew plainly what his duty was, and he repaired to the armory to take command of his men. With the excitement accompanying the strike, the known orders for the gathering of the militia, the marching upon the streets of men in uniforms and bearing arms, there was little sleep that visited the eyelids of the citizens of Martinsburg that eventful night. Almost the entire population was out of doors, and white persons and colored were gathered in knots on the corners, discussing the unusual state of affairs, and wondering what the morrow would bring forth. Never, since the close of the war, had the city experienced such a sensation.

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST GUN OF THE COMMUNE.

By five o'clock the next morning, W. H. Harrison, Esq., Master Mechanic of the company, reached Martinsburg from Cumberland, accompanied by Mr. French, and held a consultation with Capt. Sharp and the remaining local force

of the railway. They caused a locomotive to be fired up, attached to the cattle-train, and, having an engineer and fireman engaged, were about ready to start matters anew. The sun was rising when an attempt was made to set driving-wheels once more in motion; but the striker's guard from the round-house came swooping down and interfered, ordering the non-striking engineer to hold hard or he would be killed.

He promptly shut the throttle, brought the engine to, and probably saved his life by so doing. He remained with the locomotive for a short time, prepared, if he had a chance, to rush the train forward; but finally left, with his companion, to obtain breakfast. Up to this time Col. Faulkner and the militia and the sheriff of the county had not come to the assistance of the railway officials; neither was the mayor, with his police force, present. The president and officers of the company were duly advised of the circumstances, and at once forwarded instructions by telegraph for Sharp to keep on trying until success crowned his efforts. The quick eye of the Master of Transportation flashed ominously as he read the dispatch, and he pushed his gray hair farther back from his forehead, saying to the operator at the instrument: "Tell President Garrett and Mr. King that everything possible for me to do shall be done!" This message passed quickly over the line to Camden depot.

The abortive trial, in the early dawn of the day, to move the train, and the consequent sounding of the shrill steam-whistle, had startled the excited inhabitants of Martinsburg, and they flocked down the streets leading to the depot, anxious to learn what might be going on. With the residents came the strikers belonging in the city, reinforced by those from Baltimore and the West. They congregated about the basement doors of the hotel, above which were the ticket office and the telegraph department, spread over

the surrounding ground in small squads—the railroad men, as though by agreement, separating from the others and concentrating a formidable force, perhaps a hundred strong, near the company's buildings. Mr. Harrison, the Master Mechanic, who was personally and favorably known to many of the disaffected, went to and conversed with them, endeavoring by every means in his power to influence their minds in the direction of peace, and bring about an amicable adjustment of the prevailing troubles. A majority of the employees were well disposed towards Harrison, and listened to his words attentively, but without exhibiting any change of heart or countenance. The look of fixed and stern resolution did not dissolve under his soothing counsel. Their frenzy was not perceptibly lessened, or the feeling that they must strike materially reduced. Finally, after exhausting his supply of arguments, Harrison returned to Sharp, reporting that the malcontents would not change their decision in regard to the stopping of all freight trains. They were, if anything, more firmly resolved than ever that no trains should be started, and that everything in the freight line must remain as it was until their demands met compliance. Mr. Sharp, a cool, determined man, of iron will, when he received this information reached a decision not at all favorable to a peaceful solution of the surrounding difficulties. His cold, stern-looking face grew colder and more callous, and he stroked his gray beard impatiently. The grumblers had been in the habit of accusing Sharp of being at the bottom of the rough discipline to which they were continually subjected, and many really believed that he was the cause of the late reduction in wages. In truth, he was decidedly opposed to the cutting-down doctrine, and in favor of restoring the pay to its original amount. But of this his enemies were ignorant, and, when they saw him walk quickly to the vicinity of the locomotive, and order

the engineer forward to his destination at all hazards, they were greatly enraged, and many were the bitter words and scowling glances cast upon him as he stood defying them and their power. At this juncture the ranks of the strikers were expanded by some citizens, deputations from the rabble, a number of half-grown boys, and the scum of the town groggeries, partly armed with clubs and huge rocks, placing themselves in position, and by words and demonstrations of violence declaring that they too would aid in obstructing the movements of trains.

Before the engine could be moved a single length of rail, the mob made a dash for the foot-board, swarmed upon it, over the coal in the tender, and thence into the cab, rudely driving the newly-engaged engineer and fireman from their positions. Members of the Union then uncoupled the locomotive from the train and ran it to the round-house, leaving the box-cars standing on the track, no nearer their destination than before.

The trainmen on a strike—their numbers, by this time, increased to several hundred—sought to do no further damage, but retired from the place where the engine had been left, and, in almost a solid mass, gathered nigh to watch proceedings. Nobody had been hurt. The volunteer engineer and fireman were away, having escaped and returned to their homes, so that Sharp was again defeated, and he advised the company of the fact.

Meantime the assemblage of spectators and the array of strikers continued to increase. The balcony of the hotel, which faced the line of railway, and the high land about and rising above the track, were literally crowded with greatly excited people, men, women, and children.

At about nine o'clock, four hours later than the time appointed, the sound of fife and drum was heard from the vicinity of the center of town, and presently the bright

colors waving in the air, and the gleaming arms and accoutrements of the Berkeley Light Infantry, were seen advancing towards the passenger depot, headed by Col. Faulkner. The Mayor, with his powerless police, was already at the spot. A hurrah, and then a loud shout of welcome, greeted the militia as they filed down the steep steps by the track and marched unopposed to the round-house. Another cheer went up from the populace when the engineer and fireman, who had been discovered and brought to the spot, appeared at the front, very closely followed by their wives and children. At the depot they halted for a moment. The women threw their arms around their husbands' necks and frantically embraced them, urging that they refrain from attempting the perilous task. The angry mob, they said, would be sure to do them an injury. It had already treated the men roughly and made threats of what should be done the next time. Their lives would be lost, they were positive, if they attempted the business again. But, fairly tearing themselves from the grasp of their families, who impeded their progress, the brave fellows started at a swift pace to the round-house, part of the time protected by the militia, and mounted the engine, which was already fired up. Soon the engine moved out and was attached to the cattle-train. Following the locomotive, on either side, were the soldiers, with guns loaded and bayonets fixed. Their progress was painfully snail-like from the pressure of the close-formed ranks of the strikers, which kept surging against the militia, but indulged in no violent acts, seeming to satisfy themselves with yelling, hooting, hissing, and employing harsh and insulting language, principally heaped upon the two men in charge of the engine. When the train was for the third experiment made up for starting, the engineer and fireman, protected and guarded in their places by armed soldiers, with still other militiamen upon the tender, the buffers, on the pilot and in the caboose,

the excitement of people and trainmen rose to white heat. Then the mayor suggested to Col. Faulkner that he observed in the crowd of belligerents a strong determination to use harsh means and to not respect the presence of State militia, too many of whose officers and privates were themselves railroaders, and in full accord with the movement against the company.

"Would it not be well," suggested Mayor Shutt, "to speak with the strikers, and give them at least fair warning of what they may expect if they interfere with the engine or the train?"

Col. Faulkner was of the opinion that such a course would be for the best; and, standing in a prominent position on the passenger platform, he commenced an address, the purport of which was pacificatory, and at the same time courteously firm and impressive. He counseled delay—reference of their troubles to President Garrett—anything rather than the exercise of brute force, in seeking to obtain their rights. His words were unheeded. When he informed the infuriated men that they must not touch the engine or the cars, at their peril, they only laughed at him. The train was at the moment moving on the siding in the direction of a switch that, if properly turned or set, would lead it upon the main track of the road.

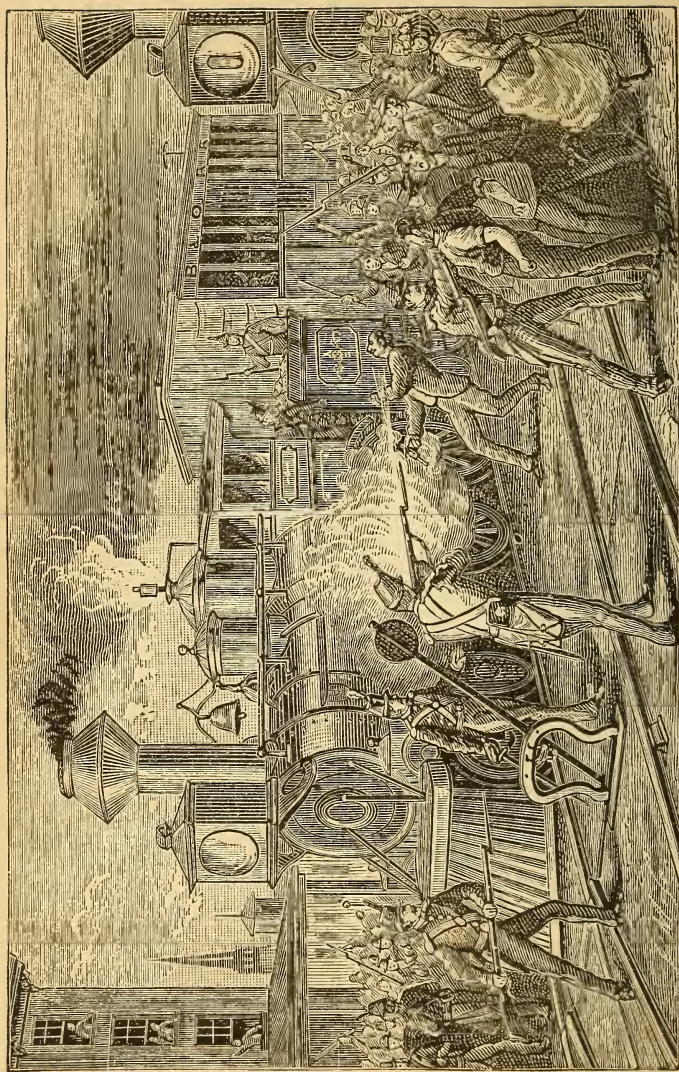
By this time it was nearly ten o'clock, and the mob had greatly increased in size and power. Parts of the militia command were deployed upon either side of the train, to see that its couplings were not tampered with. The remainder occupied positions whence they could protect the fireman, engineer, and brakeman. As the train steadily and slowly drew nigh the switch, a militiaman named John Poisal, while sitting on the cow-catcher, particularly noticed the position of the switch-ball, which indicated that the train, unless some change was made, would be thrown off

the right track. Immediately jumping to the ground, musket in hand, he ran forward to the switch. William Vandergriff, one of the striking firemen, stood nigh, and had just swung the bar so as to send the engine in the wrong direction, and remained on watch to prevent its reversal.

John Poisal reached the spot in time and put out his hand towards the rod, when, amid the general confusion, Vandergriff's voice rang out loud and clear :

"Don't you touch that switch !"

"I'm not going to see the train run on a siding if I can prevent it!" answered Poisal, firmly grasping the iron. He had not time to move it. Vandergriff said no more, but drew a small pocket-pistol from his belt, and before Poisal had time to change the switch, fired two shots in quick succession, full upon the militiaman, one of the bullets plowing a jagged furrow in the side of Poisal's head, just above the ear, and the other flying wide of the mark. This sudden onslaught caused a lively scattering among the women, children, and peaceably disposed and more timid citizens, while the mob drew closer up to the soldiers. The switch remained unchanged, and the locomotive stopped. But this was not all. Poisal, upon receiving the striking fireman's shot, rapidly raised his gun and discharged it, aiming at Vandergriff. Another soldier sent a second missile in the same direction, and both were well aimed. One bullet struck the young man in the thigh, and another penetrated his arm. He fell, mortally wounded. There followed several explosions of small arms, but no other persons were seriously injured. Poisal and Vandergriff were taken to their homes. In a moment the militia found themselves overpowered, and once more the strikers had things all in their own way. The sounds of the firing drew larger crowds from the city, and the excitement was, if possible, still more intense.



First Bloodshed at Martinsburg, West Virginia.

The fireman and engineer who had volunteered to start the train, managed to escape, left the locality, and returned to their homes.

Col. Faulkner appreciated, in an instant, that his militia, however brave and trustworthy under ordinary circumstances, would not attempt to kill their relatives and friends, their brothers and neighbors. He therefore reported to Mr. Sharp that his soldiers were powerless, many openly sympathizing with the strikers, and he must march them back to the armory. They were of no use where they stood, and the only course left was to order them home, leaving the road blocked up with trains and everything in the cars subject to the caprices of an inflamed and angry mob.

All that day, and for several days thereafter, Vandergriff lay upon his bed suffering terrible agony from his injuries, at his house in the city, watched over and nursed by his wife and the best surgeons the country afforded. It may as well be stated here that, twelve days subsequent to the shooting, on the 28th of July, he breathed his last, and the following Sunday his remains were buried in the cemetery, the funeral being largely attended from the Lutheran Church.

John Poisal, the militiaman, was not severely hurt. In a few days he made his appearance upon the streets, apparently as well as usual.

These few and simple circumstances were greatly magnified by the correspondents of Baltimore, Washington, and New York papers, who visited the place in force, and by the time the small speck of news reached the West, it had grown to such prodigious proportions that Martinsburg people, who were witnesses of all the incidents, could hardly recognize it. If the journals were to be credited, civil war reigned in West Virginia. The story spread abroad in this

exaggerated form, and lighted the torch of communism, which in a few days burned brightly throughout the whole country. At no time was the number of actual strikers or disaffected railroad men upwards of seventy-five or eighty, but the many citizens and others backing and working with them formed a mob of really large proportions.

After the departure of the militia from the scene, firing and confusion seemed to cease, the railroaders retired to their former position near the machine-shops, and there awaited further developments, the locomotive being uncoupled and again returned to its place in the round-house.

Col. Faulkner, who, it must be borne in mind, had given his men no orders to fire upon the strikers—hence, running no risk of his commands being disobeyed—was thoroughly disgusted with the part he had, with his company, been forced to assume in the riots. Desirous of performing his whole duty, he yet sought to enforce the laws without shedding human blood, and had met no success. He at once telegraphed to Governor Mathews, saying he had faithfully tried to protect the men in moving trains, but had been fired into, having one man shot, and the militia shooting one man. Then the engineer and fireman deserted, and the train could not be moved. At a later hour he forwarded to Governor Mathews a second telegram, to the effect that it was impossible for him to do anything further with his command—the most of the men, being railroaders, would not respond. The force of strikers was too formidable for him to cope with. In response, the same day, came a dispatch from the Governor stating that the peace must be preserved, law-abiding citizens protected, and whatever force might be needed to accomplish this would be used. He could send a company from Wheeling, if necessary, in which there were no men “unwilling to be used in suppressing riot and executing the law.” The lan

guage employed by the Governor touched Col. Faulkner sensibly, but he did not at once reply. During the day, however, he addressed the Executive to the effect that the sympathies of the citizens were entirely with the strikers; engineers and firemen were reluctant to risk taking out trains, and if he thought such a condition of affairs called for a military force, he would have to send it from another point than Martinsburg, from reasons before stated. In a telegram sent to Martinsburg the ensuing day, the Governor spoke very highly of Col. Faulkner's appeal to the rioters, and his conduct in the discharge of the delicate and important duty with which he had been intrusted.

The revolutionists had full possession of all the railroad property in and around Martinsburg from Monday night until the morning of the succeeding Wednesday, the 18th of July, at 7.30 o'clock, when about fifty of the members of the Mathews Light Guard, from Wheeling, under Col. Delaplaine, arrived in the town. For upwards of an hour, however, the soldiery remained in the cars that brought them, awaiting the result of a conference between their officers and Attorney-General White, Mr. Wm. Keyser, Second Vice-President, Col. Sharp, and others, as to the proper course to be pursued in the emergency. The rioters made no demonstration more than to keep up a guard over the works, and all stories concerning their erection of barricades and intrenchments near the round-house, which were freely circulated by the press, were merely the invention of imaginative newspaper correspondents. Had an attempt been made to move the freight trains, however, it is probable that they would at once have resumed hostilities. Remaining quiet, apparently content with the work they had done, the men narrowly watched the progress of events, and telegraphed as often as possible the condition of affairs to the leaders of the Trainmen's Union at

Baltimore, Grafton, Cumberland, Pittsburg, and other points.

At noon on the 18th of July the strikers visited the railroad workshops in Martinsburg, and ordered the laborers to suspend operations, which they refused to do, and the trainmen were compelled to leave, their mission unaccomplished.

All passenger and mail trains, meantime, were allowed to pass either way, unmolested entirely—only the freights being stopped, the idea appearing to be to avoid an infraction of United States law through interference with the post-office department. No damage was done to the property of the railway company at Martinsburg, and none was attempted. The men engaged in the troubles said that if they were not interfered with, no person should be molested. The cars filled with cattle were finally sent forward by Mr. Mantz, over the Cumberland Valley and Western Maryland railroad, and the stock reached its destination not much the worse for temporary detention.

As was very natural under the circumstances, and considering the direction of the sympathies of the people, great indignation prevailed among all classes of citizens of Martinsburg at what they denominated the hasty and ill-advised action of Governor Mathews. They thought the power of civil authority had not been exhausted, and that Sheriff Naudenbousch might have quelled the disturbance of Tuesday without the loss of life, had a properly constituted posse been called out. But this is open to grave doubt. From a careful survey of the field, made by an employee of my agency only a few days after the occurrence of the incidents just related, I am satisfied that it would have been almost impossible to have found in the whole of Berkeley county, at the date of the strike, a sufficient number of impartial, non-sympathizing men to have dislodged the railroaders and their armed and unarmed supporters. The

residents along the line of the railroad were from some reason very much prejudiced against the company, and for a time, until their passions had cooled off somewhat, would hardly have turned out, upon the simple order of the sheriff, to disperse a mob which, from their standpoint, was believed to be working in a proper direction.

In the meanwhile, the Wheeling Light Infantry had charge of the town, but did not seek to interfere with the operations of the strikers. It was deemed best to await reinforcements.

On the 18th of July, at the urgent request of Mr. Garrett and the directorship of the Baltimore and Ohio road, Governor Mathews forwarded to President Hayes a lengthy telegram, explaining the situation and asking that United States troops should be furnished.

Col. Delaplaine was censured for the highly-colored report he had sent to Wheeling, upon the arrival of himself and command at Martinsburg; but that gentleman's description of the condition of affairs was moderation and mildness exemplified, compared with that of the earlier press correspondent.

The Light Infantry from Wheeling went into camp near the railway and at the court-house. After their advent, while awaiting developments, no further attempts were made to move trains, and hence the strikers were worn out with watching, and made no effort to control the property of the railroad company. It was not until Brevet Major-General W. H. French, Colonel of the Fourth U. S. Artillery, with two hundred men armed as infantry, arrived on the ground, that anything was accomplished towards starting freight operations on that portion of the line. The Federal soldiers from the arsenal at Washington had no sooner reached Martinsburg than quiet and order reigned supreme.

Previous to this, however, President Hayes had issued

his proclamation, directed to the citizens of West Virginia. It was a document similar in most respects to those usually issued from the office of the National Executive, upon the application of the Governor of a State when an emergency occurs and there is no time in which to assemble the legislature to meet the difficulty. It was on this occasion founded upon the representation of Governor Mathews that turbulence existed in different parts of the State, which the authorities were unable to suppress. The President admonished all good citizens of the United States, and all persons within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, against aiding, countenancing, abetting, or taking part in such unlawful proceedings, and warned those engaged in or connected with said domestic violence and obstruction of the laws to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, on or before twelve o'clock meridian of the 19th day of July. It bore the great seal of the United States, and the signatures of the President and F. A. Seward, Acting Secretary of State.

Gen. French's first work, after reaching Martinsburg with his force, was the issuance of a general order, in the shape of a hand-bill, notifying the inhabitants that traffic on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio road must no longer be interfered with, and that those who impeded movements of United States troops did so at their peril. This permanently settled the difficulty at Martinsburg. The rioters had to retire. They could not fight the government of the United States.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RISING IN BALTIMORE.

FROM Martinsburg the communistic madness radiated in various directions; but in the course of this relation Baltimore seems to come next in importance and date of occurrence. This place contains, or is supposed to contain, eminently suitable elements for the rapid generation of the mob principle. While it is the Monumental City, and a great metropolis in more ways than one, within its borders a certain rough and cosmopolitan class has settled, which can be relied upon for a fight or a scrimmage on the slightest possible provocation. The history of the town, dating back to 1729, as it does, furnishes a number of incidents similar to those taking place during the great strikes of '77; but the first purely railway difficulty happened the 30th of June, 1830, and was caused by a contractor on the Baltimore and Ohio road leaving his laborers without settlement of their just dues. In revenge, the swindled workmen burned ties, tore up rails, and destroyed whatever stood in their way, gathering, to the number of three hundred or more, and resisting the sheriff and his posse with all their strength.

The Baltimore military were called out the 31st, and captured sixty of the rioters, the remainder making their escape. The judge of a court before whom the men were taken discharged them the ensuing day. Three years later, November 13, 1834, one Gorman, another contractor, and then employed upon the branch being built to Washington, eighteen miles from the city, was assailed in his shanty,

dragged off and severely beaten, in company with John Watson, a superintendent. Watson was subsequently murdered while lying alone, sick in his bed.

Two of his assistants and several other persons were dangerously wounded. Their persons were then robbed of valuables and money. Three hundred of those known to have been engaged in the crime were captured on the 25th, and lodged in prison at Baltimore.

But the strike of the greatest proportions took place about the last days of April, 1857. In this instance the conductors and crews in charge of freight trains, on the 27th of the month mentioned, resolved to quit work, and did quit on the first and second divisions of the road. The dissatisfied sought to secure their ends by forcible means. They camped in the woods between Relay and Baltimore, and built bonfires at frequent intervals, around which they collected, waiting for trains; but the company sent none out, excepting such as were accompanied by armed guards. The crisis came the first of May, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Sheriff Pole, of the city, summoned a party and appeared at Camden Station, placed his men in an old car, attached it to a freight train, and started for the main line. Near Gwynne's Falls several other trains from Mount Clare were drawn up, and they followed the pioneer cars carrying the armed deputies. At Jackson's Bridge they met the first resistance. A man appeared ahead, waving his hat for the engineer to stop, but he was not heeded, and barely succeeded in getting off the track in time to save his life. An attack upon the train was soon made. Pistols, and a kind of short rifle then in fashion, and weapons of almost every conceivable description, were discharged at and thrown upon the sheriff's assistants, and they, in turn, fired their thirty muskets upon the strikers, wounding several. While going under the bridge, huge stones were

hurled down upon, and crushing in the roofs, of the cars in several places, but they were dragged through by the powerful engine. The following three trains were more unfortunate. Rioters stopped and surrounded them, jumping recklessly from the bridge upon the locomotive and caboose, putting down the brakes, despite the efforts of the persons in charge to prevent, uncoupling the cars and throwing away the coupling-pins. These trains had to be returned to Mount Clare. The same scenes marked the succeeding Sunday and Monday, on the line to Ellicott's Mills. Governor Ligon issued a manifesto, warning all persons to keep away from the neighborhood. Saturday afternoon the Baltimore City Guards, Captain Warner, and the Independent Greys, Captain Brush, were called out, and, with the sheriff's force, put in passenger coaches in advance of the freight. At the extreme end was the paymaster's car and a small trunk car, the latter called "Sebastopol." The train moved under command of Col. Shutt and Captain Rawlings. All passed smoothly until in the heavy cut at Jackson's Bridge, when, as on the preceding day, rocks were thrown and pistols discharged at the men, but no damage was done. A mile farther along, however, in another deep excavation, a sharp fire was poured into the train, which the military promptly responded to, one man, Henry Houser, being killed, and a number wounded. Houser had been a fireman, and lived at or near Mount Clare. At Lee's Station the road was completely blockaded by an engine and tender having been thrown from the track, with the stock train, by means of a heavy stone placed under a rail for the purpose. On the return trip a number of the cars of the sheriff's train were thrown off through the spiking of the track by rioters, and several of the military riding on the engine badly cut and bruised. The troops had to foot it into the city, which was reached at two o'clock Sunday

afternoon. Subsequently these troubles were all amicably adjusted. In May, 1862, another difficulty involved the same line at Mount Clare Depot, where an attack was made upon the building by a large crowd of men calling themselves Unionists, who beat and roughly handled some laborers accused of being Secessionists. The police took no notice of the affair. From the date last mentioned until the riots about to be described, the line of road suffered little, if any, from mobs.

Other disturbances which have occurred in Baltimore, entirely disconnected with railroads, I need not review in these pages.

As early as the 17th of July, at 3 A.M., a train had been wrecked near the gas-house in South Baltimore, the engine ditched, and rendered for the time being entirely useless. Some smoke arose, and an alarm of fire was sounded, bringing out the fire department. No further damage was done in this direction at the time. The disaster was supposed to have been caused by the strikers, and a reward was offered by the company for the capture of the perpetrators. During the same period the mob spirit developed among fruit-can makers of Baltimore, who, to the number of eight or nine hundred, guided by the socialistic principle, demanded an advance in the rate of their wages. They had been receiving thirty cents per hundred for two, and thirty-five cents for three-pound cans, and wanted the sum increased to forty-five cents and fifty cents respectively. At first the proprietors held out, but the organization was too complete, its plans too well drawn, and they were compelled to accept the overtures and pay the rates made by their employees. The box-makers and sawyers made a similar demand, were refused, stopped work, and in the end a compromise was effected, by which the men secured nearly, if not quite, all they asked for in the commencement.

These artisans had their regular societies, or unions, and held monthly or weekly meetings, the idea being to control everything in their own interest. The success of their movements had its effect upon the larger and more powerful societies in the city. Their members were encouraged, and believed that they too might gain their wishes if they made a bold stroke and put forth a powerful and united effort.

It was natural that the management of the Baltimore and Ohio road should feel a pervading sense of insecurity during the occurrence of these events, and especially after receiving a full report of the condition of affairs at Martinsburg. They soon saw that they had to look out for breakers even nearer home. There was trouble at Mount Clare. The firemen struck, refusing to accept the ten per cent. reduction. At 10 A.M. the same day a freight train from Mount Clare was detained at Camden Station, three miles from the city, by trainmen who refused to allow its passage farther towards its destination. Mr. A. J. Fairbank and Marshal Gray went to the assistance of the company, for the purpose of protecting the men engaged to run the locomotives. They succeeded in starting forward a train or two. There was great excitement in the neighborhood, but no persons were injured. The freights from Locust Point were also stopped, and the firemen badly punished by a crowd of strikers. Difficulty subsequently showed its front at a point between Baltimore and Relay Station.

In the midst of these fast gathering trials, the company adopted the plan of removing, as far as possible, temptation to do harm from the way of all discontented men, absolutely withdrawing all freight trains, closing up all transportation of goods, merchandise or stock upon the line between Baltimore and the Ohio River. No cars were allowed to be run in any direction, except those carrying passengers and the

United States mails. This left the strikers without ground to stand upon—in fact, knocked the foundations from beneath all their schemes.

As had been expected, the cessation of train-running gave the strikers great offense. This was carrying the war further into Africa than they had ever thought of going. The rule applied to the Metropolitan and Washington branches of the line, and the company determined to maintain the order until the Governors of West Virginia and Maryland and the President of the United States should do something to make carriage of property perfectly safe.

At about the same time that the troops reached Martinsburg, disorder raised its ugly head at Cumberland, and in different portions of Maryland, always upon the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Knowing the coveted power which West Virginia had signally failed to develop, Governor John Lee Carroll tried to avoid, in Maryland, the particularly sharp and dangerous rock upon which Governor Mathews had struck and foundered, by sending troops to face the strikers from localities far removed from the places to be operated upon. He had no faith in the use of Cumberland companies of militia to subdue a rebellious spirit and disperse a mob at Cumberland; hence, on Friday, the 20th of July, he issued from the executive office a call, directed to Brigadier-General James R. Herbert, commanding the First Brigade of National Guard, at Baltimore, to take the Fifth Regiment of his brigade and proceed to Cumberland, there to aid in the suppression of riot and lawlessness along the line of the railway. At the same time he published abroad his proclamation, calling upon all combinations of men, formed at different points in the State, composing a conspiracy to impede traffic and interfere with the business of the country, and with railroad transportation of freight, at once to desist from unlawful proceedings.

abstain from excitement, and to aid the authorities in maintaining peace and good order.

The request had been but a few hours abroad when the men of the Fifth were found promptly at their armory, with everything in complete order to move. The militia had been assembled previous to the Martinsburg trouble, but the order to march was countermanded by the Governor. He then said that, after consultation with the Mayor, the Hon. Ferdinand C. Latrobe, and the Commissioners of Police, he deemed it inexpedient to part with the Fifth or Sixth Regiment, but requested both bodies to remain at their armories, subject to call. They might be needed at almost any hour during the day or night.

By the morning of the 20th of July there were prevalent serious apprehensions that trouble might be experienced even in the city of Baltimore. The people began to grow nervous and excited. Business was little attended to. On the Friday mentioned Mayor Latrobe was aware of the fact that, within the hour he had consumed in writing to the Governor, serious symptoms had appeared in the streets, and there was a reasonable prospect that any attempt to remove the militia to the scene of difficulty would be resisted to the bitter end by the rioters, their sympathizers and friends.

A little later in the same day the Fifth and Sixth regiments were ordered to gather at their armories, ready to march at short notice for Camden Depot. This building has been described as the general headquarters of the leading officials of the Baltimore and Ohio road. The extensive and handsome structure was erected expressly for a depot and the offices of the company. There were the spacious apartments of President Garrett, Vice-President King, Mr. Keyser, the General Superintendent, the Passenger Agent, Architect, Civil Engineers, and other officials

and attaches of the corporation. The depot was already, so report had it, surrounded by a mob, and its safety momentarily threatened. A number of suspicious persons had also been observed hanging about the neighborhood, and it was believed that the strikers intended to burn and destroy whatever they could lay their hands upon. It was their openly expressed determination, at all events, to make it impossible for the military to be transported to Cumberland. They claimed that a great mistake had been made in allowing the United States troops, under General French, to pass through to Martinsburg. Had they been compelled to go by the way of Baltimore, it is more than probable they would have been delayed, if not wholly obstructed.

The Fifth Regiment met with comparatively little opposition in leaving the armory, on North Howard Street, and succeeded in reaching Camden Depot and gaining the cars prepared for their reception. To it were to be added the two companies of the Sixth Regiment. This last-mentioned organization, which had but recently removed to its new armory, in the vicinity of the shot-tower, corner of Front and Fayette Streets, began to gather, Colonel Clarence Peters in command. In the afternoon of the eventful 20th of July, privates and non-commissioned and commissioned officers were within the armory, which is a large, square, five-story, brick building; the drill-room is situated on an upper floor and accessible only by a broad, steep stairway.

Previous to this an arrangement had been made that the fire alarm bells, in the event of an attack upon any portion of the city, should be rung thus: "1—5—1," which should constitute a military signal, demanding the presence of the soldiery at some particular place.

Colonel Peters was present at the armory. The men, in uniform, were resting, in various negligent attitudes—some upon the floor on blankets, others in chairs, and others still

upon wooden benches, in different parts of the great room, in anticipation of the order to march. One or two groups were engaged whiling away the time at a game of cards, using a heap of knapsacks for a table and sitting upon empty ammunition boxes. The arms were in repair, cartridges distributed and guns stacked in the usual way. This was the situation of affairs when an orderly brought a message—the third from the same source during that day—in the name of General Herbert, requesting Colonel Peters to have two companies of his command at Camden Depot by 8 o'clock that night, sharp, and without fail.

This notification was at once communicated to the Captains of the companies, and Colonel Peters started for General Herbert's headquarters, where he soon presented himself, with the request that he might be allowed personally to accompany his men, with the Fifth. General Herbert said he would willingly give such permission, but dare not, as he was aware that by far the greater portion of the remainder of the troops would be required in Baltimore, and therefore he felt forced to refuse.

"No! It cannot be!" answered General Herbert, "your services, and those of your men, will be wanted in the city."

Colonel Peters was dissatisfied, but returned to the armory of his regiment, where he remained until half past six in the evening, when another message from General Herbert arrived, inquiring how the regiment stood. Colonel Peters' reply was that he had a good complement of men and officers, and others were rapidly reporting. The companies would soon be ready to start.

At a quarter to seven o'clock the military alarm, "1—5—1," was sounded. It was understood by the strikers, as well as by the soldiery, to mean that a collision had occurred, or was liable to occur, and that the troops in the

armory were to set out at once. While members of the regiment ran to, and entered the armory, passing the sentinels at the foot of the stairs, the unruly element also collected in great force in the surrounding street and upon the sidewalks in the neighborhood of the shot-tower.

There was great trouble stalking abroad. The vicinity of Camden Depot was probably the place of rendezvous.

The men of the Sixth—Companies I and F—formed and took up their arms in the drill-room, numbering less than forty men to the company. There was a look of resolution upon their faces. They were assembled for duty, and evidently intended performing it faithfully and unflinchingly.

Meanwhile a distant murmur, as of many voices, or the noise of rushing waters, and the fall of many feet, ascended to the position held by the soldiers.

Colonel Peters walked to a window and looked out. Below him he discovered that the ground, in every direction, was black with turbulent humanity. From the shot-tower, even to the walls of the armory; upon the bridge spanning the inky and motionless waters of "The Falls;" on the avenues intersecting the larger thoroughfares, was packed in close array a swaying, staggering, infuriated multitude. It quickly flashed through his mind that cowardice would possibly be attributed to him if he failed to lead his soldiers down the staircase and through that fierce crowd. But he had received the orders of his superior officer to remain and continue command of the remainder of his regiment. It was for him to obey. The sight his eye rested upon was one that a man beholds but once in a lifetime, and having seen, never desires to look at again as long as he lives.

There were in that sea of upturned faces, in that maelstrom of human beings, among the maddened communists and other people, many merely innocent spectators—as there

usually are in such gatherings—many women and some children, accidentally caught in the midst of the rabble, and all unable to escape. But with these there was a sterner sort, part of which has been known as the plug-ugly element, always ripe for mischief, and, on this occasion, fully resolved that the regiment should not leave peaceably. There was the hardy mechanic, on a strike; the railway fireman, on a strike; occasionally an engineer, on a strike because he had nothing else to do; butcher-boys with their aprons on, armed with cleavers and big knives to aid the strike; cartmen, with loaded whips; coal-drawers, with their wagon-stakes and grimy features; firemen, from the nearest engine-house, and of the olden time, who belonged to no particular company, with the air of Bowery boys, and clubs in their hands; and others in whose hearts burnt a desire to injure the Company—hence no wish to benefit the soldiery, that they well knew were assembling for the purpose of strengthening their natural enemy, the railway. There were gangs of grumbling and discontented laborers of all kinds and all classes, and equally noisy crowds of youngsters, who never worked at anything, carrying sticks, strips of boards, fence pickets and different weapons of offense and defense, knowing little of the cause of the turmoil, and caring less, so that they could enjoy their fun—rare fun, for them, perhaps, but cause of sorrow before they were through with it, to hundreds of their happy households. In the background, as well as in the foreground of that dread picture, were found many women, wives of shopkeepers—and, among the rest, bar-room keepers, who were not and never had been wives—and owners of stalls and the smaller sort of stores; women broad of shoulder and hip and face, with eyes that partook of the fishy, and lips which were more familiar with billingsgate and blasphemy than kind words and soothing airs to infancy; women with

bare arms and muscles like those of Charlotte Cushman's "Meg Merrilies;" men with blackened hands and faces, wearing smiths' aprons, fresh from adjacent forges; men in black hats, fashionably cut clothing, and showing hands unused to toil, but with their blanched countenances and glaring eyes turned upon the protecting walls of the armory; and countless others of the rude and uncanny of all branches of industry, all exhibiting their purpose to stop the military from marching to their destination, even though they had to rend, tear, and kill in the attempt. In several places the pavement had been torn up with axes and bars, and the rocks, bricks, and fragments transferred into missiles, which the crowd brandished, and were ready to cast upon the militiamen whenever they should make their appearance. Still the multitude grew darker, more dense, and the shrieks and maledictions of women and men became more intense and more terrible, all directed towards the upper casements of the building, from which an occasional uniform could be discerned as its wearer peered out to catch a glimpse of the mob—the map of mad humanity beneath. Never were soldiers hemmed in and threatened by a more fierce and bitter army than that encircling the devoted members of the Sixth Regiment.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEMORABLE MARCH OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT.

COLONEL PETERS turned away from the window, formed the men, and gave the command: "Forward, *march!*"

The soldiers obeyed with alacrity, Company I, Captain Wm. H. Tappan, leading the way, and closely followed by

Company F, Captain John C. Fallon, Major Andrew George, Colonel Peters, Lieutenant Q. C. Brown, and other officers were in their proper positions. Reaching the stairway, they were formed into twos and fours, with bayonets fixed and pieces at "trail arms." It is not probable that the men, as a body, knew what they had to face upon the streets, as they had not been looking from the windows, but Major Andrew George had experienced a trial of it while seeking to enter the armory building a few minutes earlier. His first salutation, upon reaching the vicinity, was a sudden and stunning blow on the head from a heavy club, and the savage cry, "Kill him! Kill him!" sounding in his ear. He managed to get in, however, just as the two companies about to leave were taking positions in rank, and at once assumed his place. They reached the hall leading to the street, and as the doors were thrown open for their egress, the guards ran in with great haste, succeeded by a fierce volley of stones and other missiles, thrown by the mob below.

Captain Tappan's Company wavered, and some of the men were driven backward, the retrograde movement, causing slight confusion among those at the rear. But all promptly rallied, and resumed the way forward to the sidewalk. When once more at the main entrance, the men encountered pistol shots, bricks, and cobble-stones from the infuriated crowd, which seemed determined that the soldiers should not leave the locality alive. But the militia bore the onslaught unflinchingly. As a body, they endured the assault. A few men who had charged their rifles with ball cartridges after having first been driven into the hallway, raised their weapons, and before anything could be said or done to prevent, fired several shots, aimed over the heads of the rioters. This was merely done to intimidate their opponents. The leader of the communists did not falter.

A few scowling, swarthy fellows looked about them, saw that no person was hurt, and believing they were receiving only blank cartridges, shouted loudly in derision, and began the storm anew. One man, standing in an open space, only a few yards from the soldiers, emptied his revolver into their confused line. From the pressure of human beings the men were unable to form regularly upon the sidewalk. This was almost too much to be endured in patience. Colonel Peters saw that his force was about to discharge another and effective volley, and with his sword struck up the barrels of the muskets near him, crying, with all his strength of lung: "Don't fire!" But the command was unheeded. Fire they did, and several of the snarling pack encompassing them bit the dust. He ordered differently, and continued to exert himself to prevent firing. It was beyond his, or any other man's power. Soon thereafter, leaving his men under command of the company officers, as General Herbert had instructed him to do, the Colonel retired to the armory, there to take care of the soldiers remaining. At that moment, if we credit the story of rioters themselves, seeing the foray that was being made upon their comrades, then at the street, a few of the militia men stationed in an upper floor of the building, fired upon the assailants. This unexpected movement resulted in the killing of a young man named Byrne, whose body was soon afterwards removed in a wagon, by the police, to Middle District Station.

The frenzy of the mob, which was fearful before, rose to complete lunacy at this, and an avalanche of rocks and bricks struck the building, breaking glass and smashing sashes as well as heads. Major Andrew George, before alluded to, and who had received such attentions when seeking the armory, was the recipient of similar tokens of regard when going out. A huge rock struck him in the body; a

brick drew blood from his head, and he was in danger of being stamped to death by the feet of his enemies when he was rescued by the police.

Before a gun had been fired by the militia the two soldiers, who were acting as sentinels, had been knocked down and beaten by the rioters.

Captain Tappan, of Company I, who bravely walked in the advance of his command, was successful, after several rifles had been discharged, in placing the men in something like order. But during the process, made doubly difficult by the disorder about him, two soldiers were wounded by the strikers.

“You’ll go to fight workingmen, will you?” roared one of the ringleaders, in a stentorian voice, while he waved a huge club in the air. Receiving no answer, he continued: “Give it to them, d—n them! Kill them! They shall never get out of here alive!”

The whizzing flight of bricks, stones, and pistol-balls, and the yells, and curses and hisses, which succeeded, were appalling even to veterans. The soldiers had been more than human if they refrained from a proper reply to the onset. They did respond. One after another, they sent into the close crowd shot after shot from their death-dealing guns. Every time a musket was discharged somebody, it mattered not who, was observed to fall. Yet the insane concourse did not give way. Still they pressed harder upon the soldiers, with murderous hands raised to clutch their throats and seize upon and use their arms.

Every moment, to those close prisoners in the midst of a host of worse than ravenous beasts, seemed an hour.

At last Captain Fallon’s detachment was also massed in irregular order, and Captain Tappan’s force started and turned towards Baltimore Street, Company F taking the same trail as soon and as rapidly as possible. The enemy

was before, behind, and on each side, and it was found a troublesome task to attain even slow headway. Men were momentarily wrenched out of the ranks, and severely hurt before a start had been made.

The two platoons were soon irretrievably separated.

One young fellow had his gray uniform stripped from him by a gang of ruffians. Then three of the most sturdy took him and threw him over the bridge railing, into the deep, filthy waters of "The Falls." Few were there to look after him, and had he not, through much floundering and sputtering, gained the surface and clambered upon a convenient pile-driver, he must inevitably have been drowned, as no human being could scale the steep wall bounding either side of the inky and bad-smelling stream. He narrowly escaped suffocation, as it was, and felt perfectly satisfied to stay upon the protecting float until darkness set in and with it brought comparative safety.

Presently the militia formed lines across Baltimore Street, the riotous rabble still pursuing.

Lieutenant Q. C. Brown, Regimental Commissary, was struck on the head with a stone at the foot of the armory stairs. Bullets whizzed past him, but fortunately giving him no further wounds. Soon regaining his feet he was able to reach the platoon and keep it in line, although he wavered and staggered like a drunken man, he was so weak from loss of blood.

Another young man was cut off from his comrades, his musket taken forcible possession of, and ten or twelve rioters, surrounding him, tore off his uniform coat, trampled it in the dust of the pavement and then struck and kicked its owner until they supposed he was dead. Their brutality was not satiated until the man's body was almost one mass of bleeding bruises.

"Look! see them pounding the poor boy!" said a tender-

Attacking the Militia in Baltimore.



hearted German, named Pahl, who resided in the neighborhood.

"Yes, and if you say too much, you'll catch it too!" yelled a trainman, one of the brutes engaged in the outrage, at the same time moving rapidly towards Pahl. That gentleman precipitately retired from the vicinity, suddenly appreciating the fact that his further presence there was quite unnecessary. This man was an eye-witness of the attack upon the soldier thrown into "The Falls."

Another member of the Sixth took refuge in a friendly cigar store, whence, having been provided with citizens' clothing, he soon emerged and made his way homeward.

Before all could get away from the locality of the armory a man stopped on the sidewalk and shouted: "Kill them! Kill them!" and setting the example, drew a pistol and began firing upon the soldiers. Three or four of the military were knocked down, and cruelly and wantonly belabored after they were defenseless and prostrate.

Mr. Pahl saw all of this. He truly had reason to think that sufficient.

When Byrne fell, a friend of his, named Fisher, who stood nigh the deceased, was grazed by the same bullet. While Byrne was killed, Fisher received no injury, the ball passing harmlessly through his clothing at the hip. Frank Faber, another acquaintance of Byrne, instantly ran to the corner of Fayette and Front Streets, tenderly raised Byrne's head and cried out to the soldiers:

"For God's sake stop that firing! You have killed one man already!"

Byrne never recognized any one. His career was ended when the deadly messenger overtook him.

Still the mob pursued the militia.

The throng assaulting the two parts of companies of the Sixth Regiment was estimated by the policemen, sent by the

marshal to protect the sentinels, before any firing had been done, at from two thousand to twenty-five hundred persons. About the time stones begun to be thrown at the guards, while the soldiers had not yet reached the lower hall leading to the street, it must have exceeded that number by at least several hundreds. It was not lessened as it passed along Baltimore Street, still hot for the fray.

Company I, which had been the first to encounter the communists, did the most of the firing at the armory. That its members refrained from making hostile demonstrations as long as reasonable persons could expect, under the peculiarly dangerous and exasperating circumstances by which they were surrounded, is the opinion of all intelligent and fair-minded men who witnessed the provocation received. It was simply impossible to prevent them from emptying their muskets upon the strikers, who attacked them from front and rear with violence almost unparalleled, even in the history of such assemblages.

The ringleaders of the mob, as given out by both soldiers and police, were two men named Kirby and Crane. They urged on the bestial crowd, by word and example, and caused them to continue the assault, even after earnest firing by the militia commenced. Nothing seemed to daunt them. Officer Blake, of the police force, was in the armory a little past 7 o'clock, and at that time found some two thousand people environing the place, the two men mentioned acting in the capacity of directors. The largest and heaviest rocks and bricks from the streets were flying in the air. The officer states that the first shots fired by the soldiers were aimed high, over the rioters' heads, and they were answered by another and thicker storm of stones, after which the militia discharged their weapons point-blank into the thick ranks of their assailants. They did not fire that way, until savagely attacked. Of this he is very positive.

Sergeant Rowe, also of the police, was among the earliest of those upon the scene. He entered the armory with Officer Brown, managing to get the sentinels inside before they were killed, although they had been struck with rocks and pieces of bricks. He is of the opinion that the soldiers could never have extricated themselves without firing ball cartridges. There was no unoccupied space of ground on which to begin a charge of bayonets, and had there been, the close quarters gave no opportunity for effect. In a few moments more, had the militia withheld their fire, the mob would have obtained forcible possession of their guns, ammunition, and accoutrements, and themselves made use of them. When several rounds of lead had been administered the throng broke in twain, part flying towards Baltimore Street.

Colonel Peters, in accordance with orders, remained penned up, with the third company of the regiment, until a squad of police was sent to his relief.

If the reader supposes, for an instant, that the strikers deserted the soldiers and permitted them to march unmolested through the streets to Camden Depot, he is greatly in error. On the contrary, the firemen, trackmen, brakemen, and others, closely pushed and hotly pressed upon the two companies, which were soon separated by considerable space—as far as Light Street, while marching on the double-quick toward their destination, and kept up an incessant fire of pistol-shots, and shower of stones and bricks and whatever was found that could be converted into a weapon of offense.

Baltimore Street is a principal thoroughfare, and upon it are situated many of the largest and most elegant business houses of the city. The *American* building, at the corner of Baltimore and South Streets, is a handsome and costly structure, and its upper windows overlooked some of the most exciting scenes of that hurried march of the Sixth

Firing into a Mob on Baltimore Street.



Regiment. At this point the soldiers turned and discharged their weapons upon those who were so nearly upon them, then wheeled and resumed their tramp. The sidewalks and crossings were, at that hour, crowded with pedestrians, of all ages and descriptions, and both sexes, and the volley of musketry caused the utmost consternation. Children ran and screamed. Women screamed and fainted, and men found occasion to get out of the way most ungracefully and quickly.

At the corner of Frederick and Baltimore Streets another scattering discharge of musketry came, and after that the crowd of rioters perceptibly diminished, and men and women again ran and scattered in every direction possible—excepting towards the soldiers. Horses were frightened, broke from their fastenings, and ran, dragging shattered vehicles after them, thus adding to the prevalent hubbub. More women and children shrieked, and the panting mob howled hoarsely, still keeping up offensive demonstrations. But the chief spirits were fast losing heart. Their blows and hurrahs were not so vigorous as at the start, before many of their men had been killed and wounded. Still it was a straggling street fight, as before stated, until Light Street was reached. Then several more ladies fainted and were taken to the nearest drug-stores, where they received necessary attentions.

Again at Charles Street, a few soldiers discharged their guns, producing fresh panic and disorder.

As a rule, at this juncture, the street cars were deserted. One, connected with the "Red Line," however, continued its regular route. In it was a Mr. Thomas Charlton, of No. 165 John Street. This gentleman was so completely absorbed in contemplation of what was going on around him that he paid no attention to his more immediate surroundings, until, when chancing to look for the conductor, in the

accustomed place, he found himself alone with the horses and the car—driver, conductor, and passengers having deserted the vehicle as being in dangerous proximity to the shooting soldiers, then steadily advancing toward it, and the hooting, raving mob. Immediately comprehending that he might be in far more tenable quarters, Mr. Charlton jumped from the platform, leaving horses and car to pursue their course, or stop as they might deem advisable, and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him, quickly placing one of the pillars of the Carrollton Hotel between his valuable person and the sight of musket or gray coat. After a while, looking out from his place of concealment, he distinctly saw one of the soldiers leave a rear rank, walk to the middle of the street, level his musket, take deliberate aim at a striker, clad in light clothing, who was in the mob standing on the sidewalk, and fire. The man fell dead where he was. The soldier then joined the company, reloading his piece as he ran to his former position. Mr. Charlton, seeing he would be out of range, went to and raised the dead communist's head. He proved to be Otto Manecke, and when the remains were taken in charge by the police and removed to Middle Station, a heavy paving stone was discovered in his coat pocket.

It was subsequently stated that Manecke had been engaged in assaulting the militia and was noticeable from his dress. If so, he certainly met summary punishment.

While on Baltimore Street the soldiers shot a newsboy, named Oppenheim. It is not shown that the lad formed a part of the striking gang, or that the shot was aimed at him.

Two other men were shot down at the corner of Baltimore and Holliday Streets. Officer Wright of the Police, was hit with a heavy stone, and severely injured, while in the performance of his duty, at the corner of South Street.

The mob, from some reason, seemed to avoid the north side of Baltimore Street, mostly gathering on its southern portion.

Two men were also killed between Calvert and North Streets. They were seen to fall by Officer McIntyre, who saw the soldiers fire. It was after eight o'clock when the event occurred.

A volley was given at the corner of Gay and Baltimore Streets, but no one appeared to be hurt by it.

When the soldiers had reached Light Street the gathering darkness was only occasionally illuminated by a pistol-shot. There were but few rocks thrown, and no musketry returned upon the mob by the militia. That particular storm had spent its fury. The strikers were gradually losing spirit and their numbers sensibly lessening. One man, however, in the garb of a railroader, seemed loath to give up the chase. He gesticulated frantically, throwing his arms in the air, shaking his fists at the militia, and shouting: "Oh, you ——! You all ought to be killed!"

But he could not rally the mob again, and at Light Street the running fight ended as abruptly as it had commenced. While a demoralized few continued to follow, and make hideous noises, there were none to be found who would face more musketry.

Captain Tappan's company was considerably mangled, and three men were entirely disabled.

The Captain had done all he could to prevent firing, but the men were so incensed and so closely pressed by the mob that his frequent orders to cease loading and firing were either unheard or promptly disobeyed. At Holliday Street he was joined by Captain Fallon's command, Company I, and they afterward moved forward in a body to Camden Depot, which was finally reached in a little more than half an hour from the time when they departed from their

armory. And such a half hour's march even veterans of the late war said they had never endured. Captain Fallon lost fully one-half of his company from different casualties, arriving at their place of destination with only eighteen out of the thirty-six who were in rank when he set out. Captain Tappan had been more fortunate, starting off with thirty-eight—thirty-five responded at roll-call at Camden Depot.

That many of the citizens of Baltimore deeply sympathized with the military in its perilous journey through the streets and through the mob, is shown by the fact that several times while the officers were endeavoring to keep their men from firing, people on either side of them shouted, as they passed, not to interfere, but let the soldiers shoot. They were free to say it was a burning shame to see men stand, with guns in their hands, and be torn and killed by a pack of ravenous wolves.

No idea can be correctly conveyed, upon paper, of the perfect mass and jam of people swarming on Baltimore Street that evening while the battles were taking place. The estimate fixed by Captain Fallon upon the extent of the crowd following the companies of troops, was from three thousand to four thousand, and he is probably not far from the proper figures. In answer to a question from one of my operatives, a few days after the occurrences, Captain Fallon said that he did not know that he was to face an army of belligerents when he, at the head of his force, was descending the armory stairs. He followed Captain Tappan's men, and none of his own company had their arms loaded; but, when driven back by the soldiers ahead of them, many charged their guns with ball cartridge, sixteen rounds of which each man carried.

Colonel Peters must have had some knowledge of what was impending, and so had Major Andrew George. The

former said nothing, but simply obeyed General Herbert's orders. The latter had no opportunity to give warning. Fully a cart-load of bricks and stones were gathered up in front of the armory. When the fighting was over, and after the Marshal had sent a squad of police from the north-eastern district to protect the house and property, the place looked as if it had passed through a heavy siege.

Darkness closed around the remnant of the two companies of the Sixth Regiment, safe at Camden Depot with the Fifth Regiment. But the rioting for the day was not concluded. The scene was only shifted—the end was not yet.



CHAPTER XV.

CAMDEN DEPOT BESIEGED.

For a time the military were left in quiet possession of the depot, but the cars in which they took up quarters could not be moved to Cumberland until the time for the regular departure of passenger trains arrived. Meanwhile the police concentrated in strong numbers outside the building. Encircling them presently came the rioters, in a great noisy throng. From half-past eight until nine o'clock at night they were rapidly recruiting in strength. Gradually the crowd grew into an immense concourse, each particular member of which desired to annihilate the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, Camden Depot, and all the soldiers gathering there. Outside this circle were many who had convened at the spot from mere curiosity, or because they sympathized with the mob. Here stood some whose sensibilities leaned

towards the company and law and order, but they were in hopeless minority, and did not dare to say a word in the direction of their wishes. Certainly, there were many who held the most bitter hatred towards the members of the Sixth Regiment. Cries went up from these of: "Kill the accursed militia! Fire the building and scorch the murderers out!" and many other similarly encouraging salutations. It is not to be wondered at, that some of the men and officers of the Sixth were panic-stricken, left the cars, and when able to secure citizen's clothing, ingloriously retreated from the neighborhood. The hatred of the militia by the mob did not seem to extend to the Fifth Regiment, whose members stood guard at all assailable points and were not received with the execrations and hisses greeting the appearance everywhere of those clad in the uniforms of Company I, and Company F of the Sixth. One or two officers effected their escape from the station in disguise, and officer Beafelt, of the Southern Police District, still retains the sword of one young man who exchanged it for a gum overcoat which he picked up in McClintock's baggage room. This occurred soon after the Sixth arrived at Camden Depot. The soldier in question was probably new to active service. He hastily entered the baggage-room, took the coat, put off his sword, and, wrapping himself in the rubber garment, disappeared, leaving the blade and scabbard behind. He was subsequently seen hurrying nervously through the crowd. Officer Beafelt was seriously injured, being accidentally struck by a locomotive, the next day, and did not discover his loss until well enough to have inquiries instituted. He held the sword, hoping that its former owner would call and make proposals for a re-exchange—but he failed to make his appearance. There were comparatively few who thus fled from their colors and from their brother officers; a majority of both regiments firmly standing their ground against

fearful odds, and, under circumstances well calculated to cause the bravest to tremble.

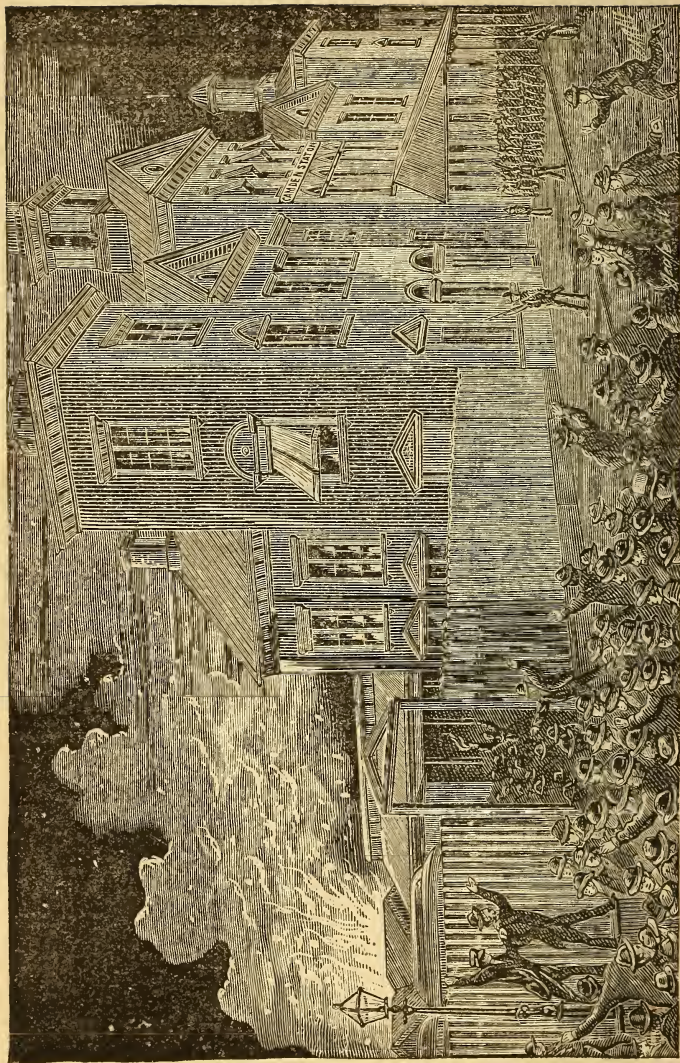
Soon after eight o'clock a detachment from the mob, which had been fired upon by the Sixth, commenced tearing up the railroad track, beyond the depot, near the corner of Entaw and Camden Streets.

The mob had also started an attack on the Fifth Regiment, after its arrival, using stones and other handy projectiles. But this command was composed of better material, or was under more effective discipline than the Sixth, and reserved its fire, bearing the attack like veterans. They had no men severely wounded. Their actions left the strikers to merely exhaust themselves, and probably accounts for the respect which the mob exhibited for men wearing their uniform. But this force, with the remains of the platoon of the Sixth, was not sufficient for the protection of the great depot and its surrounding buildings, which were constantly invaded by the alert foe, and valuable property stolen, destroyed, or in some manner damaged. Bayonet charge after bayonet charge had to be made, in different quarters, to clear the crowd away, and while the soldiers were employed at one point the enemy would, in force, make an attack upon another.

After one of these advances by the mob, and succeeding assaults by the military, the communists entered the lower part of the depot, at Lee Street. Every effort was made to prevent it, but the descent was too powerful to be successfully handled. The soldiers were rudely beaten back with clubs, shovels, bars of iron, rocks, and bricks, and the hordes of the strikers rushed in, like infuriated beasts of prey, scenting the blood of their torn victims. It was with difficulty that the small company of soldiers managed to retreat in season to save their arms and their lives. But escape they did, and, securing reinforcements, in their turn swooped

down upon the rioters, with bayonets fixed, and renewed the contest. After the mob had destroyed the dispatcher's office, savagely venting their wrath upon it, converted its boards and timbers into kindling wood, and driven off the telegraph operator and other attachés, to seek protection with the soldiery, there was a collision between the rioters and the militia, which resulted in the inglorious retreat of the former, some of their members taking with them wounds from the sharp points of bayonets, the scars of which are probably to-day unpleasantly reminding them of a freuzy which they will be in no hurry to repeat. Flying from the sheds, the rioters sought other places of approach, which they were not long in discovering.

By this time it was nearly ten o'clock, and still the refractory crowd exhibited no symptoms of weariness, or any signs that they would permanently retire from the locality. On the contrary, they were more bitter and aggressive than ever. Showers of stones filled the air, windows and furniture were broken, and men cut, bruised, and maimed, while the roaring, hooting horde swerved to one side and then to the other, shouting at intervals: "Kill them!" "Kill them!" "Burn the dogs in the kennel!" "Smoke them out!" The worst population of Baltimore was slowly but surely forming a huge and disreputable mass in the vicinity of Camden Depot. From the lowest, vilest dens, the petty gambling hells, the drinking cellars, the houses of ill-repute, the thieves issued, the very scum of the slums, having no other idea than to plunder, steal, and, if occasion offered, cut throats and murder. Even the wretched women of the town rushed out of doors, bare-headed, some of them almost bare-bosomed, and joined the common cause with the sanguinary commune. In every part of the strangely constituted army investing the depot, these perverted and shameless creatures were found on the offensive, and by



Attempt to burn Camden Depot, Baltimore.

words and gestures developing and inflaming the evil passions of the men and larger boys who were near them, and some even taking an active part in the fray.

A little later another sally was started by the rioters, this time directed upon a portion of the inclosure, which had been for a moment left exposed and comparatively unprotected. Entering the place where the *débris* of the ruined dispatcher's office was, a decided stand was made, in such force that, when perceived by the soldiers, the ranks of the mob could not be easily broken. The leading rioters were engaged in some devilish work, the officials very well knew, but they were not able to decide what it might be, until a bright column of flame suddenly shot up beneath the wood-work of the sheds, caught the supporting pillars, well covered with paint as they were, and flew to the roof where it spread, and blazed away unchecked. At the same instant a handsome new passenger car was forced open, a pile of combustibles thrown upon the floor, and the ready torch applied. In a moment the thick varnish of the interior of the splendid coach was converted into a sheet of fire, which burned and cracked, and in a few minutes communicated to the framing timbers, burst through the windows and reached the outside, when, fanned by the breeze, it was not long before the car was destroyed. Another, and yet another car caught, and the engine standing on the same track was so seriously injured, that it could not possibly be moved that night. The train with troops, the rioters knew, would now be forced to remain until morning.

Then the mob sent out exultant cries and bursts of demoniac laughter. It had just done what it most desired to do. It had performed its best work. There was evidence of this reflected red on the sky, above, and athwart the walls of the nearest buildings, and the cry of "fire," always dreadful in large cities, was made doubly horrible

by the fearful scenes through which the residents had passed in the time following the attack upon the militia. It was well settled in the minds of the mob that Camden Depot would soon be burnt to the ground. To that handful of men, shut up in the magnificent but inflammable passenger house, which soon might prove their funeral pyre, the alarms and the sight of the lurid flames, as they ascended in the air, were inexpressibly thrilling and impressive. They could not fight their way out. If the fire continued, the offices and the brick walls surrounding them might fall and bury them. The question was: Would the commune hold them there? Would they look on and see the building and its contents destroyed? These were inquiries which thousands mentally asked themselves as the station-bells rang out the private signals. It was very probable that the destruction of the depot was exactly the thing that the rioters most desired. No general fire alarm was sounded, the city authorities fearing that it would give rise to further excitement, but the department was prompt to turn out, and soon several engines and their men reached the streets near the depot. The communists evidently opposed all such interferences. They considered the fire their particular ally, and objected to any intermeddling with it. Everything in that structure they silently devoted to the flames. Collecting in a dense mass where the engines were expected to take up positions, when the steamers reached the spot, strong armed men seized the horses' heads, grasped the bridle-bits and ordered a halt in proceedings. The firemen tried to comply with instructions from the Chief Engineer, but without avail. They were in the power of the rioters and thus perfectly helpless. For the instant they had to suspend operations and look at the roaring flames but put no water upon them.

"Throw no water on that fire, boys!" was the order of

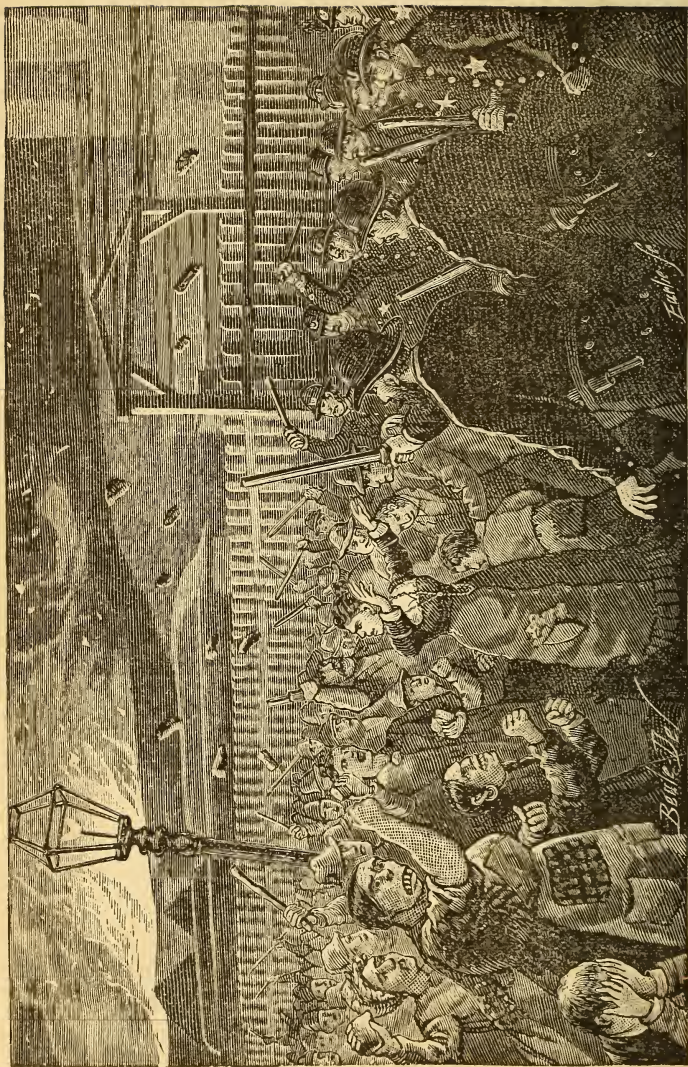
one of the rioters, who enforced his commands with a huge horse pistol, loaded to the muzzle.

This mob was in sober earnest, as it had been from the beginning.

The light from the burning roof grew brighter, the flames crackled louder and more furiously, and the destroying element gnawed deeper and deeper into the structure. The crowd cheered the fire, and the fire cheered the crowd. The firemen, the soldiers, the police, the officers of the company, and a few sober citizens looked on with bated breath, awaiting the action of somebody. If this state of torpidity lasted, the mob hoped that the building and all contained in it would be consumed.

At this crisis the city police, in augmented force, appeared on the scene and stopped before the engine nearest the depot sheds, surrounded it and its crew and then moved forward to the hydrants, from which water could be taken, halting only when they gained a position whence their hose-men could command the roofs of the burning structure. The mob was caught unprepared for so bold a maneuver, still it did not recoil until the policemen had emptied their revolvers, and followed up the advantage gained by a fierce onslaught with their heavy clubs. The plugs were opened, hose attached and water thrown with effect, while the police continued to advance, driving the mob before them. Soon the flames were converted into harmless clouds of steam.

The women mingling in the mob tried to force the men back to the assault, and did several times succeed in bringing their almost disheartened followers face to face with the blue coats, but it was only a momentary rally, and they fell back to their former positions. Then there arrived another squad of police, with fresh-filled navy pistols, making a sortie, backed by a platoon of the Fifth Regiment, and causing the riotous element to subside and withdraw to



Women leading a Mob in Baltimore.

a safe distance. Several of the female rioters, however, almost unassisted by the males, came to a stand in the neighborhood of Lee street, refusing stubbornly to budge another inch, fairly defying the police, threatening them with stones and clubs, and urging and coaxing the demoralized communists to renew the attack. The viragoes were finally driven from their vantage-ground, muttering curses both loud and deep, mingled with blood-curdling threats and groans, accompanied by revengeful shakings of fists at those who had interfered with their work of destruction.

The flames were extinguished before irreparable harm had been done, after the shed was burned and some coaches rendered useless. But not until two o'clock in the morning of the 21st was comparative quiet restored. There were very few in the city who enjoyed their usual allowance of sleep that night. Wild rumors of outbreaks kept citizens, police and military awake and continually on the alert.

Baltimore awoke the morning of the 21st of July to a realizing sense of all that had been done during the previous day. The scenes of the preceding night were among the most revolting and terrible experienced by any city while the troubles lasted. The new day came in bright and peaceful. People were glad to learn that most of the stories of riot, bloodshed, and outrage which had reached their ears about midnight—first, that the Custom House was on fire; second, that all the principal machine-shops were doomed; third, that the entire city was to be destroyed, and similarly exciting relations of frightened men and women—were wholly wanting in foundation, as, under like circumstances, such tales usually are, and that the mob of the preceding evening had been followed by no more serious and extended loss of life and property.

By seven o'clock A.M., or a little later, Baltimore was itself again. People walked the streets as usual, and came

and went in the pursuit of peaceful avocations without fear of molestation. The convulsion had occurred, the earthquake come, and the worst surely happened. Now all was peace. But, within the limits of the corporation, many were the homes of mourning. Surgeons were in demand, and undertakers busy.

The exact number of the dead and wounded, it is natural to suppose, was never known, and never will be known, so many of the rioters were privately removed and secreted by their fellow-rioters. No police, or other inspectors, could hunt all of these up, so well were they hidden. Of those who were slightly hurt in the mob no account was taken.

The loss to the property of the railway company was considerable, in cars, track, buildings, etc. Two engines were made for the time entirely useless.

That night Governor Carroll, who had previously forwarded a request to the President, at Washington, for troops to protect the city and the railroad, sent word that all was quiet, and the soldiers would not be needed. The last-named message left Baltimore at 3 A.M., July 21st. In spite of the withdrawal of the demand, the President instructed the Adjutant-General to send five hundred U. S. Marines from Norfolk, and four companies of infantry, then stationed at Fortress Monroe, to Washington and Baltimore, about one-half to stop in Washington and the other half in Baltimore and at such points in Maryland as might seem to demand their presence. Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, was named as one place of rendezvous. A light battery was also transported to the fort for immediate use.

Meantime passenger trains continued to run, as usual, arriving and departing with their accustomed regularity, unmolested by the Trainmen's Union. But freight was still at a standstill, and remained so for nearly two weeks, until the embargo was removed along the entire line.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRING ALL ALONG THE LINE.

THE Trainmen's Union was a power in the land. At Baltimore and Martinsburg, and in other places on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio road, it had managed its plans in such exceeding bad taste as to lead to business prostration, riot, and bloodshed, and now it transferred the theater of operations to Keyser, Cumberland, Sir John's Run, Grafton, Wheeling, and Newark.

Six weeks anterior to the outbreak at Martinsburg, men from Pittsburg under the direction of Ammon's Trainmen's Union were found making themselves busy with the employees of the road. They stopped at Keyser, a small place some two hundred miles from Baltimore, where a lodge was instituted. Applications from small merchants, tradesmen, and outsiders of every kind and character, as long as they were known opponents to the Baltimore and Ohio road, were received.

When trouble came at Martinsburg, the signal agreed upon in the society calling for a strike was telegraphed to all points where unions existed, and the men were quickly instructed. If they refused obedience they knew it would be at the risk of subjecting themselves to the severest penalties. The majority were not in the humor to fail in this way. On the contrary, they were quite prepared for the emergency—which had been expected to occur some months later in the year—and ready to say, or do, anything to damage the business or property of the common enemy.

The embittered trainmen and their associates at Keyser,

upon hearing that United States troops were in Martinsburg, and reading the florid dispatches describing the shooting of one of their number by a private of Colonel Faulkner's command, but, above all, after hearing that their companions at Baltimore had been defeated with terrible loss of life, and that Federal soldiers were guarding passenger cars, even preparing to perform the same service for freight trains soon to be started, grew exceedingly nervous, put on their revolvers, pocketed their knives, and perambulated the streets, determined to resent such an unheard-of intrusion upon their usually conceded prerogatives; and not only this, but they sent to Cumberland on one side of them, and to Grafton on the other, due notice of their intentions, and the work they expected the union, under the circumstances, to perform. Among other things calculated upon, the leading trainmen were firmly resolved that neither State nor Federal soldiery should come to or leave that station in safety. Nevertheless, troops were started, by special train, on the 20th of July, destined for Keyser, from Martinsburg.

They departed late in the evening, with the coaches, locomotive, tender, passenger platforms, and baggage car, protected by well-armed troops, all commanded by an able and experienced regular officer, for whom even the strikers held more than usual regard. A small body of regulars, under Lieutenant E. S. Curtis, had already arrived at Keyser, and these reinforcements were hourly expected. About this time the disaffected in Grafton held a meeting, two or three hundred strong, and it was promptly decided to send immediate assistance to the brethren in Keyser. The Sheriff of the county could do absolutely nothing with the Trainmen's Union. It formed a local law unto itself—a law of violence and brute force, with which only violence and brute force could compete.

A train from Martinsburg, laden with freight and guarded by a few soldiers, reached Keyser, but found it necessary to come to a pause at that place. This was the morning of the 20th of July. The cars could get no further, and the officer in charge learned that help for the strikers was coming from Grafton. Besides this, between Martinsburg and Wheeling the telegraph wires had been cut, closing that avenue of communication. While this was the fact, experienced operatives were sending cipher messages to men connected with the union, to points eastward, as the strikers certainly had some experienced telegraphers in the society, capable of tapping the line, reading the messages of the authorities, and then preparing and dispatching reports in a secret alphabet which only their comrades would be able to decipher. To prevent this, the company caused the officials of the telegraph along the line to refuse all cipher dispatches. Not to be outdone, the news was then circulated by special couriers, who traveled on passenger trains from point to point, and who were comparative strangers in that part of the State.

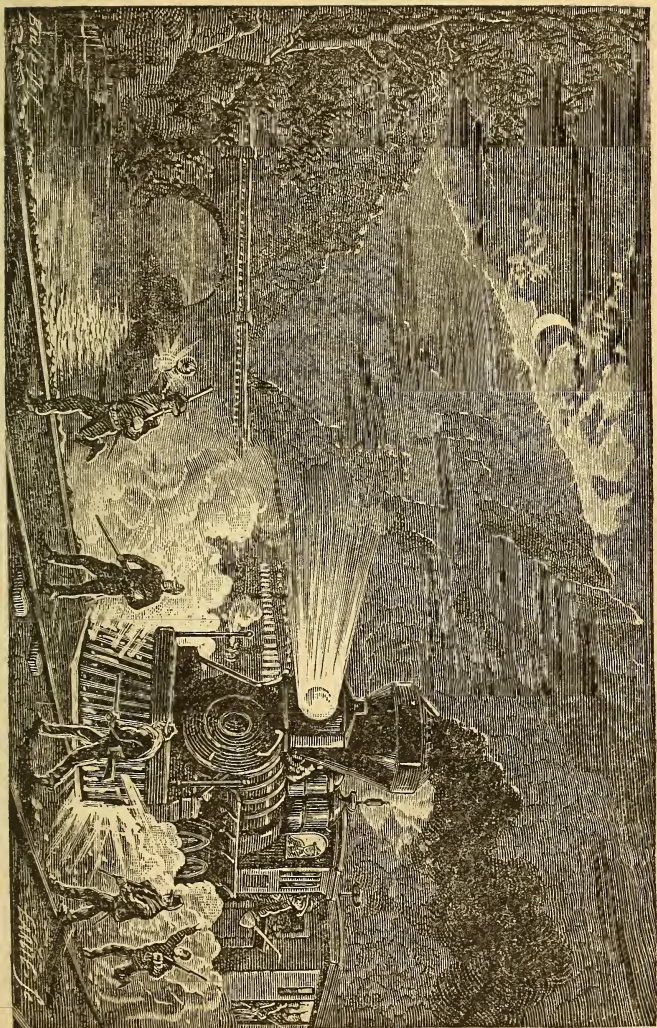
The situation beyond Cumberland, and to the eastward, was very precarious, and the danger at Martinsburg hourly increased. Rioters collected at Keyser over one hundred strong, well armed with pistols, knives and shot-guns, and prepared to prevent the starting of freight trains, troops or no troops. At this the small squad of Federal troops under charge of Lieutenant Curtis entered their box cars, and made ready to defend themselves to the last, meanwhile anxiously awaiting the arrival of reinforcements.

The soldiers to aid the little band were on the way. After leaving Martinsburg and reaching Sir John's Run, one hundred and twenty-eight miles from Baltimore, the fireman of the train, named Zepp, was struck with a stone thrown by one of the canal-men, who were also on a strike,

and severely though not fatally wounded. Still Zepp held his position on the footboard, with a handkerchief bound over his head, and the train proceeded without any further mishap until it reached a point about half a mile from Keyser. Here a startling difficulty was presented. In the darkness of night, while moving carefully along, the engineer was startled, and the officers and men considerably shaken, by a succession of loud explosions, apparently coming from beneath their feet, and the concussion of which lifted many violently from off their seats, some even being hurled to the floor. Zepp and the engineer bravely kept their places, but brought the train to a standstill as soon as possible. It was discovered that a number of torpedoes had been placed upon the rails, and the car-wheels had exploded them. A careful examination was made by the crew of the train, but no damage had occurred, the torpedoes having failed in their deadly mission, merely producing many sizzling and hissing sounds, and destroying nothing. The powder must have been wet, or these engines of destruction unskilfully prepared. The cars and all in them were safe. But the officer in command sent ahead a file of men with lanterns, to see that no more similarly dangerous obstructions were in the way of the locomotive. None were found, and the soldiers and cars arrived at Keyser in safety about seven o'clock in the morning, giving Lieutenant Curtis and his company needed relief.

Following this last detachment of military came a loaded freight train. It was met not far from the depot grounds by over two hundred rioters, who took the engine in hand, captured the engineer, Jerry Gibson, and then ran the cars into Keyser, where the train was abandoned. This train was sent out from Martinsburg, from pure maliciousness, by the strikers, who endeavored to cause a collision. United States troops immediately recaptured it, put the crew

Torpedoes on the Track.



aboard, and sent it on its way, despite the efforts of the strikers, but with the ultimate results stated.

Even passenger trains from the West, at this early day of the strike were interrupted. At Keyser one was stopped by a blockade of hand-cars and railroad iron, which had been piled upon the track, and similar barricades were encountered at other points. But passengers jumped out and assisted the trainmen to remove the obstructions, and the train proceeded.

After this when a bridge was about to be crossed men were sent ahead to make careful inspection of the timbers and supports, thus guarding against what might otherwise have precipitated a horrible disaster. Traveling under such circumstances revived many incidents connected with railroading in the enemy's country during the late war.

When the several hundred men gathered at Keyser beheld the two companies of troops in fatigue uniform of the United States regulars leave the cars, and quietly but mechanically form in line, their courage left them altogether, and they beat a precipitate retreat.

At Grafton a few days earlier, while the militia were *en route* for the scene of actual warfare at Martinsburg, Governor Matthews, having taken a run out as far as Grafton, was rudely assaulted. The circumstances of the affair were these: The Governor had left the cars and repaired to the hotel, where he made a short address to the mob, being followed by Vice-President Keyser, who was present, and who addressed the rioters, explaining the necessity, on the part of the company, for the reduction, and requesting the men to remain at their duties. To those who would do so he promised protection. Those who would not, should be discharged and settled with the following day.

These efforts had no good effect, and the excitement was

increased rather than diminished. At a later hour, however, when three of the mob had been placed under arrest by the military and conveyed to an upper room of the depot building until they could be taken to Pruntytown the next morning, for trial, and when Mr. Keyser and the militia were off toward Martinsburg, the crowd began to disperse. Finally, the locality was almost deserted.

It will be remembered that these events happened during the first troubles at Martinsburg, while the State troops were being rapidly moved in that direction to the support of Colonel Faulkner.

Governor Matthews, who had accompanied the Wheeling Guards as far as Grafton, had at a late hour retired to his apartment, in the second story of the hotel building, and, after partly disrobing, and leaving the window open, the night being uncomfortably warm, he threw himself upon his couch, where, worn out by lack of sleep and constant watchfulness for many hours, he was soon lost in an uneasy slumber. Presently his senses were shocked and mind rudely awakened. There was an irruption into his bed room of some whizzing, hurtling, heavy body, which first smashed the upper sash of the casement, sending the shattered glass in all directions. Quickly rising and enveloping his person in a dressing-gown, the Governor turned up the gas, and discovered that a huge rock had been thrown, evidently with the intention of striking him in the head while asleep. Calling in his aid, he explained the circumstances, but no one could be seen upon the railway track outside, and not a shadow moved in the dark roadway or near the steep viaduct. Some of the Governor's friends thought that a change of room would thereafter be desirable, and one was secured having no street exposure, where Governor Matthews passed the next few hours in quietude. But only a few hours.

Soon a message was brought informing the Governor that the strikers were rallying in strong force, declaring it their intention to release the prisoners or die in the attempt. Immediately dressing himself, he repaired to the spot, and once more used every possible personal and official influence to prevent the railroaders and their backers from breaking the law. He finally secured a pledge from them that they would return to their homes. They kept their word, offering no more violence up to the hour in the morning witnessing the departure of the Governor for Wheeling.

The inland navigators were now in difficulty. Railroads had met their trials, and the canals also came in for a share. Among them was the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. The first actual rupture was among the owners of shipping and the larger shippers, and originated from a refusal on the part of one to pay the rates of freightage demanded by the others. Near the middle of July a proposition was made to have all the large companies submit a bid to the boatmen to pay for carriage to Georgetown and Alexandria at a uniform rate of ninety and ninety-five cents, or eighty-five and ninety cents, per ton, respectively, and also to unite in a request to the Canal Company to concede a reduction in tolls of five or ten cents.

A little later there occurred an outbreak among the canalers at Sir John's Run, and the men began stoning the passenger trains as they went by. But the boatmen engaged in the strike, as a general thing, were quiet, orderly, and peaceable, only a few, who were repudiated by the remainder, taking the offensive against the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Still troops were sent there. As with the railroad strikers, most of the violence was done by outsiders, tramps, and communists, who had no other incentives to action than their own brutal instincts and a desire to secure a share of the common plunder. Before the troops

reached the place a blockade was formed and all boats stopped. Meantime the canal-boats remained tied up, operations at a standstill, and the mining works idle, the miners having joined in the strike, hoping for better wages as a result. It was not until the 11th of the following month that troops were able to remove the embargo and put the canal fleet once more in motion. The laborers in the mines, even at that late date, held out for the increase. The boatmen had not long been active, however, when the miners began to work for such proprietors as offered fifty cents a ton. The Hampshire, Franklin, George's Creek, Potomac, and Piedmont coal companies were by this time busily engaged bringing the coal to the surface, and all paying fifty-five cents. By that date, and a little later, not a dozen canal-boats held to the strike and tried to keep up the embargo. Even these few contumacious ones were prepared to set out for their destinations at a moment's warning.

In Frostburg everything was remarkably quiet. There was a prospect of a dearth of bread, as but about thirty barrels of flour could be mustered in the town, and it was feared that, if troops were not left in Cumberland and freight soon moved, the miners, mostly Irish, Welsh, Scotch, and German, might get together and make trouble. In a few days coal and freight trains were regularly run, guarded by United States soldiers, and provisions could be as easily and cheaply procured as before the strike occurred.

Lonaconing, a mining place of some importance, had furnished many of the men forming the riotous assemblage at Keyser. Barton had a meeting of miners on the last day of July, reported to have numbered eight hundred strong. Piedmont was not devoid of strikers, and all the miners in Allegheny County met, a day or two later, in Kaneff's Meadow, near Lonaconing, but no violence occurred at any of these places.

On the 24th of July, while the troubles in Western Pennsylvania were at their height, when the train for Pittsburg was ready to leave Cumberland, thirty or forty men, comprising well-known residents of the county and city, boarded the cars, without making any very decided stir or demonstration—it was before the advent there of Federal soldiers—and, despite the earnest protests of the conductor and trainmen, swore they would go to Pittsburg, fare or no fare. They desired to take a hand in the operations of the strikers then going on in Pittsburg and that part of the State. The conductor said nothing, after their fares had been demanded and refused, but continued on his route. He forwarded a private dispatch, however, from Connellsville, to the Chief of Police of Pittsburg, notifying him of his living cargo, and requesting him to be sure and have a party ready when he should arrive to take forty or fifty armed men in charge. This request was promptly attended to, and when the turbulent fellows reached Pittsburg, they found themselves quickly surrounded by policemen and were marched off to jail.

No particular violence was entered upon at Cumberland, the preparations, military and civic, having been too complete to give the strikers the coveted opportunity. But the bloodshed at Baltimore had greatly exasperated the trainmen at Grafton.

On the Sunday preceding the serious troubles just described, at Baltimore, a train of cars loaded with perishable property was brought to Grafton, *en route* for the East, and the master of transportation was very anxious to move it, in order that the railway might not suffer loss. The strikers would not permit it, and the military had not yet arrived. On Sunday the officers of the road secured a volunteer anti-union engineer and fireman, and quietly making other preparations, suddenly started the cars, just as the morning service was about to begin in the Catholic Church of the

town, where many of the railway strikers had assembled, through the recommendation of a man named Spencer, who had for some time been Chief of Grafton Branch of the Trainmen's Union. The engine steamed out with the pork laden freight train coupled to it. But the trainmen were on the alert, word was sent to the church of what was going on, and in a moment more hundreds of excited fellows were rushing down from the church. Pell-mell, one after another, ran the crowd of angry and disappointed railroad men. These efforts to catch and stop the train by running after it were useless; but a locomotive used in switching work was fired up. They mounted it, ordered the engineer to pull the throttle, he obeyed under compulsion, and they started in pursuit. The strikers were in the cab, on the footboard, on the pilot, on the coal in the tender, and clinging to the locomotive in every conceivable place, armed with revolvers, rocks, and clubs, the latter hastily picked up before starting, running rapidly in the wake of the train trying to escape from their clutches. On, with reckless speed, shot the engine, black with its human burden. Forward sped the train, far ahead of them. After turning a sudden, sharp curve in the road, the smoke from the truant locomotive could be discerned through openings in the trees. The stillness of the clear Sabbath morning was rudely broken by the excited cheerings and hurrahs of the pursuers, which were answered to the echo by the shrill whistle of the leading engine, which continued to puff, and blow, and labor, over a bit of steep grade, and, having surmounted it quickly, showed a clean pair of heels in the dim and dusty distance as it rolled gracefully and rapidly down a gradual descent, and then passed out of view over a level piece of ground into the windings, turnings, and twistings of another of those abrupt horse shoe bends for which the Baltimore and Ohio road, in this locality, is celebrated.

The strikers turned to their involuntary engineer, and, with many oaths ordered, "More steam!" "More speed!" Then their eyes were strained to their utmost to penetrate the distance, and see if their prize was actually gaining and widening the space between them. More haste was made. More fuel was thrown into the fire-pan of the furnace, and the flames roared again as the door was closed. The iron horse ran like a thing of life. The noise of the wheels, and the escaping steam, and the whistle, scared people in their houses beside the track. Men and women rushed out from their houses, and looked on in amazement at sight of the novel race. One old lady, living in a log-cabin, surrounded by her group of ragged children, stood on her narrow gallery, and was so enthusiastic over the contest that she wildly swung her faded calico sun-bonnet in the air by its strings, lost her balance, fell off the platform before the door, screaming, "Murder! murder!" as she descended. The strikers had time to catch a glimpse of the scene, and gave the woman three hearty cheers as they clattered by, which the children and neighbors returned with all their lungs.

Presently the pursuing engine arrived at another curve. Around it they swept at lightning speed. Suddenly before them appeared, in plain sight, the stationary rear end of the train they were so recklessly flying after.

There was little chance for thought, less for action, but the faces of the rioters turned white as they understood the situation. The locomotive they were on—covering it as swarming bees upon the limb of a tree—they very well knew must inevitably run into that dark barrier, that immovable obstacle of solid wood and iron. Too well they knew the danger. But all were paralyzed. None even thought to jump. A collision was unavoidable. Scarcely had the strikers' engineer a second in which to sound "down brakes," before the thundering crash came. A fly-

ing shower of destruction, splintered timbers and sills, an explosion of iron flues, the jarring of the train, the tearing up of rails and ties, the telescoping of cars—a shriek—a series of shrieks and groans—and the crisis had arrived and passed.

At Wheeling, the capital of West Virginia, and the largest city in that State, the strike did not at any time assume a riotous nature, which fact is hard to account for, as its manufacturing interests are but little less important than those of Pittsburg, and its population is largely composed of that class of workingmen who are quick to become filled with the striking and riotous spirit. But, though the striking trainmen did not resort to the shameful exhibitions of brute force which disgraced other cities, they stood out to the very last, and seemed to be really the firmest and most cool-headed strikers along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio road. As a consequence, manufacturing and business interests of Wheeling were completely paralyzed. Supplies could not be secured, and goods could not be shipped; the factories were compelled to close, and business men of the city shut up their stores, placed guards upon them, and started for the mountains with their guns and fishing-tackle. The result was that Wheeling experienced two weeks of Sundays, and great destitution and suffering began to prevail. All wages in all grades of employment had been extremely low, and mechanics not only had no means saved for such an emergency, but were in most cases in debt. These conditions, fortunately for Wheeling, brought about a strong public pressure against the continuance of the strike, and served to eventually bring to terms the trainmen, who, with other influences such as surrounded railroad strikers in Pittsburg, would have precipitated trouble and bloodshed. As it was, however, the strike at Wheeling came, existed firmly and determin-

edly, but passed away, leaving no other misfortunes than the great loss from a continued suspension of business, and the keen suffering endured by the majority of workingmen and their families on account of the cruel persistency of a few, as is invariably the result from that most foolish of all labor movements, the strike.

At the thriving city of Newark, Ohio, the strike attracted considerable attention, and that city was frequently visited by Governor Young during its continuance. One peculiarity of the excitement there is worth relating. Nearly every female in the place was an earnest champion of the strikers. Grandmothers, mothers, wives and sweethearts seemed to vie with each other in encouraging the strikers to hold out until the Baltimore and Ohio Company had been compelled to restore the wages paid before the reduction. As a large number of trainmen resided at Newark, many of them being related to the best families of the city, this element proved a most powerful one, for fifty women are more to be feared, from any stand-point, than five hundred men. These ladies forgot everything else save the strike, and worked without ceasing for its success. They collected money, food, and fuel for the sustenance of strikers and strikers' families. They circulated among the officials of the city, and banteringly told them that if they attempted to make arrests of these railroad men, who were their fathers, husbands, and lovers, and who were making a brave fight for their very lives, they would certainly have to overpower and arrest them first. Think of overpowering and arresting half the ladies of a city. Nor did they stop here. They visited the State militia, and ingratiated themselves into the regard of these bold soldiers of an hour with that irresistible way which determined women have; and then, after they had won them, informed them that if they shot any of the strikers, they would have to do it over their dead

bodies. What brave soldiers could be even driven into a fight with unarmed workingmen, when they would first have to force the attack over the dead bodies of several hundred handsome women? Nor did Governor Young himself escape this irresistible and even ludicrously powerful influence. Some would weep, others wheedle, some charm, and many denounce with such sharp tongues and savage manner, that the doughty successor of President Hayes in his governorship of Ohio was repeatedly forced to change his headquarters to escape this avalanche of women, who would give the ill-fated Governor no rest. It may be possible that this very fact prevented riot and bloodshed at Newark.

All such movements, however wide-spread and powerful they may be, from their very nature are bound to wear themselves out. The action of the ladies of Newark certainly prevented the use of the military, and the strikers, meeting no opposition, soon wearied of their belligerent attitude, and the strike at that place fell to pieces of its own weight.

One instance also occurred at Newark illustrative of the duplicity of P. M. Arthur and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Both fraudulently received great credit for their supposed action in behalf of resuming operations on the road.

Mr. Arthur gave to one of my operatives the following version of his own and the Brotherhood's action at that place, and in precisely the following language:

"I will say this, we heartily sympathized with these men, just as millions of people did. But no action by myself, by the General Grievance Committee, or by any of the different divisions, tending in any way to support or assist, or even express resolutions of sympathy, was taken. The public may not believe this. I tell you it is God's truth.

"When the strike was at its height on the Baltimore and Ohio road, they sent for me to come down to Newark. I arrived there the night of Saturday, July 21st. The engineers of Division 36 were all gathered in their hall, and having caught the general infection, were enthusiastic for a strike. I opposed it from first to last; insisted that they had no cause for any such course, and secured from them a pledge that they would remain true to the company.

"W. C. Quincey, General Manager of the Ohio and Chicago Divisions of the road, who was working nobly to raise the strike, was surprised beyond measure with the result of my labors, and praised us without stint.

"I told him the men were at his disposal, and that they would risk their lives to run his engines. Fourteen were drawn, by lot, to take out trains, and responded to a man like men, when Manager Quincey, like a man himself, told them that they need not go until the troubles were settled. Even Governor Young took pains to compliment the Brotherhood and myself in the highest terms, when he had learned through me that our order considered it a cowardly policy to even take so powerful an advantage as such dishonorable action would give!"

Now, the simple facts are—and they take from this rather shrewd man his cloak of honesty and magnanimity completely—that, although this action *was* taken, the engineers *were* drawn, Mr. Arthur *did* pompously offer to risk their lives, the same as Artemus Ward offered to sacrifice all his wife's relations on the altar of liberty, the Brotherhood and Mr. Arthur *were* praised and complimented by Manager Quincey, Governor Young, and the public press generally, this very Arthur and this very division of Brotherhood Engineers *secretly sent their agents among the brakemen and firemen*, with orders to make such dastardly public threats against any engineer who should *volunteer* to take out an

engine, that the officers of the road became aghast at the prospects of violence, and at once rescinded their orders for the movement of trains.

Mr. Arthur's visit to Newark, had just the effect he intended it to have. It prolonged the strike at that point, just as his visits to every other railroad center had precisely the same result.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAUSES LEADING TO THE TROUBLES AT PITTSBURG.

WHILE yet that important section of the country tributary to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was just beginning to feel the dire effects of the outlawry and terrorism which any violent interruption of the great channels of commerce and an utter defiance of the law always compel, the ominous mutterings of a deeper discontent began to be heard at various points along the different divisions of that still more far-reaching, almost national, thoroughfare, the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Particularly at Pittsburg had the fitful fever caught that ever-turbulent class of employees who, whether laboring in the most obscure, or the most prominent, positions, are constantly in that condition of dissatisfaction with themselves and with what honest labor they may have in hand, that, on the slightest provocation, they come to the surface with a "grievance." These assumed grievances are most handy things to have when men desire to bring about insubordination, and coerce great corporations, and especially railroad companies, into adopting a policy which the best experience

of the years, or the most urgent of present necessities, show beyond a question to be financially disastrous. In fact, a grievance, real or assumed, was necessary to fan their chronic discontent into a healthy hate; it was necessary to establish a common bond of union to draw other malcontents to their cause; and above all else, it was necessary so that these disaffected men might gradually bring about a condition of public sentiment which would give force to their foolish demands and support to their reckless acts, were these insulting demands not complied with.

These men one and all—and I wish to be understood as referring to every man employed by this road and its controlled lines who was an instigator of the strike, or who became equally criminal in supporting it—seemed to have been blinded by the intensest inconsistency and recklessness. They forgot that all over this broad land, wherever there was a collection of people a large percentage were idle; they forgot that the workshop was deserted; the once busy mill all silent; the great, groaning factory only tenanted by the solitary watchman and the spiders—all that were left to spin. They forgot that through causes we all may feel sure of understanding, but which no man has yet fully explained, nearly every great industry was lying palsied. They forgot that through the populous cities and thickly-settled districts there were hundreds of thousands of laborers just as worthy and deserving as themselves, but in an incomparably worse condition than they; that *their* families were not alone in their deprivation and sacrifices, and that they were then seeing what thousands agonizedly prayed for—steady work and certain pay—even if the labor was trying and the remuneration small, and for which, in the condition their own intelligence should have told them the entire country was in, they, as men owing loyal duty to themselves, to their families, to their employers, and, be-

yond all else, to their citizenship, should have been for the time manfully content, patiently and faithfully biding the better days when a restored public confidence should have pulsed a new and helpful life through all the stagnant arteries of trade.

The grievance that these men professed to have, finally gave them the assurance and bravado necessary to reorganize the Trainmen's Union mentioned elsewhere. This reorganization was effected for the purpose of waging war against the Pennsylvania and other railroad companies, and for that purpose only. The least reliable, the most worthless, the least capable, and the most reckless trainmen running into Pittsburg were its organizers and reorganizers. The well known fact that to-day every one of the founders of the order are confirmed tramps, disgusting drunkards, miserable communistic outcasts, or, through the skill of my operatives, are occupying the gloomy cell of some jail or prison, is sufficient proof of this statement.

But, as I have said, it was necessary to any measure of success that they have a "grievance." The Pennsylvania Railroad, like other great trunk lines, had sorely felt the iron hand of the general stagnation of business and the constant diminution of receipts both from that cause and from a very great reduction of rates necessary to the retention of a large percentage of that class of through business which invariably seeks the cheapest transit to and from the seaboard. To partially meet this great reduction in receipts the management of the road was compelled to lessen the running expenses—on the same principle, and for precisely the same reason, that a railroad employee, or any other workingman, who discovers his income reduced by circumstances over which he has no possible control, finds it an absolute necessity to lessen his living expenses.

And right here let me say, that in all justice the butcher

and the grocer have just as good a right to "strike" against the forced contraction of this workingman's expenses, and with bludgeons and revolvers compel him, even by burning his house and murdering members of his family, to continue the usual amount of custom at the usual rates of payment, or intimidate other butchers and grocers to prevent their furnishing him meat and provisions at a cheaper rate, as any set of railroad employees have to inaugurate and protract the disgraceful scenes which have recently cursed our country, for the avowed purpose of compelling railroad corporations to yield to ruinous demands.

After ascertaining that such action was of extreme necessity, in June, '77, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announced a reduction of ten per cent. upon the wages of all officers and employees receiving more than one dollar a day, the same to take effect on and after the first of July following. This order and the subsequent introduction of what is known as the "double-headers," or freight trains composed of a larger number of cars than the single train, and drawn by two engines, which economized labor, and consequently displaced a few employees, constituted the "grievances" which resulted in the reorganization of the Trainmen's Union, and eventually the strike and its terribly disastrous results.

No sooner had these measures for economy in the company's management gone into effect, than the class, and only the class—these utterly worthless employees—referred to, began their secret meetings and their seditious efforts. But it is an established fact that the great body of employees accepted the reduction with good grace; and the charge made against Col. Scott and other officers of the road, that they were inaccessible and treated all employees with cruel indifference, however respectfully they might offer a petition or remonstrance, is found to be false when it is known that

a joint committee from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in June, and just subsequent to the proposed reduction, waited upon Col. Scott and were most courteously received by that gentleman, who took the trouble to explain the most minute details of the company's business. He fully demonstrated not only the justice of, but the extreme necessity for, the reduction ; which so impressed the committee that they gave in writing an unqualified indorsement to this imperative policy, and pledged, also in writing, for themselves and the important classes which they represented, a most hearty co-operation and loyalty.

In fact, more than three-fourths of the employees of the road, and immeasurably the most deserving, capable, and valuable class of its employees, had received the reduction in an appreciative and manly way ; and the management had every reason to believe that the most harmonious relations still existed. But all this time factious and unruly elements were plotting schemes of revenge. They had not the candor to utter a manly protest or approach the president of the company which gave them and their families the means of support, in a respectful and decorous manner ; but, traitorous to their own and their employer's interests, they drank in the accursed communistic spirit of the times, and drew together a desperate body of men with *professed* principles of reciprocal help and brotherhood ministrations, but really for riot and revenge. So marked was this endeavor to gain the necessary power of numbers that any person, no matter how low and vile, to find easy admission had only to roundly express bitterness and hate against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in particular and all railroads in general. It was in this way that my operatives, with pretensions unnecessary to relate, became members, and enabled me to speak with the greatest certainty of the perni-

cious order which soon extended to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with the results that have been previously mentioned. From Pittsburg it pushed its slimy length back over the Fort Wayne road towards Chicago; it crept along the sinuous windings of the Allegheny Valley; and to the East it trailed over the grand mountains and beautiful valleys along the Pennsylvania road, spreading everywhere the seeds of disaffection and riot.

But the officers of the latter road could not, and did not, credit these hints of disturbance. They had every reason to believe, they thought, that there was no real cause of difference between them and their men. Even after the sad scenes at Martinsburg they felt certain of the loyalty of *their* employees, and looked upon the trouble along the Baltimore and Ohio road as merely a local agitation which could by no possibility extend to their lines. Besides the faith based on the earnest assurance of fidelity given by the committee from the Brotherhoods, no petition, protest, or warning by other trainmen had been offered; so that when the blow was struck, this great corporation was utterly unprepared to meet it, and what was at first a handful of reckless desperadoes, had brow-beaten and intimidated right and left, promising and wheedling here, threatening and forcing there, until this disaffection and its influence had swept like a flash of flame from this central point to the utmost limit of the company's main and controlled lines, and what had been the best organized and finest equipped commercial highway in the world, was in a pitiable condition of chaotic helplessness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INAUGURATION OF THE STRIKE AT PITTSBURG.

At noon of Thursday, July 19th, the unexpected blow was struck; and, illustrative of the powerlessness of our State laws and imbecile inefficiency of local authorities, a handful of men, who might have been subdued by a determined corporal's guard, were permitted to precipitate what led to the most deplorable riots in history. Freight conductor Ryan's train was nearly ready for starting out. The "crew" had been assigned and the engineers were only waiting for the signal to unloose their iron steeds, when, after a short conference among the brakemen, the conductor was informed that they would not go out with the train. He, as was his duty, promptly passed the dreaded word to the dispatcher. Two yard crews of brakemen were then asked to take the train, but the intimidation had begun, and they refused. They were very properly discharged, but very improperly permitted to remain and help swell the rapidly-increasing crowd of strikers, for now the strike had begun.

So swiftly did this striking fever run through the worst element of the trainmen lingering about, that scarcely an hour had elapsed before a crowd of fully five hundred employees had gathered, and all efforts at starting trains proved ineffectual. The first brute force used by the strikers was near Twenty-eighth Street, about one o'clock in the afternoon, when D. M. Watt, Superintendent Pitcairn's chief clerk, ordered an employee to descend from a shifting engine and change the switch so as to permit of the

passage of a freight train. The employee refused, fearing he would be killed. Thereupon Mr. Watt sprang from the engine, and as he attempted to change the switch, the entire crowd rushed upon him, some of the leaders shouting in an extremely heroic way: "Boys, we'll die right here!" "Bread or blood!" and the like. One brute, a yardman named Thomas McCall, struck Mr. Watt a terrific blow, felling him to the earth. This action dismayed the strikers somewhat, and enabled the inefficient police to arrest a few of the most harmless, as usual. But the crowd soon rallied, and, with increased numbers, moved up and down the tracks, beating and stoning loyal employees from their work, and re-enacting that old and savage labor tragedy which, for the last century, has cursed both continents. In the meantime, notices signed by the ["President" of the Trainmen's Union had been posted along the line from the Union Depot to East Liberty,] a distance of nearly six miles, calling on all the members of that organization to meet at Phoenix Hall, on Eleventh Street, at seven o'clock in the evening; and around these, excited groups were constantly gathering to discuss the all-absorbing topic, while hundreds of others, comprising the more daring of the men, carrying all before them like a storm, moved out to East Liberty stock-yards, compelling the train and yard men there to join with them.

Quick work was now made, and a sudden end put to all order and authority. Trains were run upon side-tracks and left there. Then matters on the main tracks were taken in hand, and all trains east or west were stopped. Those coming from the east were allowed to proceed into the city after the situation had been explained and their crews so thoroughly threatened and otherwise frightened that they sacredly promised to "go out," or join the strikers, as soon as Pittsburg proper had been reached, which under the circumstances they invariably did. It was necessary that

some of the stock-trains be pulled up to the sidings to be unloaded; but the strikers would in no instance permit of the use of the company's engines, that work being done only by engines from the Pan Handle road, and though no detention was suffered by passenger trains. Thus the work went on for the day, and the numberless tracks and sidings grew black with closely-packed cars, which were destined, many of them, never to be put to use again.

At night a strong guard of strikers patrolled the tracks, and complete possession had been taken of the Western Division of the road, while at Phoenix Hall, on Eleventh Street, there were gathered four times the number that could gain admission. Up to this time the movement had been almost entirely controlled by such brakemen and yardmen as had been inveigled into the Trainmen's Union; but now, notwithstanding Chief Arthur's statement to the contrary, such of the engineers and firemen of the Western Division as happened to be in Pittsburg, came in a body to Phoenix Hall, determined to join in the fight against the reduction of wages and the doubling of freight trains, although the latter in nowise affected them; showing a clear breach of faith which can neither be excused nor palliated.

This meeting was unusually orderly and quiet. But it was the ominous quiet that surely tells of the coming storm. The result of the meeting was the following ultimatum to the company:

First—We, the undersigned committee, appointed by the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, do hereby demand from said company, through its proper officers, the wages as per department of engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen received prior to June 1, 1877.

Second—That each and every employee who has been dismissed for taking part in the present strike or meetings held prior to or during said strike be restored to their position, as held prior to the strike.

Third—That the classification of each of said departments be abolished

now and forever, and that hereafter engineers and conductors receive the same wages as received by engineers and conductors of the highest class prior to June 1, 1877.

Fourth—That the running of double trains be abolished, except coal trains.

Fifth—That each and every engine, whether road or shifting, shall have its own fireman.

At nine o'clock, the same evening the strikers at the outer depot decided to stop the arrival of Pan Handle trains. One was heard coming thundering along, when fully five hundred men quickly formed on either side and across the track, but as it approached they discovered that it was an express train, and it was allowed to pass, amid jeers and yells. A half hour later another train was heard, and the line was formed again, as promptly and solidly as with a battalion of soldiers. It was really an interesting sight—almost a study for a picture. Nearly every man had unconsciously assumed an attitude of defiance, and they stood there like grim and silent statues. But the moment it was made certain that the coming train was of freight, a deafening yell went up from the crowd, which was answered by signal shrieks from the engine like a series of shrill echoes screamed back from some bold mountain side. In vain did the engineer excitedly sound the whistle and ring the bell. The strikers stood there like a wall. It was of no avail. The train slackened, and finally came to a halt after about fifty of the men had boarded it. Then they climbed upon the engine and tender in every conceivable spot where a foothold could be secured, brandishing clubs and shaking their fists at the poor fellows in the cab, while the engineer, utterly nonplussed and aghast, stammered out: "Why, boys, God knows this's the first I've seen of all this!" With this the Pan Handle road became helpless with the other lines. This event and another fruitless though de-

terminated attempt to move trains, which occurred within the city at ten o'clock, and the weak efforts of Sheriff Fife to disperse the strikers at Twenty-eighth Street, closed the exciting day. But I cannot pass the latter subject without referring to the criminal weakness of the officers in and for the city of Pittsburg and the County of Allegheny. Right here were lost the opportunities to prevent the Pittsburg riot.

After the attack upon Chief Clerk Watt in the earlier part of the day, that gentleman drove to Mayor McCarthy's office and begged his presence at the scene of disturbance, or at least for the detail of a sufficient force of police to keep away from the company's property and premises such of the cowardly scoundrels as would not permit honest and loyal employees to work. This model Mayor was conveniently "ill," and no assistance was rendered. In the light of subsequent events, it would almost seem that this man, rather than Major-General Pearson, should have been indicted for murder by the grand jury of Allegheny County. But this source failing, the Sheriff was appealed to. His duty there and then was simply to summon a *posse* strong enough to have preserved order, on his discovery of the imbecility of the city authorities; and preserving order under the circumstances would have been to protect men willing to work.

It is an established fact that ninety per cent. of the company's employees were not only willing but anxious to work. They had an undeniable right to protection in their labor; and the shame of this whole matter is not so much in the fact that a few hot-headed malcontents discontinued work and endeavored to force others to do the same, as in the far more disgraceful fact that the Mayor of a large city like Pittsburg would not see that complete protection was given to respectable workmen within its limits; and,

he failing to do so, that the Sheriff of so important a county as Allegheny should prove equally as derelict in his duty.

All Sheriff Fife did, however, was to go to Twenty-eighth Street and solemnly order the strikers to disperse. No one could blame these rough fellows for laughing and jeering at him. Almost any other person would have considered so impotent an action really laughable. But he "remained on the ground until nearly three o'clock in the morning!" as the dispatches told the public. It would have been pleasanter for him to have remained in bed, and quite as serviceable. While "remaining on the ground" he forwarded a message to Governor Hartranft, explaining how he had strenuously labored to put down the riot; that he had not the "means at command;" and urging the Governor to exercise his authority in calling out the militia to suppress the lawlessness. So that it must be borne in mind that the two officials at Pittsburg who, above all others, had the opportunity and power for crushing out this trouble in its incipency, shirked their duty altogether, and are really responsible for the terrible scenes which followed.

But Governor Hartranft was absent. He was not exactly shirking his duty like the rest, but he was unfortunately a good distance from the place where his position made it truly a duty for him to be, summering with his friends in the mountains of the far West. Neither was Lieutenant-Governor Latta to be found at Harrisburg. In fact, the government of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania was without a head. But, straggling along about three o'clock in the morning of Friday, came a message from the Adjutant-General of the State, who was found at Lancaster, Pa., informing Sheriff Fife that he had ordered Major-General A. L. Pearson to place a regiment of militia at his disposal. The General was found, and he immediately ordered the Duquesne Greys, the Eighteenth Regiment, to

report for duty at seven o'clock. But the strikers proved far the earlier risers, and long before that hour were on the ground, largely reinforced, and in full possession of the tracks and the company's property.

Shortly after eight o'clock written copies of the Governor's proclamation were posted up along the tracks, but were treated with the utmost contempt. These men knew that the Governor was absent on a pleasure tour, and they doubted, or pretended to doubt, its genuineness. Many insisted that it was concocted in the company's office. In any event, the proclamation had only the effect of making the men more bitter, increasing the crowds, and creating an intenser excitement.

On the arrival, during the morning, from Philadelphia, of A. J. Cassatt, Third Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a consultation was held between that gentleman, General Pearson, Sheriff Fife, Colonel Guthrie, and Superintendent Robert Pitcairn, and at about twelve o'clock the Duquesne Greys, under Colonel Guthrie, and headed by Brigadier-General Joseph Brown, started for the scene of trouble at East Liberty; while the Fourteenth Regiment, supported by a portion of Captain Breck's Hutchinson Battery, were ordered to the outer depot. These soldiers reached their destination without mishap, though they were hissed and insulted along the entire route.

During the forenoon a call was made by General Pearson for more militia, which was responded to by additional companies of the Fourteenth and Nineteenth Regiments, with the remaining section of the Hutchinson Battery; and these troops took up positions at Liberty and Twenty-eighth Streets, about one o'clock. Shortly previous, Company F, of the Eighteenth, under command of Captain Aull, arrived at Torrens Station, a little distance beyond East Liberty; and a few minutes later Sheriff Fife, General Pearson, and

Superintendent Pitcairn arrived on a special train. The military itself caused considerable commotion, but the arrival of these gentlemen created great excitement.

As soon as the train had halted, Sheriff Fife mounted the engine tender, and read the Governor's proclamation amid the wildest excitement of the crowd. The matter had gone too far. All this mock ceremony only served to exasperate the men, and they hooted and indulged in the wildest demonstrations less than actual riot. Then General Pearson, a man of most commanding and soldierly bearing, stepped forward, and, while speaking, was listened to with profound attention. The substance of his remarks, which were delivered with great emphasis and deliberation, was, that the strikers were resisting the law, which would be enforced if the entire power of the State were needed. He sympathized with the men in any real grievance they might have; but they must remember, he said, that he was a soldier; had been ordered by his superiors to protect the company's property; and a soldier had no right to consider sympathies before duty. He also said that trains should be put through on that day, and that he himself should be on hand to see that they were not obstructed.

All this was received in sullen silence. The mob had been permitted to attain almost the respectability of an insurrection by the civil authorities, and were not to be cowed into submission by what they were pleased to term "holiday soldiers." In response to General Pearson's inquiry whether they intended to submit to the law, and peaceably permit the running of trains, a yell of "No, no!" burst from a thousand voices so wild, impetuous, and determined that it was heard miles away, convincing the officials that further parley was useless, which conviction was further strengthened, as they moved away, by a parting yell of defiance and a still more forcible accompaniment of clubs and stones.

After this signal failure, a consultation was had as to the advisability of attempting to force trains through by a vigorous use of the militia; but this course was strongly opposed by General Pearson, who did not wish to assume so grave a responsibility in the absence of definite orders from his superiors and with so small a number of troops, as his available force numbered but a few hundred men all told. His advice was taken, and he thereupon telegraphed Adjutant-General Latta full particulars of the situation, receiving intelligence from that official that he would arrive in Pittsburg over the Fast Line about midnight.

To further complicate matters, at three o'clock in the afternoon the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road also fell a victim to the extending turbulence. "Number Fifteen" through Chicago freight train was about to depart for the West, when a gang of yardmen comprising about a dozen firemen and brakemen, led by a man named "Billy" Bowman, a yard conductor on the night transfer runs, boarded the engine, and quietly told the engineer and fireman that they had better "get down out of that!" No force was used; but there would have been, had it been necessary. In less than half an hour the crews of at least twenty freight trains had joined the movement, and as fast as trains arrived their crews were compelled to leave them. By five o'clock there were fully three thousand people upon the scene, and after eight o'clock the company abandoned all attempts to run freight trains; while hundreds of iron-workers from the railroad shops, laborers from the yards, and shopmen and mechanics from Allegheny City had swelled the throng until it numbered fully five thousand. The utmost good nature prevailed, but there was never a more determined set of men got together.

During the day the Philadelphia and Erie road was blockaded, and the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and

Ohio ceased operating, so far as freight trains were concerned, a mob of nearly a thousand ruffians—not one of them a railroad employee—having taken complete possession of the tracks near the upper Birmingham bridge.

And so passed the night. Through the long hours, at no time were the crowds composed of the mob and striking elements perceptibly lessened. In the streets of Pittsburg and Allegheny City people came and went, and at last quiet settled down upon the towns; but along the tracks, in every direction, there was always to be seen an excited mass of men moving among the shadows and before the hundreds of watch-fires which had been kindled, like some desperate army of revolutionists nerving themselves for whatever of success, defeat, or horror the coming day had in store.

CHAPTER XIX.

RIOT TERRORS AT PITTSBURG.

THE morning of Saturday, July 21, 1877, opened bright and beautiful. To have stood upon the grand hills which skirt the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny, and looked past the rivers, like threads of silver, into these hives of industry at early dawn, one uninformed of the ominous situation could scarcely have realized that they contained the dormant elements which, before another twenty-four hours should elapse, would precipitate scenes to rival those of the Paris Commune. But the close observer would have noticed along the sinuous lines of railway which come creeping in through all the valleys, the same masses of de-

terminated men that guarded the roads by the light of the previous night's watch-fires. More than this he would have seen. Along every wagon road trailing down from the uplands came new and grotesque groups, whose numbers seemed moved by some unusual animation. It is said of certain carnivorous birds, that they possess some wonderful foreknowledge of such coming disaster as may provide for them a horrible feast, and that, long before death has closed the sufferings of some wounded animal or lost human in the forests or mountains, they hover about, giving vent to shrill and joyous exclamations of satisfaction at the certain knowledge that their ferocious cravings are to be satisfied in the hideous way intimated. With something of the same vulture-like prescience of coming opportunities for prey and pillage, these straggling bodies of human vultures came down upon Pittsburg. River pirates of the lowest and most savage order came creeping up the Ohio, or floating down both the Allegheny and Monongahela, to be in at the death for their share of the picking; greasy and ragged outlaws from the coal regions left their dark haunts in the groggeries, gorges and glens, and turned their brutish faces towards the spot where the accursed communistic spirit had made law and right contemptible, and force and injustice triumphant; from fifty miles to the west, north and south, every little community along the railroads lost its roughs and desperadoes, who set out for the scene of trouble as fast as ever their legs could carry their worthless bodies; those fearful pests, the Mollie Maguires, from the near collieries came flocking in, ready to give vent in any way that might quickest offer an excuse to their murderous antagonism against capital and authority; while the tramps—those veritable guerillas forever bushwhacking on the outskirts of civilization—seemed to suddenly spring from every conceivable spot like some magical yet dangerous growth of

the night. Tramps from the mines, with dull, sodden faces; tramps from the villages, with a slinking, shamefaced amble; tramps from the oil regions, with smut, grease, and brutish ways about them; tramps from among the outlying farms, with traces of the barns and the stacks in their hair and upon their clothing, and with the air of petty chicken-thievery very marked about them; tramps from the mountains, looking hunted and wolfish—tramps of every kind and from every known and unknown nook and corner; but all, on this bright July morning, stepping out with a sprightly, elastic gait, and every one of the God-forsaken crew with their hungry faces set towards this spot, where arson, pillage, and plunder, were so soon to rule and ruin.

No violence occurred during the early part of the day, but the situation had become alarmingly threatening. It had begun to take on a communistic air. This curse of the two continents, which we of America had lightly ignored as too little a thing to demand attention, but which to-day is recognized as a subject of the gravest import, and which calls for as prompt an extermination as we would give a deadly reptile, began shaking its beastly head and raising its red hand, that its power might be known and felt.

The foolish men who had inaugurated the strike, as well as the cowardly officials who had permitted it to grow into these alarming proportions, now helplessly saw that they had unlocked the floodgates of anarchy and riot. From every quarter of the two cities men with hate in their desperate faces gathered in groups, and in low tones plotted and threatened. The slums and alleys turned out their miserable inhabitants—men with faces of brutes, women with faces of demons. Every fresh accession of communistic laborers and communistic loafers was welcomed with an intelligence only begot of murderous hate in one common purpose; every addition to the seditious crowds of still more

sedition tramps from the meadows, mountains, and mines was received with some sign of vile fellowship that ignorant envy always gives to insolent outlawry; and every sentiment of defiant turbulence was received with such a vile and devilish relish that soon each brutish lip only moved to give birth to viler cursings and deeper threats of revenge.

The streets filled up with surging masses, the morning lengthened, and an ominous dread came down upon the city. Business men who had been loud in their denunciation of the Pennsylvania Railroad now shrank within their offices and stores, regretting the criminal "sympathy" they had extended to a handful of law-breakers, out of a sickly, mawkish sentimentality, but all too late realized that the coming carnival of riot could not be checked. Miserable officials, who had played into the hands of these strikers and truckled to these lawless elements out of pure demagogism, saw that the sullen calm of midday only preceded by a few hours, at most, the time when all their power would be as naught, and the very terror they were responsible for would sweep everything before it; while all classes of citizens felt in some wild, unexplainable way that the limits of restraint were being passed, and that scenes of horror were about to be enacted. And in this state of apprehension, more painful than actual terrors, the hours of that fateful day wore on.

At eight o'clock on the previous evening, Major-General R. M. Brinton, of Philadelphia, commanding the First Division, N. G. P., received telegraphic orders from Adjutant-General Latta, who had then been in Pittsburg a few hours, to move his entire division, cavalry and artillery dismounted, to the scene of trouble, where he should report to General Pearson. Nearly one thousand men were gathered together, and this little command, having no thought of the

bloody work before them, and doubtless looking upon the event as nothing more or less than a delightful holiday excursion, left Philadelphia in the early morning of the 21st, and, after receiving ammunition at Harrisburg, reached Pittsburg at about one o'clock, having been subjected to a very few interruptions and annoyances from the strikers, who gathered, with tramps and communists, in threatening numbers at the different stations along the route.

It was noticeable, however, that after reaching the outskirts of Pittsburg the holiday feature of the excursion was suddenly changed by the jeers and howlings of the mobs gathered at Torrens, East Liberty, and Twenty-eighth Street, which were given more point and force by numberless missiles that came crashing through the car-windows. The troops were taken to the Union Depot direct, where they were all served with a hearty dinner, and the various State, military, and railroad officers took the opportunity to hold a long consultation, the result of which was a determination to attempt the moving of trains when the troops should have been got in readiness.

This decision was based on the confidence the officials felt in the moral effect that would be produced by so large a reinforcement to the Pittsburg troops and the salutary impression which would be made in the minds of the strikers by the prompt use of so large, finely-disciplined, and well equipped a body of soldiers. In any event, at promptly three o'clock the line of march was taken up, and, as the soldiers had been greatly refreshed by their timely dinner, they stepped off briskly down Liberty Street, never heeding the scowls and ribaldry of the insolent crowds, but looking straight before them, keeping true time, and every man appearing to be just what he was—a soldier ready to obey orders, wherever they might lead him.

As they neared the shops it was an imposing sight to

witness these handsome troops pushing up towards the black masses of people who sullenly confronted them. They came in columns of fours, heavy marching order, drummers on the right flank, and all so true and perfect in step, motion, and carriage that one could have easily imagined they were some bright and perfect piece of machinery which could not err in what was expected of it, and which gleamed from every part with the excellence of the metal of which it was composed. The command comprised portions of the First Regiment, Second Regiment, Sixth Regiment, Weacoe Legion, State Fencibles, Washington Greys, and a portion of the Keystone Battery, with two Gatling guns. Colonel R. Dale Benson was the ranking colonel, Major-General R. M. Brinton was in immediate command, and all were under the command of Major-General A. L. Pearson.

As this small though splendid body of troops reached their destination, and executed the preliminary evolutions necessary to taking up their positions with the skill, exactness, and ease of veterans, even this mob, confronting them with murder in their hearts and murderous weapons in their hands, could not but respond to that element in us all which gives some spontaneous evidence of admiration for that which compels us to admire, and, forgetting themselves and their animosity for a moment, broke into a ringing cheer; but in an instant more, as if ashamed of this honest tribute to gallant men, changed it to a taunting jeer, and then into a yell of defiance.

Five hundred feet from Twenty-eighth Street, and nearly opposite the lower Round-house, the temporary halt was made. In front of the command were Sheriff Fife, High Sheriff of Allegheny County; General Pearson and his Adjutant, Col. Moore; General Brinton, Generals Laud and Matthews, Mr. Cassatt, Third Vice-President, and Super-

intendent Robert Pitcairn of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

At this juncture Sheriff Fife stepped forward, and in a loud tone of voice began to read the Riot Act. He had scarcely begun, when the ridiculousness of the situation seemed to force itself upon the minds of the mob, and they hooted and jeered like a pack of Bacchanalian imps. And it *was* a ridiculous situation. Here stood several hundred troops, well disciplined, armed, and equipped, backed by the whole constituted authority of the State. On the brow of the hill was drawn up the Nineteenth Regiment, and beyond Twenty-eighth Street stood the Fourteenth, while to the right, so that its guns could sweep both Liberty and Twenty-eighth Streets, was stationed a section of the Hutchinson Battery, under the command of Captain E. Y. Breck. To oppose these forces were perhaps, at that time, five thousand men, women, and children—a low, miserable mob, which, from the indecision and leniency of the representative of the law, Sheriff Fife, could not restrain contempt for such pusillanimous action. Under such circumstances any riotous assemblage gathers strength and fury from the very scorn for whatever so weakly opposes.

Sheriff Fife was compelled to discontinue his reading. His voice could not be heard twenty feet away. With a look of despair, he put his ponderous Riot Act into his pocket, and slunk away from the spot where all of his authority did not count as even a breath of air. Vice-President Cassatt and Superintendent Pitcairn also left, returning to the Union Depot in disgust. All these things were quickly noticed, and taken up and carried from tongue to tongue with the greatest derision as the surging crowd increased. Soon an engine moved down into the mass of rebels, and at last came to a dead stop from the very density of the throng

which opposed it ; and now everything was left to the rioters and the militia.

The militia again advanced in column of fours, but slowly and steadily, like well-trained troops, and the multitude gave way as they came forward, keeping a respectful distance both in front and on the right flank, up against the hillside. When the column had nearly reached Twenty-eighth Street, the First Regiment was suddenly wheeled into line at the left, facing the Round-house, between which and the troops were collected a dense mass of the rioters, who were partially sheltered by a long line of flat cars laden with coal. This movement had the effect of partially clearing that locality, though large numbers of the mob still hid between and beneath the cars, and held their positions upon and behind them. When this much had been effected, a portion of the battalion faced about, and the ranks which now fronted the hillside marched rapidly across the tracks in that direction, and came to a halt just at the edge of a hill. In the meantime the crowd, which had swiftly grown into alarming proportions, pushed down the hill and along the tracks across Twenty-eighth Street, and began insulting the troops in every manner conceivable. They spat in their faces, hustled against them, flung dirt and gravel at them, and constantly became more and more threatening and exasperating. And let it be said for these brave men who were doing their duty, and their duty only, that they bore all this like men, hard as it was to bear, with patience and forbearance. No one but a person of the most despicable mind will attempt to take from them one iota of the just praise due them, which can only be equaled by the disgraceful stigma which must rest upon the people of Pittsburg for their ingratitude and inhumanity so long as the memory of that terrible time shall remain.

Back among the Fourteenth and Nineteenth Regiments

more disgraceful scenes were being enacted. These troops, who were in every sense of the word armed representatives of outraged law, and could not, by any bonds of relationship with or sympathy for these rioters, be relieved in the slightest degree from their duty as soldiers, permitted members of the mob to crowd in among them and hob-nob with them until their ranks were broken and scattered and their commands completely disorganized. Some were brave and true, but these were the few, who were so far outnumbered that they were utterly powerless; and in less than an hour from the time when Sheriff Fife pocketed his Riot Act and official nonentity, and crept away from the conflict he had permitted to become inevitable, these regiments had not only become utterly demoralized, but numbers of the mob had secured possession of their arms, and were quite ready for assault or defense.

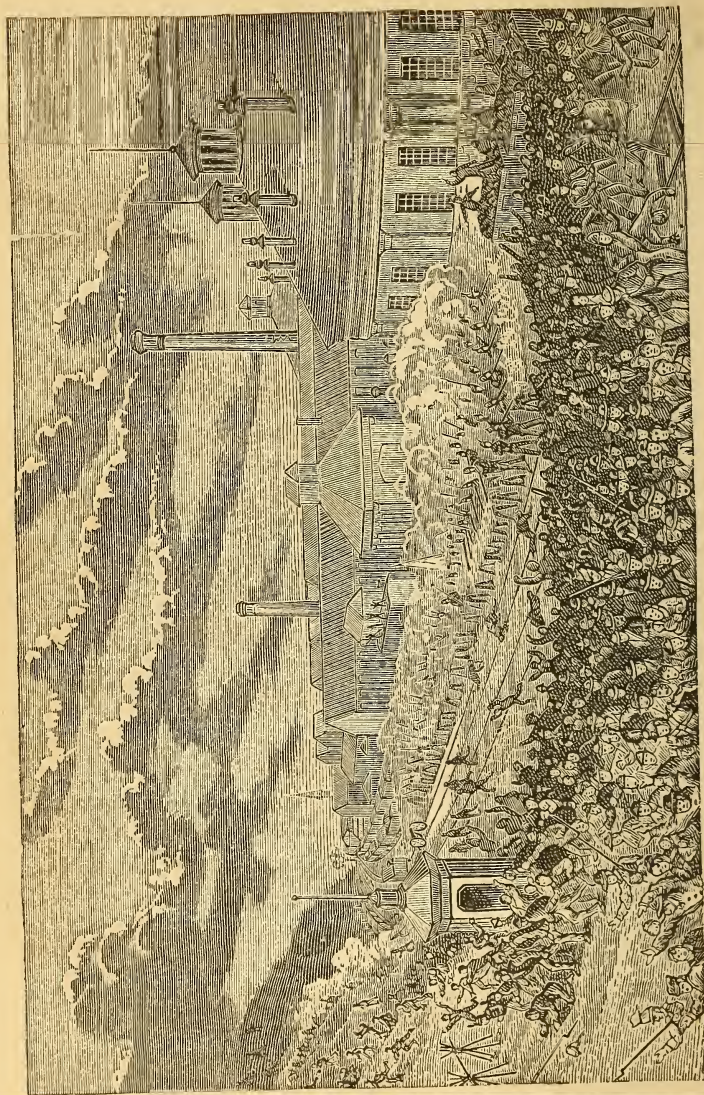
Through the open lines formed by the position taken by the members of the First Regiment, a company was brought from the rear and thrown along the open space to the west of Twenty-eighth Street. At this point General Brinton stepped to the front and personally implored the strikers to disperse, stating in the most earnest and solemn manner that they were where they were to perform an unpleasant duty, but still a duty, and that if they were attacked bloodshed would certainly ensue. This was received with sullen silence, and the crowd pressed closer down upon the drawn lines. The troops were then ordered to clear the grounds, and they advanced with guns crossed, pushing the mob before them.

A determined set of men had met a desperate set of men. For fully five minutes the soldiers slowly advanced, making but little progress in their work. The thousands of rioters behind, with yells and jeers, pushed and jammed those in front down upon the troops, who stood like a wall for a

time, never uttering a word in response to the diabolical threats of their opponents, but using all their force to keep the fiends at bay. Gradually they gained an advantage, and quietly and like veterans forced the force before them. Along this fierce double wall for a few moments not a word was uttered. Soldiers who participated assert that it was a thousand times more trying than the midst of battle. But now a striker here and a ruffian there began to grasp the guns and lay hold of the troops roughly. This was the signal for like action all along the mob's front. At this the troops were compelled to gather back, bring their arms to a charge, and use their bayonets, when a few of the rioters were wounded. In another instant, over to the left from between the cars, a pistol-shot was heard. This was followed like a flash by the discharge of other pistol-shots and showers of stones and pieces of coal from the now infuriated mob.

No order for the troops to fire upon the mob was given.

Right and left the wounded soldiers began to fall, and some one poor fellow, goaded beyond forbearance, discharged his musket. In a moment more the firing became general. The mob as hotly replied with pistols, muskets taken from the Pittsburg regiments on the hill, and every manner of missile that could be lifted or hurled. But the Philadelphia troops knew how to shoot as well as to drill. The effect of their repeated volleys was terrible. The mob retreated aghast, rallied, retreated, rallied again, and through and through their numbers the deadly bullets mowed wrinkled and crumpled swaths, until upon the hill and along the tracks the wild and frenzied rioters precipitately withdrew, carrying their dead and wounded, whose number God alone may know. But they left only to return in the blackness of the night with fury and forces increased, to bring with them arson and flame, destruction and ruin,



First Bloodshed at Pittsburgh.

until the city of Pittsburg should for a time be like some doubly accursed spot to undergo the scourge of myriads of demons from the regions infernal.

CHAPTER XX.

MEMORABLE SIEGE OF THE ROUND-HOUSE AT PITTSBURG.

No sooner had the attack on the Philadelphia troops been made, compelling them to fire with such deadly effect upon the rioters, than the members of the two Pittsburg regiments, the Fourteenth and Nineteenth, immediately threw down their arms and refused to serve further. They then freely mingled with the rioters, and by their revolutionary action certainly assisted greatly in creating the general desire for revenge upon the Quaker City militia. A few of the more patriotic, seeing that the dissolution of their commands was complete, hastily snatched up such muskets as they could secure, and put them in possession of General Brinton's force. This praiseworthy course undoubtedly prevented much bloodshed; for had the infuriated strikers been able to thoroughly arm themselves at that time, a pitched battle, in which a large number of lives would have been lost, could not but have resulted.

Having no available means of assault, and being considerably cowed by the soldierly qualities of the Philadelphia troops, the mob remained at a respectful distance after the first rapid retreat. But some strange fascination drew them again close to the men who had so effectually scattered them; and though nothing more serious came of it than a repetition on a more exasperating scale of their previous threats

and insults, they grew in numbers so rapidly, and became in so short a time such a fierce assemblage, that at about seven o'clock General Pearson ordered the brigade to retire within the yard which protected the machine-shops and Round-house grounds.

It is thought by many who witnessed this encounter between the troops and the rioters, and by many who have since given the matter thorough consideration, that had the troops been properly handled at this point in the trouble the terrors of the night and ensuing day, as well as the great loss of property, might have been prevented; and that a vigorous and determined use of the troops in following up their signal victory would have put an end to the entire disturbance. In any event, the mob had acquired a thorough respect for the force of the bullet argument.

A little incident which occurred shortly before the militia retired will illustrate the rioters' fear, although they were still insolent and threatening. In carelessly handling a musket, a soldier discharged it. Instantly the crowd broke and fled in the wildest confusion, and, in their great haste to get out of danger, tumbled the weaker ones about, and in some cases knocked down and trampled upon women and children. In fact, this single unintentional shot created a regular panic; and it may be possible that if these Philadelphia soldiers had been supported as they should have been by the demoralized Pittsburg militia, and had, with the artillery at command, taken possession of some near eminence commanding the scene of trouble, the effect of such advantage would have been to discourage the strikers and mob from further disgraceful action.

But the very best thing to be done does not always present itself at exactly the right time. General Pearson, from his two days' experience with this Pittsburg mob, felt that it was still dangerous. He saw that General Brinton's

command had been utterly deserted by the Pittsburg regiments. His thought, then, was that possibly by retiring within the machine-shop yards he might not only offer a thorough protection to the company's property, but remove the troops to a spot where their being almost entirely hid from view would greatly lessen occasion for assault and retaliation.

On the retreat of the soldiers from their position at Twenty-eighth Street, the only Pittsburgers brave or generous enough to cast their lot with the Philadelphia troops were Captain Murphy and a small command of dismounted cavalymen, and Captain Breck, in command of a section of the Hutchinson Battery. After dragging one gun into the yards, the Captain and his men returned for the other, but it was found in the possession of the mob; and it required the use of a large reinforcement to effect its capture.

At last the militia had all retired into the yards, and the gates were closed. Sentries were immediately stationed; the Gatling guns were charged and put in position; Captain Breck's guns were loaded with canister, and manned; and in a short time the place began to take on quite the appearance of a garrison in a state of siege. But it was a garrison that certainly needed revictualing, for the rioters had captured the supplies under the very eyes of the troops at about six o'clock.

A description of this place, suddenly transformed into a fortress for the protection of troops against a howling mob, will not be out of place, and will serve to give some idea of the character of a portion of the property subsequently wantonly destroyed.

Nearly all the extensive buildings were constructed of brick. The repair-shops on Liberty Street were thirteen hundred feet long, and one hundred and seventy feet wide. The round-houses were both two hundred and seventy-four

feet in diameter, with forty tracks in one and forty-four tracks in the other, and contained one hundred and twenty-five of the finest engines in use on any road in America. The car-shops consisted of a large main building, sixty-nine feet wide, with two wings, the whole being three hundred feet long. There were also a blacksmith's shop, eighty feet long and forty feet wide; a lumber-house, one hundred by fifty feet; the locomotive repair-shops, one hundred and eighty by sixty-nine feet; and the blacksmith's shop, one hundred and ten feet long. Besides these buildings, there were numberless smaller ones, used as sand-houses, oil-houses, and lumber-sheds. Every one of these buildings was filled with costly material and the accumulated conveniences of years.

But it can be imagined that the place offered welcome shelter to its hunted occupants, though they were supperless, and though, as it seemed, the hand of every man was raised against them.

Although hundreds and even thousands of the mob remained about the locality, hurling stones and shouting out vile imprecations at the pent-up troops, their determined leaders hastened into the city and fired the spirits of all their class with revenge. Every saloon in the city contained a howling mob, who drank and cursed and swore revenge. Even the dead bodies of those that had been killed at Twenty-eighth Street were shown to the excited populace as the bodies of their comrades wantonly butchered by the Philadelphia soldiery. In many well established instances these wild orators, crazed with liquor and excitement, actually gave vent to impassioned harangues over the dead, and vehemently called upon their relatives, as well as the surrounding lawless crowds, to assist in the extermination of the corraled strangers. Everybody caught the infection. Everybody denounced and threatened. There is no doubt

that these men, coming back into the city with their violent utterances, really caused the citizens of Pittsburg to believe for the time that many of their people—many of them inoffensive women and little children--had been murdered in cold blood.

Never before was there such a condition of blunder, inefficiency, and unreasoning frenzy. One word in defense of the Philadelphians would have cost the utterer, whoever he might have been or however high he might have stood in authority, his life on that night. There was no exception; and it is no wonder that riot and pillage should play carnival throughout the city when all its inhabitants, good and bad, were possessed of a common desire for the massacre of the besieged soldiers.

[It was a wild night in Pittsburg. During the supper hour there was a slight lull in the excitement, but after that time the mob had everything its own way. Not a hand was raised nor a word spoken in opposition. These hundreds of tramps and outlaws that had come down upon the city, vulture-like scenting pillage and prey, now reaped a rich harvest, and in the general fear and all absence of protection, practised their robberies and outrages with utter impunity. Great crowds surged through the streets like resistless waves, increasing as they passed from point to point, senseless and frenzied like brutes, and blinded with a common fury. Back and forth, up and down, they went and came, infusing all with the savage lawlessness, and carrying all classes before them.

It is stated on good authority that, for the forty-eight hours previous, every passenger train which came into the city brought from fifteen to fifty professional thieves. Certainly hundreds from other cities were here in herds, and the moment the fury of the mob had attained so high a pitch that its members began a search for arms to use

against the soldiery there was sufficient excuse given for robbery and pillage. Dozens of stores were entered on this pretext, and everything desirable carried off. The pawn-brokers were visited early, and everything that had not been removed or secreted was taken. The gun-stores were broken open and completely gutted. The mob, seemingly not satisfied with robbery, took particular pains to utterly destroy what could not be removed.

This disgraceful plundering was continued for hours, until the rioters, filled with liquor and made more daring from their successful defiance of all law and authority, formed in line, and headed by a brass band and carrying stolen flags, went yelling and hooting like madmen, as they really were for the time, out to wreak vengeance upon the already besieged soldiers.

Back at the shops the situation had a gloomy outlook. Here was a small body of men hemmed in on every side by ten times their number of desperate men. Scarcely one within the place knew a street of the city. They were utter strangers. They were also completely isolated. No help which could be summoned would respond. All telegrams sent from the spot to the officials at the Union Depot awakened no answer. There was no power which could aid them, for all power and authority were trampled under foot. Never were men in a more desperate strait, and never in the history of our country was there such need of brave, resolute officials, ready to shoulder the entire responsibility for prompt action, daring to do whatever was necessary to be done, even if that action should endanger their lives. All through this miserable affair were needed men of brains and personal bravery and honor; for this kind of men at the right time and in the right place are worth regiments of men after disorder and turbulence have gained the ascendancy.

It was soon seen that to escape from the place would entail great loss of life both among the troops and the mob ; and it was decided to hold the position until a convenient opportunity should present itself to permit a departure without collision ; and it was hoped that this could be effected some time during the night, when the rioters from sheer exhaustion would doubtless retire from the attack to their homes.

For the time, however, the crowd without became more persistent and reckless, and every window in any of the buildings which had been lighted was completely riddled by stones and bullets. This became almost unbearable, and General Brinton endeavored to secure General Pearson's permission to use the Gatling guns against the mob ; but this was refused. And, in justice to all concerned, it is my duty to state, what has been fully demonstrated as true, that neither were these terrible engines of destruction used at this time, during the attack of the mob at Twenty-eighth Street, nor at any other time and place during this day and night of peril.

The necessity for ammunition and provisions becoming more and more apparent, at about ten o'clock General Pearson volunteered to go in person in search of some source of assistance, and, accompanied by two of his staff officers, sallied forth from the shops in full uniform. It would seem almost miraculous that the trio were not discovered and killed. They walked along boldly and openly between the long lines of freight cars, where hundreds of the mob were approaching or retreating from the scene of excitement, and where already scores of thieves were initiating their work of plunder. But no man said aught to them nor did any one appear to notice them. Not until the General had reached the Union Depot, and found Adjutant-General Latta in his apartment, did he understand the great

danger through which he had passed. General Latta then told him that every room in the hotel had been searched by the mob, who were determined on lynching him if they could find him, and then insisted that he should depart from the hotel immediately. General Pearson did so, leaving his two aids with the Adjutant-General, and telling him where he could be found should he be wanted.

So ended General Pearson's connection with this deplorable affair. He had the misfortune to be placed in a position where he was certain to fall between double censure. The Philadelphia troops hated him because they felt that he favored the mob and shirked his duty. Pittsburg people can never forgive him for leading the troops against their ruffians.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the motley army of rioters, with flags flying and drums beating, reinforced the besiegers of the Philadelphia soldiery. To those within the doomed buildings the sight was anything but reassuring. They were already beset on every hand, and the light from the burning cars which had been fired nearly an hour previous along the track, both above and below them, cast such a lurid glare on the attacking forces in the streets, in the gorges, and upon the hillsides that, in the lights and shadow, their number seemed to be increased until not only every point from which assault could be made, but every shadowy lurking-place, appeared to hold innumerable furies.

The drunken rioters seemed beside themselves with rage, and shouted themselves hoarse with threats and imprecations. The chief fury seemed aimed at General Pearson, and from one far point to another within the circle of attack there would burst forth the threatening song to the tune of that immortal melody of "John Brown :"

We'll hang General Pearson on a sour-apple tree
As we go marching on !

Again and again was this repeated in all possible variety that might indicate the hate of the rioters and give emphasis to their determination to utterly exterminate their soldier enemies.

But the mob did not stop at singing. They began a regular fusilade from every available point, and though they kept up a rapid firing for some time, they were at a disadvantage. The troops were protected and were far the better marksmen. They did not wantonly fire upon their assaulters, but they compelled respect for the "dead-line" which they established, and it was fatal for a rioter, however daring, to cross that. But no man was fired upon until after due warning had been given. A stern voice would shout "Go away from there!" when, if the order was not heeded, there would follow the ominous words, "One!"—"Two!"—"Three!" the sharp report of a gun, and the ringing "Ping!" of a bullet.

The attempt to dislodge the troops by musketry fire was fruitless, and strategy of a more desperate nature was now resorted to. The rioters could not scare the troops out, and they now proposed to burn them out!

No time was lost in putting this diabolical plan into execution. Suddenly a wild yell, that could be heard for miles, fell upon the ears of the dismayed soldiers, and in a few moments more, rushing down the track came a great cloud of flame and smoke. But the burning oil-car had gained such momentum that it swept by like some fearful fiery monster. This seemed to rouse the rioters to fiercer exertions, and with another unearthly yell, another burning car was shot out on its mission of destruction. Generals Brinton and Laud had broken into the cellar underneath the Superintendent's building, and procured a heavy beam, which they caused to be thrown across the track. The first burning car pushed this aside. Then, headed by General Laud, a

detachment of soldiers threw open the gates, and, in the face of a hot musketry-fire, rolled several car-wheels upon the tracks to prevent the passage of the cars. The second car was in this way thrown from the track. In rapid succession the rioters now sent burning cars whirling down the tracks until a regular blockade of raging flames was formed. From this the fire spread to the "sand-house," a large building near the Round-house.

It was a question now of fighting fire as well as the mob. Large numbers of the rioters had ensconced themselves in the upper rooms of the houses at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street, and among the piles of lumber in that vicinity, and were pouring in a steady fire of bullets from every available point. The flames were fast spreading. Something must be done. In response to a call for volunteers to fight the flames, a member of the Philadelphia regiment, a fireman, and Orderly Wigmore, attached to General Brinton's staff, stepped forward and fixed a hose to a hydrant. They then fought the flames nobly, although exposed to the rioters' musketry, until the conflagration had been nearly subdued in that quarter. But the work of destruction went on, and soon the shops were on fire at the upper end, from contact with the burning cars, but burned slowly from being held in check by the strenuous efforts of the soldiers.

All these savage endeavors to dislodge the Philadelphians proving unavailing, a still more desperate measure was resorted to. A number of the mob were sent back into the city to sack the arsenal of the Hutchinson Battery, on Duquesne Way, and two guns, with a large amount of ammunition, were secured. Another detachment captured three cannon in Allegheny City; but the latter were abandoned, as the improvised force could not handle them. One gun captured on Duquesne Way was also abandoned; so that but one was left for use. But this one was dragged to a

convenient point on the hillside, loaded to the muzzle with spikes and car-links, and a desperate effort was made to use this new and formidable weapon against the troops, who had by this time—about three o'clock in the morning—been driven by the flames into the lower part of the shops and the Round-house.

General Brinton now saw that the situation demanded a use of the most extreme means at command. It was a question of life or death to himself and his men; and he immediately ordered a detachment of sixty-five of his troops to open fire upon these wild cannoneers. As every soldier aimed to kill, the first volley brought down several of the rioters, who fell across the trail of the gun, upon the wheels, and in every direction upon the earth about the grim cannon. With a yell of baffled rage, the mob retreated slowly, carrying away a number of their dead and wounded. An ominous silence followed, but, like some venomous reptiles out of the darkness, soon there were seen creeping on their bellies along the ground towards the gun several of these furies, who seemed determined at any cost to compass the destruction of the Round-house and its inmates. But these brave fellows were treated to a like reception by the militia, who were now quite as desperate as their assailants. And yet another and a more reckless attempt was made, with a heroism worthy of a better cause—a heroism and bravery whose like has rarely been seen. But the only result of repeated attack was repeated defeat, and the dead bodies piled about the frowning gun as a dreadful monument to the valiant and heroic attempts of the rioters in an utterly murderous cause.



Futile attempt of the mob to cannonade the Pittsburgh Round-house during the night of the Great Riot.

CHAPTER XXI.

RETREAT, DEFEAT, AND SLAUGHTER.

From the hour of the slaughter around the cannon—which was never discharged by that mob—until the day came to reveal the extent of the sickening incendiarism and destruction already done, no marked incident occurred to change the aspect of affairs at the besieged Round-house. Scattering volleys were kept up from attacking parties, who began to realize that these men who were penned up like a herd of sheep were quite as determined as themselves. Their movements were therefore conducted with greater caution. They began to see that there was no special glory in firing away for hours with no results, besides quite often losing one of their own number, who fell from the more experienced aim of the fortified and well protected soldiers.

A mob is only successful in a grand rush. Its members are only animated by a savage excitement, and when that excitement passes away, or for any reason the mob becomes scattered, all its force and power are gone. It is but the growth of a moment. It is disrupted quite as quickly.

As soon as it was ascertained that no wild, savage thing could be done which would have the effect of dislodging the soldiers, the crowd began to dwindle, and by morning had become comparatively insignificant. In fact, the besiegers had become exhausted and defeated, and had retired to concoct other diabolical schemes, not only against the troops, but the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who

were charged with all the misfortunes their own foolishness had brought upon them.

Within the Round-house the scene was a peculiar one. The lights had been put out, and, although from the outside the building looked silent, gloomy, and untenanted, save where an occasional musket-flash shot from some dark window, the flames from the flaming cars and burning shops caused a ruddy glow to penetrate the entire interior, and gave to the troops quite a picturesque aspect.

Here were artillerymen leaning upon their loaded guns, and, without a word and scarcely a motion, waiting in breathless expectancy for some occurrence which would for the first time try their metal. There, were sentries steadily pacing their tiresome beats, soldierly and patient in everything save an occasional look of anxious inquiry as they met and separated. At another point were companies in line at parade rest, ready at a moment's notice for conflict if it should come, tired and exhausted, but all wearing an air of apprehension. Over at the windows, but carefully availing themselves of the protection of the huge walls, and never exposing themselves to needless danger, were details of men guarding all approaches so that no sudden assault could be successfully effected, and with watchful, wary eyes looking out for any movement which might indicate the inauguration of some new and still more daring plan of attack. In another place a small hospital had been improvised, and two slightly wounded men—the only two soldiers that were hurt during the entire Round-house siege—were having their injuries attended to. Here and there little parties, off duty for the time being, were munching scraps of food lingering at the bottoms of their haversacks, and in subdued tones, almost as if in the presence of death, speaking with grave thoughtfulness of the sad scenes which had so startlingly been presented in that previous fateful twenty-four

hours since they had left their homes and friends in Philadelphia. Apart from their commands, and with less nervousness but more real gravity and anxiety, were gathered little knots of officers, who were looking very manfully, as if they held the situation lightly and easily, but really by their noticeable efforts showing truly the desperateness of the besieged command's condition; while in the Shop-Superintendent's building the more important staff and field officers were holding a final consultation.

It became apparent about half-past six o'clock that the position could be held no longer. Already the flames had crept and crowded down along the buildings, destroying one by one the splendid shops in their progress, and had now reached so near a point that their proximity was rapidly becoming dangerous. Besides this grave danger another, still more grave and terrible, was imminent. As the morning advanced the return of the persistent and fiendish besiegers of the night, their forces largely increased by those who had not participated in the night attack, could be at any time expected.

Soon the word was quietly passed for the troops to prepare for the evacuation of the now burning Round-house. And officers of the different commands have since related that the eyes of these hunted men lighted up with new fire at this welcome intelligence, which promised *something*, however dangerous it might be, different from being trapped like so many rats, to perish by hunger and stray bullets on the one hand, or by the flames on the other.

As before stated, the entire command were strangers to Pittsburg and vicinity, save Captain Breck and his men, who were ordered to return to the Union Depot; and General Brinton was obliged to avail himself of the first volunteer who seemed to have a knowledge of the streets and localities. This happened to be Captain Murphy, though,

in justice to these men, it should be said that any one of them would have shown the same bravery if he had had the same information. General Brinton's object now was as every other means of succor had failed, to reach the Government Arsenal, where, he felt certain, such assistance for self, if not other, protection would be granted as would enable his men to escape extermination at the hands of a people who were so crazed with senseless rage and excitement that authority was trampled under foot by unbridled license.

By this time the troops were literally surrounded by fire. The burning cars were piled thick on both sides of the yards, the buildings in the yards were all a mass of flames, and the fire was already blazing and crackling above their heads in the Round-house roof, occasionally sending down among them rosy showers of sparks and cinders as a warning that departure must be immediate. An effort to get Captain Breck's two cannon out of the place proved fruitless, and they were accordingly spiked. Then the troops endeavored to get the Gatling guns out under the burning cars on Liberty Street, but found this impossible; and they were taken back and removed through the Twenty-fourth Street gate.

Everything being in readiness, the order for the advance was given, and by columns of four, like veterans on drill, the retreat was begun. There never was a finer instance of soldierly bearing under disheartening circumstances; and it is said of these men, by many who saw them sally forth from the doomed building, that their appearance was simply superb. There was not a laggard or a coward among them.

In the exit some delay was necessary; during the same, there were formed some interesting and picturesque situations. One is especially worthy of mention. The Phil-

adelphia First Regiment was the last body of importance to leave the burning Round-house, though Nicholas Meyers, "No. 2," one of Captain Breck's gunners, was really the last man in the place, and he in a sort of daring bravado had run the gauntlet of the flames to procure a canteen dropped by one of the soldiers in advance.

But the Philadelphia First stood there, with the handsome and gallant Colonel Benson at their head, a most beautiful picture to look upon. There they stood at a parade rest, but with never a motion or a word. Colonel Benson, at their head, with arms folded and one hand twirling his huge mustache, looked down along the lines with a face beaming with pride and gratification at the nerve, discipline, and superb bearing of his men. The flames raged above their heads, and the soldiers were constantly being struck by burning cinders, while the heat from above, either side, and behind was becoming more and more intense. It almost seemed that the regiment's leader *knew* that it was an unusually trying spot for his men, and that he held them there, even longer than necessary, to try their nerve and grit. But they were as self-possessed and quiet as at a dress parade or in a ball-room. Finally the passage-way to and through the gates was clear, and the order for moving came.

"Battalion, shoulder arms!"

A series of muffled clickings, the gleaming of the muskets, the quick flutter of the hands and arms; and then silence again. Colonel Benson's keen eye scanned the whole line for a moment, while every man's face seemed to speak back a quick recognition to good leadership while promising manful, soldierly obedience. Then came the order:

"Forward! double quick, march!"

Out like a flash they shot from the Round-house and its terrors into the gleam of the morning sunlight

Tramp, tramp, tramp ! as regular and true as the swing of a pendulum, and the quick time of this human machinery was kept up until it had overtaken and linked itself to the line of troops like a blue ribbon streaming on beyond.

But a few blocks brought them into Pennsylvania Avenue.

Into this street the column turned as prettily and as true as if the officers in command were merely giving their men a little airing between reveille and breakfast. On they went, unmolested, and like phantom soldiery in some silent city, for not a half hundred people were met, or were visible, during the first half-mile's march.

It was Sunday morning in Pittsburg. The hills were as grand, the rivers as bright, the city as populous as ever. To have been with these troops for this first half-mile, one would have imagined that the quiet which seemed to rest upon the town at every hand was the usual quiet of the Sabbath. But it was a quiet and stillness of more deadly meaning.

Soon along the line of march soldiers noticed that windows began to be raised. Late sleepers pushed their frowsty heads out into the open air, and either looked on the moving lines of soldiery with a manner of half-awake and curious inquiry, or suddenly darted back into the house and slammed down the sash with a crash that betokened some newly-formed determination. Little groups of half-dressed men and women—women with looks of hate in their faces, and men with the certain manner of having been suddenly awakened from a drunken stupor—began to gather at corners, troop out of alleys and courts, or to rush down from side streets, and then quickly separate to return to their dens with some determined purpose, or remain and help swell the increasing numbers that began to fall into line and follow the retreating soldiers.

The crowd increased and increased. The same faces that had glared and spat upon the soldiers at Twenty-eighth Street; the same voices which, the evening before, had been heard crying for revenge over the dead bodies of the rioters; the same grim forms and faces that nearly everywhere appeared around the Round-house for nearly all that long night, and who crept like serpents out of the darkness in their desperate attempts to fire the cannon, could be seen and heard. The same thieves and thugs, loafers and gar-roters, tramps and communists—not all of them, but very many of them—were there, and began to gain upon the soldiers, as well as swiftly increase in numbers; while the same oaths, and threats, and jeers began to be heard. It was the same fiendish crowd, and they had come together like a swift breath of pestilence to do over and over again their same fiendish work.

Suddenly a little puff of smoke shot out from a second-story window, followed by a ringing report and a quick cry from a soldier who had been struck, but not dangerously wounded.

Back along the column came the officers, exhorting the men to be patient and not return the fire.

The speed of the troops increased. The energy of the mob redoubled. The pistol-shot from the window seemed almost a signal, for instantly afterwards, from along the crowd's front, several more shots were fired, and but a few minutes more had elapsed, until from behind every lamp-post, over every hydrant-head, and from out every door and window, shot the flame, shot the smoke, the flame and the bullets.

Soldiers fell; and now their comrades returned the fire, while, as in every other instance, the disorganized, howling mob received far the worst punishment. Some of the wounded soldiers would escape with their lives through the

devices, and at the personal risk, of humane people along the street who gave them help and shelter. Others, not so fortunate, were heartlessly murdered when too helpless for defense.

On and on the soldiers fled, for now the street had become a defile of death. Soon a street-car was overtaken, the horses unhitched, and dozens of strong men gathered behind and pushed it on up the track, while armed members of the mob, accompanied by armed policemen, entered the car and fired upon the troops through the windows. Many hand-to-hand conflicts took place, in which the troops, as a rule, were beaten back in greater precipitancy upon the column, adding fresh impetus of flight to the panic-stricken soldiers and fresh vigor and fury to the mob.

In this way the rout went on—the crowd behind receiving additions at every cross-street, court, and alley, the soldiers harder pressed and in a more desperate, pitiable condition.

At last the Arsenal came in view.

What a cheer went up from these hunted men as the bright folds of that grand American flag were seen opening and closing with the lazy morning breeze.

On they sped, now more hopefully, for here would be found protection, or at least opportunity beneath that flag for self-protection, but the murderous mob pushed on, and pressed upon the soldiers more sorely and savagely.

Reaching the Arsenal, General Brinton halted his fainting, half-starved troops, and begged of Major Buffington, the commandant, for their admission, protection, and for food.

But the red tape that seems to be wound tightly around the throats of all governments, republican as well as monarchical, shut the strong gates in the faces of these men who

Murderous and cowardly assault on the retreating Philadelphia troops at Pittsburgh



had been sent into danger by the highest authority of the State and had simply done their duty.

The continued retreat from this, the most disgraceful of scenes during the Pittsburg riot, was simply one grand rush for some place of safety.

Each soldier ran on his own account, but they all kept a general direction, the mob, having spent its fury, falling back, and in time returning to the city with shouts of victory, not forgetting to cheer the generous and gallant United States troops at the Arsenal for their brave rebuff of the hunted and dismayed militia.

The latter made no halt until the shady grounds at Claremont—nearly twelve miles away—were reached, when the Philadelphians sank upon the ground, nearly famished, and utterly exhausted, where they slept the rest of the day and away into the night.

CHAPTER XXII.

RIOT AND PILLAGE AT PITTSBURG.

I HARDLY believe that the vast destruction which followed the bloodshed at Pittsburg was due to a preconcerted plan by any number of the rioters. Nor do I believe that many of the trainmen were in any way connected with this incendiarism. My own investigations have convinced me of this. All the vicious elements conceivable were gathered in Pittsburg, and all that was wanted by these hundreds of outlaws and villains was the occasion for pillage. The occasion came in the persistency of the strikers, the malignity of Pittsburg citizens towards the Pennsylvania Railroad Com-

pany, the weakness of the officials of the law, the disloyalty of the Pittsburg militia, and, finally, the unfortunate manner in which the Philadelphia soldiers were handled.

The cars were first fired, not for the purpose of plunder, but simply for the purpose of burning out the troops. The hundreds of thieves, communists, and tramps, too cowardly to fight, but just shrewd enough to be on hand for prey, were ready to take advantage of any opportunity, and were soon among the mob, urging its members to greater excesses. This pillaging really began when the gun-stores were broken into, and the cars were fired, Saturday evening.

The thieving elements used their opportunities to excellent advantage when the mob was surging through the business part of the city, but as soon as the crowd rushed out to the night attack upon the militia the excitement was transferred, and the thieves were obliged to follow in the wake of the rioters. When the latter began the work of destruction in the vicinity of the Round-house a still better and more profitable field of operations was offered.

Here were several lines of freight-cars extending for miles in either direction. Nearly every car was laden with freight. These cars contained goods of every conceivable description, and many classes were very valuable. The desperate and drunken crew that sent these flaming cars crushing down against the doomed machine-shops, with only the one fiendish purpose of roasting out their enemies like so many rats, had no thought, at least not at that time, of demeaning their desperate valor by despicable thieving; but no sooner had the destruction of railroad property begun than not only professional thieves, but that large class which remain honest only through fear that their dishonesty may be exposed and punished, gave unbridled license to themselves, and vied with more hardened villains in their efforts to secure plunder.

During the night the pillaging was continued, but with some caution, as in the vicinity of the Round-house, although abundant opportunity was presented, the utter recklessness with which bullets flew about made such work very dangerous. But from the time the besiegers of the Round-house were driven away from the cannon with such slaughter that the attack was really from that time abandoned, the robbery of private dwellings in the city, and the plundering of freight-cars by professional thieves was carried on quietly, but with great energy.

When the mob returned from its victorious expulsion from Pittsburg of the panic-stricken militia, the work of destruction and pillage was set on foot in earnest. This season of outlawry had no shadow of excuse. The scenes of the previous night might possibly be slightly palliated when the terrible punishment given the rioters by the troops is taken into consideration; but the arson, pillage, and debauch of Sunday, July 22d, was heartlessly wanton and cruel.

By nine o'clock it seemed that the entire population of the city had turned out to participate in the wild orgies. The work of firing cars, which had never been entirely discontinued from the moment it was begun, was resumed with greater vigor than ever. Those bent on destruction merely were entirely in accord with those who sought plunder. Reputable citizens of the city had no word of reproof for the outrages, and, in many instances, heartily joined in denunciations of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, gave expressions to regret that the slaughter of the Philadelphia troops had not been complete, and by word, manner, and act gave countenance and favor to the half-crazed mob, and, consequently, its almost unequalled diabolical proceedings. Every street seemed filled with all manner of people who had utterly lost their senses, or conscience, in the great wave of wretched turbulence which swept over the city.

Law officers were ignored. The police were despised. If occasionally a man of consideration and thought for the future was met with, his exhortations were utterly unheeded, or he was instantly set upon by ruffians and compelled to subside, generally with some mark of brute force upon him for his pains. If Pittsburg had any government during these thirty-six hours of bloodshed and villainy, it was as dead to all appeals of outraged decency, all local pride or honor, and all consideration of future disgrace and responsibility, as though it never had had an existence.

During the entire forenoon the incendiarism went on without interruption, and at the entire pleasure of the mob. At least thirty thousand people were crowded along Liberty Street, and upon the hillsides, watching the disgraceful proceedings with the utmost indifference or complacency. Although at first the rougher elements controlled this work, but a short time had elapsed before the cupidity of others was so aroused that it required no urging for them to join in the thievery, and soon nearly all classes of citizens were engaged in securing and carrying away every article of value that could be laid hold of, even if they did not commit any overt acts of incendiarism and destruction.

In fact, the worst feature of the Pittsburg riots was not in the insane fury of the mobs—for it is true of all riots that they increase in violence in proportion to the opportunities for license and lawlessness—nor was the most shameful part of the matter in the want of judgment shown by the troops and their leaders. It is the miserable failure of the authorities to make, for a period of twenty-four hours, the slightest effort against the mob, and the utter carelessness of thousands of citizens who stood by and looked on all this wanton destruction in open-mouthed listlessness, or downright sympathy with it, rather glorying than otherwise in the slaughter of both innocent and guilty, absolutely regard-

less of the degradation of their city, and throughout exercising so complete an indifference to the terrible scenes which were enacted, that it is hard to realize how such action is consistent with even the least degree of personal pride or good citizenship.

To the credit of the Pittsburg fire department it must be said that all through this trouble its members were prompt to respond to calls upon them. If the police force, headed by a mayor of determination, nerve, and personal bravery, had sustained these men, an incalculable amount of property would have been saved. But at every point where they endeavored to be of service the mob beat them away with threats and violence. In many instances cocked revolvers were presented at their heads, and they were compelled to discontinue all efforts to stay the conflagration under pain of instant death. The rioters coolly informed the firemen that they would be allowed to save all private property, but that they had determined to destroy all property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and should persevere in this determination until not one vestige remained. In several localities where the firemen made strenuous efforts to subdue the flames they were beaten back by the rioters, and then were provided with a detail from the mob, whose duties were to see that no further aid came to the railroad company from this direction.

In this way the entire forenoon was passed with no abatement to the fury and savageness of the destroyers. The long lines of cars extending east from the already destroyed shops were opened, robbed, and burned at the leisure of the mob, which now comprised nearly every man, woman, or child in that rather squalid section of the city; while further west, above the smoking ruins of the shop, hundreds and even thousands were engaged in applying the torch, rifling the cars, or scrambling back and forth for booty.

It is not exaggeration to say that hundreds, who never before in all their lives had appropriated a pin's worth of property not their own, were now turned thieves. It is a fact which transpired in subsequent necessary investigations pursued by me through my operatives, that many families, who would in ordinary circumstances scorn the thought of such acts, were engaged to the last member in this nefarious work.

"Why, it will burn if we don't take it!" they would reason, and after this easy method of satisfying their consciences, all their energies would be bent on plunder.

Enough instances of the ferociousness, as well as the absurdity and ridiculousness of these half-mad people could be related to fill a book. Greed, avarice, fiendishness, were all displayed.

The worst passions that can give humans the action and expression of demons seemed to possess all.

During the terrible experiences of the overwhelming calamity which overtook Chicago, nothing occurred which could approach the horrible display of the vilest of human passions as shown at Pittsburg. At Chicago there was an appalling sublimity in the very vastness of the disaster. At Pittsburg there were lurid flames and mad destruction, and half the populace turned brutish criminals. At Chicago there were a hundred thousand flame-scourged people madly escaping with their bare lives from an all-consuming conflagration, of whose cause they were utterly innocent. At Pittsburg, thousands upon thousands goaded on the flames, and, quite as remorseless in their greed for plunder, became for the time being like demons.

Save where a few innocent persons were killed at the different attacks upon the troops, there was no pathetic side to this Pittsburg business; and when half the inhabitants of a populous city turn plunderers, because they fancy they

have some dim sort of grievance against a railway company there is quite as little opportunity for romance.

But there was much that was grotesque beyond description; much that had a grim and horrible sort of humor in it; and much that illustrates the utter absurdity of human nature when it has been transformed, in some swift and reckless way, into most inhuman nature.

From one end of the miles of cars to the other, these scenes of robbery and arson went on. Many who were not professional thieves were found able to open cars quite as expertly. All manner of artisans from the great factories and mills were foremost in this work, and great bars of iron or sledge-hammers that an ordinary man could not wield were brought into requisition, and the car-doors crushed from their fastenings as readily as if they had been made of paper. Often, when these implements were not at hand, a huge piece of timber, or even a car-rail taken from the track with the dexterity which showed the plunderers to be extremely familiar with railway construction, or destruction, were brought into requisition, and with a "Heave-ho!" was sent crashing against a car-door, and in a moment after a dozen men would be inside, breaking open packages, and throwing their contents out into the waiting throngs, who fought over them like hungry animals over bits of food, and then bore them away.

The faces of these tramps who had stepped out so briskly from anywhere and everywhere, and had come down upon Pittsburg like vultures scenting prey, were easily recognizable here, and they now wore a very joyous, happy expression, for those vagabonds were in their element. In some places they could be seen carefully looking over goods to secure the choicest and most valuable, and then, after what pleased them most had been found, making up snug, tidy bundles for the better enjoyment of the summer and autumn

experiences among the highways and byways. They never did anything with undue haste, for tramps never hurry. Some were seen in cars, coolly divesting themselves of the tattered garments which they had slept in under hedge and in barns and stacks for the whole summer, and leisurely arraying themselves with complete outfits, so that when they emerged from cover, the tramps in them had almost entirely disappeared, and they were transformed into real Gypsy gentlemen.

Professional thieves from a distance, and professional Pittsburg thieves, kept steadily at the work of spoliation as coolly and quietly as an honest man would pursue his accustomed daily labor; peering into boxes here, searching through packages there; but almost ignoring the more bulky and less valuable articles, and going straight into the things which would pay best to handle, with that keen, natural, and acquired intelligent habit, that would almost give one ignorant of their character the impression that they were some skilled railroad employees who had been given orders to save for the company what was most desirable to be saved.

But the great mass of the rioters, and respectable people suddenly turned frantic with greed and the common excitement, went at the work in a fierce and bungling manner. It was a mad scramble for everything and anything which could be carried away. As usual in such cases, the least valuable was lost and the most useless secured. The scenes which occurred amongst this class of plunderers beggar description.

At one point near where a good deal of killing had been done the previous day, and where a building at the corner of the streets not only was completely riddled with bullets, but bore evidence of the earnest efforts in behalf of religion by the Young Men's Christian Association in the

shape of a poster upon which was placarded the startling warning :

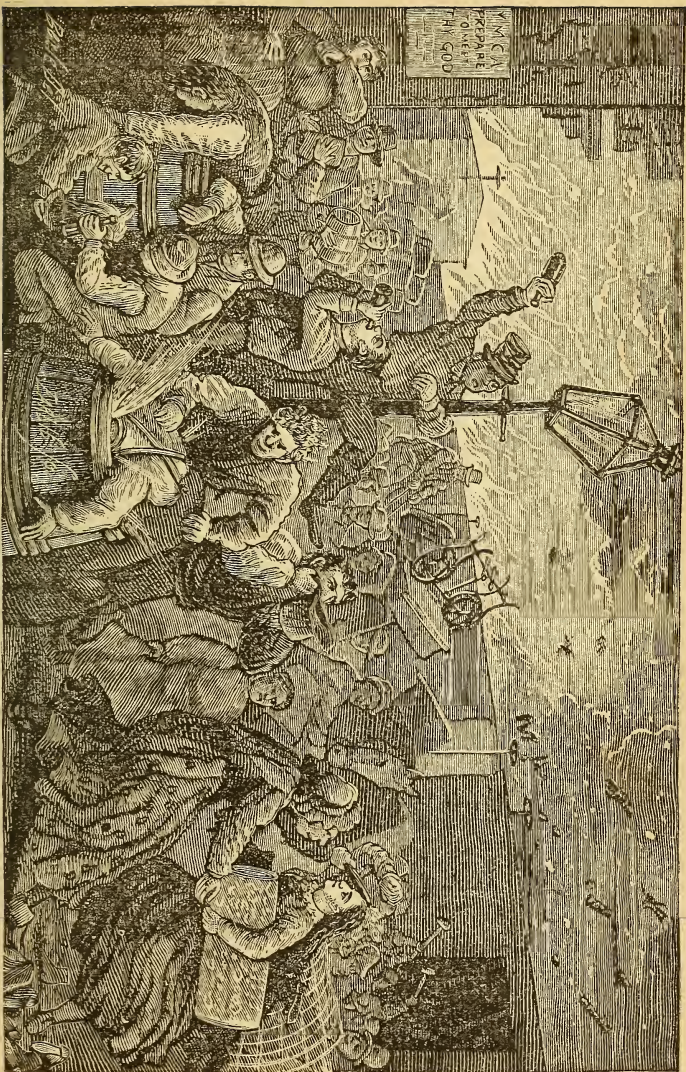
PREPARE
TO MEET
THY GOD!

was noticed a characteristic sight.

Across the street stood long lines of freight-cars, some already pillaged and burning, and others being robbed by the mob, and still others being broken open by sledge-hammers and any other means that came to hand. Between these and the shops opposite was a dense crush of wagons loaded down with spoils, their drivers cursing and the horses plunging about madly ; hucksters' carts, filled with every imaginable kind of goods ; and every describable kind of a vehicle, even to buggies and carriages, all packed with stolen goods, and everybody crazy with the common excitement, some pushing one way, some crowding another way ; and all knocking down and trampling under foot any weaker one who might obstruct them. On the corner, and immediately beneath the solemn warning about preparing to meet one's God, had been rolled two barrels of whisky that had been removed from the burning cars.

Around these were crowded all manner of men, women, and children ; one man was lying drunk across a barrel, while others were catching the liquor which spurted from the bung-hole either in bottles or in their hands, while hags of women with ribald oaths and drunken leers wiped their mouths with apparent relish after draughts of the fiery liquid, and shouted to others near them or far away in drunken, noisy hilarity. Not four feet away stood another barrel of whisky with the head burst in, from which the rioters scooped up the liquor in their hats, in cups, or in any vessel which could be captured from any source, while just

Drunken orgies and pillaging at Pittsburgh.



above it there stood a ruffian on a hydrant-head with his arm about a lamp-post whooping and hallooing under the broken lamp in a kind of satanic glee. One poor devil who had lost his hat, and could not procure a cup or other article with which to get a drink, endeavored to reach down into the barrel with his head and drink the tempting whisky as from a spring, when one of the mob, in a kind of desperate spirit of deviltry, caught him up bodily and dashed him head foremost into the fiery stuff, which splashed right and left in all directions. The party suffering this kind of spiritual baptism for once in his life got enough liquor and laid senseless in the gutter next to the curbing nearly all day. All about this spot, where people could get their fill of whisky for the asking or the taking, most wretched scenes of violence and ruffianism took place. Tearing along the street would come a knot of fellows hitting and striking everybody that opposed them. Another squad of the same sort from another direction would meet them, and then the progress of either party depended on the time it required to defeat the other. Men driving wagons loaded with plunder would be knocked off of their loads, when some daring fellow would take possession, drive the load of stuff to his own premises, or sell it at auction to respectable people for anything from five dollars to twenty.

Irish and Americans, negroes and Jews—all classes, and all nationalities—commingled, and were equally guilty and equally ferocious.

It was a common sight to see a knot of women fighting like furies over the slightest thing of value. One loaded down with muslins, shoes, hoop-skirts, everything that she could grab and hold, would meet another returning for more plunder, when the latter, probably thinking that it would pay better to take part of this woman's load than to waste time in procuring a supply from the cars, would in-

stantly assault her for that purpose. A regular hand-to-hand fight would then occur, which usually would result in drawing several bystanders into the *mêlée*, when a third party, watching a good opportunity, would make way with the easily gained booty. There seemed no exception to this wild desire to plunder and destroy, and the least possible look, word, or act precipitated a brawl; while in hundreds of instances, where after hours of herculean labor had been expended in securing and hiding the goods, those too timid to participate in the wild scenes along the track, but who had their cupidity aroused by the general thievery, would watch the stowing away of articles until a fine store had been secured, when they would steal them and secrete them, and others would in turn appropriate them. There are authenticated instances where goods pillaged from the railroad company in this way changed hands from three to seven times.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

THESE incidents seemed also to illustrate every form of human inconsistency.

To notice how wildly desperate these people were, without any imaginable occasion for it, was laughable in the extreme. There was no opposition to the plunder by the authorities. Any person could take whatever best suited him or her. And yet every soul seemed wild with a desire to secure all, and more, than they could carry away, or secrete, after they had secured it. Again, the most utter foolishness was shown in selection of plunder.

A shoemaker in Virgin Alley expended all his ready money in having hauled to his little shop load after load of rolling-pins. Every nook and cranny was filled with these articles useful to housewives, but so useless to shoemakers, and days after, when stolen goods were being hunted up, this valiant knight of St. Crispin was found pegging away for dear life, with an innocent look on his face, and seated on a brand-new bench constructed out of a commodious dry-goods box solidly packed with rolling-pins. What purpose this industrious shoemaker could ever have with a half thousand rolling-pins would require more than a detective to discover.

A persistent Irish woman distinguished herself and did honor to the physical prowess of her sex, which always asserts itself strongly on great occasions, in the following manner. She was laboring along under a load of plunder, when she was set upon by a gang of rowdies, who out of pure mischief deprived her of her treasure and flung the different articles in every direction. They were all, of course, instantly appropriated by others. But a string of shoes which the old lady had evidently set her heart upon retaining had been tossed high in the air by one of her tormentors, and in falling had caught upon the wires within a foot or two of a telegraph pole. This Hibernian lady's disappointment and rage knew no bounds; but after relieving herself of a string of epithets which would have put a fishwoman to shame, she sprang forward, climbed the telegraph pole with the dexterity of a monkey, secured the shoes, slid down the pole as carelessly as a sailor, and bore her trophy victoriously away amid the laughter and yells of the mob.

One honest citizen, not so spiritually as spirituously inclined, by dint of splendid industry secured three barrels of whisky and rolled them all to his house, over two miles

from the place where they were taken. The entire Sunday was thus consumed ; but the most important feature of the enterprise was, how to hide the treasure. After various expedients had been unsuccessfully tried, the well was thought of, and one whole barrel was lowered into it. But it was found that this was impracticable, when the entire family hunted up a carload of crockery, and sixty jugs were filled with whisky and lowered into the well. What liquor could not thus be disposed of was used to enliven the hearts of neighbors ; the barrel-staves were burned ; but some tell-tale hoops remained, which led to the recovery of this, under the circumstances, most valuable well.

Four negroes, who, if they had rightly directed their energies, might have stowed away enough of the necessities of life to have permitted them to quietly toast their heels at some sable washerwoman's fireside all winter, found what they felt certain was a great prize. It was nicely boxed, was heavy, and a hasty investigation showed them that there was considerable gilt and glitter about it. That was enough for the darkies. They worked like heroes through the burning cars ; struggling along across the tracks with great beads of perspiration streaming from their sooty faces. Through the uproar, losing and recapturing their heavy load a dozen times, they crossed the tracks and valiantly began the ascent of the hill. This herculean feat was finally accomplished, and the prize shoved, rolled, and carried to the cabin of one of the party. On opening the box these four negroes were plunged in despair.

They had stolen a small church organ, and had forgot to bring along a church !

One burly female, who had been an honest sewing-woman all her life perhaps up to this time, became crazed with the common fever for plundering, and seeking through and through the different jams of cars which were being pillaged,

she finally pounced upon the things she sought. When this much was done there was an exhibition of strength worthy of record. At one effort she shouldered what seemed to be a very heavy sewing-machine, and staggered through the throngs, sustaining all manner of buffeting and ill-usage, until she had reached her rooms on Penn Avenue, where she stored her treasure away with the manner of having gained the object of her life. Back and forth she came and went, and every time she came it was with this weight across her neck and shoulders. Thus she struggled and worked, with almost a savage ferocity and superhuman strength, through the entire day, only to find when the next morning came and the excitement had gone she had secured half a dozen type-writers.

This wild, half-crazed and impetuous rushing for the thing most desired, but always securing something, in itself valuable, but utterly worthless to the one capturing it, was one of the most marked features of the terrible day. Here a person who had never been further into the country from Pittsburg than the hills surrounding the city, would be seen excitedly dragging a plow through the streets, as though he were the last man, would be obliged to till the soil until the day of judgment, and this was the last plow. There the keeper of a boarding-house, who in all consistency if he were bound to steal, would probably wish something in the grocery line, would be seen in a crazy kind of glee disappearing with a churn, a baby-carriage, or a stack of whips.

A peddler would secure hoes, brooms, or furniture; while a small dealer in the green-grocer line would capture hardware. The shoemaker would scramble for stationery; the stationer would quite as likely lay in a stock of boots and shoes solely designed for the Texas cow-boy trade. Hucksters, who never had an ambition above cabbage and carrots,

were seen with loads of silks, laces, and velvets; milkmen, whose minds ran in the direction of distillery slops and river water, had loads of tobacco and groceries. Men in buggies were seen hastening away with their vehicles covered with dress goods, rolls of cloth, and every conceivable article which could be secured, tied to the seats and hung to the axles, like an artillery caisson during a forced march. Women, with a babe on one arm and a churn on the other; others with the skirts of their dresses gathered up about them, and filled with plunder until they had the appearance of an inverted and collapsed balloon; and still others loaded down and bending almost to the ground from great bulging blankets stuffed with perhaps a roll of muslin, a half dozen hams, a mess of potatoes, mirrors, mugs, and merchandise in general; but all fighting their way with genuine valor and persistency. One woman was noticed who, aside from having several chairs strapped to her back, held on to a string of shoes with her teeth, and with her two hands clung to an apronful of lard, that, from the heat of the mid-day sun, was melting and running through the apron in streams upon her legs, feet, and the ground.

Two Irish women toiled long and well up the steep hills, fighting to retain possession of their booty, until they had lugged two extremely heavy barrels in safety to their respective shanties, which stood side by side upon the edge of a deep gulch.

“An’ phat is *your* flour?” queried one, as she seated herself upon her prized barrel, and fanned herself with her apron.

“Faith, an’ its ‘White River,’ the swatest and best uv all!”

“By the same token, so’s mine! ’Twas a great day for the poor!”

“Ah yis, a blissed Sunday!”

But it was not a blessed Monday; for on that day these deluded beings each found that they had a beautiful "baking" of plaster-Paris, which turned out from the oven in half a dozen elegant white bricks.

The grotesque features of the wild day were quite equalled by the tragic incidents. They were all born of the unreasoning, uncontrollable, brutal frenzy of the mob. The large amounts of liquor which had been stolen, and which all who wished could secure for the taking or asking, largely added to this fearful condition of things. One instance will serve to illustrate them all.

A squad of drunken negroes went rushing down Liberty Street, grabbing right and left whatever they could. They came to a corner where a lot of whisky was being opened and carried away, or drank promiscuously by the wild crowd gathered around it. One negro, in a fit of bravado, rushed up to a barrel of whisky, the head of which had been removed, and, pushing aside one or two who were getting liquor from it, shoved his black face into the whisky, and began drinking greedily, when one of the rioters, in a dare-devil spirit, sprang to a burning car, secured a blazing brand, and plunged it into the barrel of whisky. In an instant the vile stuff burst into a great flame, enveloping the negro and burning him so terribly that he died early the next day.

And so the day wore on—fire, plunder, drunkenness, debauch!

The Mayor was on the ground with his carriage before noon, but the rioters had lost all respect for him, and his efforts were utterly useless. Gradually the flames from the burning cars neared the Union Depot, and at about three o'clock the rioters run a burning car under the fine sheds which adjoined it on the east, and which were used for the protection of outgoing and incoming passengers. Up to this time it was hoped that the splendid building would in some

way escape destruction, but in a few moments the sheds were a mass of flames. While this was progressing the mob pillaged the depot of the Pittsburg, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad; and, in quick succession, the Pan Handle Depot, the Adams Express Company's Depot, the Union Depot building, and the Pennsylvania Company's general offices, as well as the great Elevator building, were totally consumed.

At the burning of all these buildings indescribable scenes occurred; and in this particular section, the fears of the citizens for the destruction of the entire city first became powerful enough to effect something of an awakening from the criminal insensibility which had rendered action against the mob impossible. The Fire Department from Allegheny City was summoned to assist in preventing the spread of the flames, and from this point it may be said that the Pittsburg riot was ended; not that wild orgies that would have disgraced a pandemonium were entirely discontinued, but that the shame and disgrace of this most disgraceful affair in history began to force itself in some dim way upon the consciousness of a people whose permission of so terrible a series of outrages is nearly inexplicable.

Such scenes have never before been witnessed in America. May they never be witnessed again. It would only seem in this instance that they were discontinued simply from the fact that this crazy rabble found no more property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company that could be destroyed. The greater and deeper is the shadow resting upon this community for that reason.

As the night came down upon the city, the flames from miles of burning ruins lit up thousands of faces which now seemed appalled at the great disaster that had been accomplished. Thieves, tramps, and communists crept away in the shadows, and in their hiding-places gloated over the

ruin, but gradually settled into their old habit of waiting and watching for future opportunities, and, like wild beasts, filled with horrible prey, in a dazed, stupid gluttony, slept off their terrible debauch, while law and order and common decency—too long lost—gradually but surely came back to the great masses of citizens, who were now able to take some action to secure a common safety.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END AT PITTSBURG.

It would almost seem that peace again reigned in Pittsburgh rather from the returned good nature of the mobs than from any capable action on the part of the authorities, or display of local patriotism on the part of the better classes of citizens. The excitement died out something as the fires died out. It was not put out. Gradually shopmen took down their shutters and furtively began the resumption of business. The streets were still filled with vast throngs of people, but curiosity more than fear was in their faces. Strangers hastened to the city and, all along the track of the flames and the general destruction, mingled with the strikers, expressing a common wonder and horror at the wild frenzy that should have left such traces of ruin. The very members of the mobs were out in full force, and looked on the work they had accomplished with real admiration, indulging in merry witticisms over various incidents of the reign of terror with evident manifestations of delight. The majority of persons met seemed to

look on the whole matter as a huge joke, too vast to be appreciated in silence, and must necessarily pass into public enjoyment; while the city government, which had been as completely ignored as though it had never existed, quietly came into existence again, only because there was nothing left to oppose it. In other words, barbarism was lifted from Pittsburg simply because a city of barbarians had got tired of being such, and not because there was any inherent force or dignity in the authority which its supposed civilization had provided for its regulation and government.

But before passing from these hours of unprecedented terror, I must mention a few representative incidents illustrative of the fact that, however much any community may be given over to the mob spirit, there still exists those who are brave and true enough to do all in their individual power for the law and the right.

A bright instance of this character was found in the unsolicited action of the Catholic Bishop Tuigg. When the wretched turbulence, madness, and destruction of Sunday was at its height, this good man hastened from his safe episcopal residence, and, plunging into the thickest of the mob, begged and pleaded in the name of his sacred calling that its members should desist from their lawless acts. Showers of stones and bits of iron were the only response. The mob treated him with utter disrespect, but, undaunted, he passed from place to place, endeavoring with all his power to effect some good and quell the devilish spirit controlling the frenzied people. The Rev. Alexander Clark, editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, who also used his influence to its fullest extent among the rioters, was not only brave enough to risk his life among the villains, but was also sufficiently manful to testify through his paper to the good Bishop's fearless labors. Mr. Clark stated that he several times stood within a few feet of the former, and

that it seemed almost a miracle that he was not killed outright. "There was certainly no religion in that mob," as Mr. Clark tersely says.

Another instance quite as worthy of record, though of a different nature, occurred in the burning offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A youth named August Doudel, a telegraph operator, was shut up in the telegraph office on Saturday night, surrounded by a howling mob. Its numbers could not frighten or bully him from his work. So long as the wires responded to his hand he proposed keeping that hand to its labor, and, hour after hour, this brave fellow sat at his instrument and sent flashes of intelligence from the disgraced city, never flinching in his duty, and never heeding thousands of insults heaped upon him. Finally the cowardly rabble found that he was not to be driven from his post save at the loss of his life, when they fired the building. The little fellow saw that this would eventually relieve him from duty, but he still worked away until he was scorched by the heat, half suffocated with the smoke, and literally forced from the instrument by the flames, but not even then until he had left a record of his bravery in his last message :

"Fire's too hot. Good night!"

Monuments to brave men after death are all well enough. They serve to assist the marble interests and improve the appearance of the country. But in my mind it is this fine valor wedded to good judgment and fidelity that deserves immediate recognition. Though a boy, he had learned the great lesson of discipline ; he was man enough to be brave ; and then he had the very good sense to leave the place when he had done his whole duty and no less.

The great stock-grower, Mr. Alexander, of Kentucky, had a car-load of valuable Southdown sheep and fine horses,

which were *en route* from Scotland to Kentucky, in charge of a negro. The stock were caught in the general blockade at Pittsburg, and the poor darkey in charge was almost distracted at the prospect of the great loss to his employer, as no forage could be secured. In this dire strait the negro, through dint of wonderful pleading and the use of a little money, got the car transferred to the West Penn. Railway tracks. He then never released his efforts until he had found a gentleman who went security for the freight, when he removed the animals to the latter's barn, and there watched by them during the entire night. Never relaxing his energy and faithfulness, he worked away until he eventually got the stock all on board a little packet, which, when it finally went steaming down the Ohio River, left Pittsburg in flames and in the hands of a ferocious mob.

These are small matters, perhaps, but if there had been more of Bishop Tuigg's fearlessness and devotion to his sacred calling; more of August Doudel's pluck, dutiful labor, and good sense; and more of the energy and fidelity of Mr. Alexander's faithful negro, from the beginning to the end of these troubles, Pittsburg would have been spared much of her present shame and disgrace.

There is but little more concerning the record of Pittsburg's disaster. The riots had ended for the reasons previously given. It may be possible that, had no further demands been made upon the military, order would have been as quickly brought out of chaos by the local authorities and the citizens who were finally organized to some extent for that purpose. But this is very doubtful. Even after the terrible lessons of the riot the railway strikers seemed as strong and determined as ever.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, with its usual promptness and energy, at once began clearing away the ruins; and one of the best possible illustrations of the great

wrong workmen had brought upon themselves is in the fact that scores of men who had been employed in the immense machine-shops, where they had for years received steady work and certain pay, and which they had themselves assisted in destroying, were now compelled, by the necessity for some kind of employment, to accept the most menial labor of assisting in removing the *débris*, and clearing away the ruins. Within five days from the breaking out of the riot, Governor Hartranft, who arrived from the West on Tuesday evening, had brought together nearly six thousand troops that were admirably located at different points within the city and along the line of the Pennsylvania road, in commanding positions upon the hills, and at points where the lawless elements would be most likely to gather. But their use in any way was not required.

For a week the city of Pittsburg resembled a military post during the early days of the war. Amateur soldiers, in all the glory of brand-new uniforms, were drilled, maneuvered, and moved from one camp to another, without the slightest possible visible reason. At no time could a civilian pass through the streets without seeing a squad of troops, which had been marched somewhere for something, and were being marched back again without the something having been got. Bold generals upon prancing steeds, prancing orderlies upon bold steeds, camp-followers, and all the paraphernalia and accessories of a newly marshaled army, were here. But when the troops were removed for use among the more disturbed coal regions, as they shortly were, the excitement, cheap glory, and glitter passed away, and Pittsburg began to assume a lonesome, regretful air; and the realities of her position—her shame, her disgrace, and her accountability—slowly settled down upon her.

The strike really ended Sunday, July 29th, when the

first freight train, after the abandonment of work by the trainmen, was moved. This train was put in motion on the Pennsylvania Central road, and successfully sent to its destination. No person would have imagined a strike had existed, save for the murmurs of a few disaffected men. The "crew" had been sent to Pittsburg from the East. As soon as this train had been successfully started, others soon followed; and all day long the tracks, from the ruins of the Union Depot away out to East Liberty, presented a most animated appearance, and away into the night the long-delayed trains were being made up and despatched.

So ended the strike at Pittsburg. What had seemed a revolution resulted in a most imbecile fiasco. All the striking trainmen on roads centering at this city, as soon as the first train began moving, made a precipitate rush for their old places, and as much excitement was developed through the fear of losing them as had been shown during the first days of the strike in defying the roads and trampling upon all authority.

But Pittsburg is paying dearly for her holiday of hate against the Pennsylvania Railroad. That corporation, which justly refused to yield one single point to its employees, when such yielding must be the result of unlawful force, backed by the deadly hatred of a large community, pursues the even tenor of its way, in the end the winner of every point in the fight. The action of the hot-headed trainmen eventually debarred them from public sympathy; the shameful course of the Pittsburg authorities and thousands of her citizens has made her an object of national scorn. Every expression by her citizens, every editorial in her newspapers, every act of her authorities, and nearly every judgment of her judiciary, have carried her farther and farther from public sympathy and consideration, or commercial regard. The people of the country, through

her disastrous course, have come to dread her ; business men have gradually determined to avoid her ; public justice and public judgment have come to pass a lasting condemnation upon her.

I am, then, justified by the universal verdict of the press of the United States in summarizing the matter as follows : The truckling to the strikers at the beginning of the troubles was contemptible ; the universal hatred of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad by the citizens of Pittsburg, which city had been made nearly everything she was by that corporation, was a species of unreasoning and contemptible ingratitude, or at least an incomprehensibly foolish disregard of reciprocal business interests ; the treatment of the Philadelphia soldiery, who had come to a sister city to protect it from its own unmanageable mobs, was peculiarly treacherous and barbarous ; the herculean efforts made by her officials and citizens to shield her criminals, after the railroad companies' and my own efforts to bring them to justice had placed scores of ruffians in a position to receive the punishment they so richly merited, is an exhibition of public policy so dangerous to their own and all public interests, that it can hardly be explained save on the theory that this community has been taken by the throat by a set of officials so thoroughly imbued with the mob spirit, and so completely allied to the ruffianly elements, that it cannot rise from its bondage and shake them off ; while the presentment of its special grand jury of investigation, which remarkable effort is still in the interest of the mob and commune element, is one of the most remarkably unjust and disreputable documents ever flung in the face of an indignant public.

This report in the first place attacks the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for endeavoring to protect its own property, and plaintively adds that its officers were begged to not use harsh measures. The public is very well aware

that this corporation had an indefeasible right, first, to the management of its business, and second, when that is prevented by a mob, to make any possible endeavor to protect its property from arson and pillage. But this jury, according to its logic, would have individuals be very tender with outlaws. It would have you welcome a robber with the most polite attention and the utmost courtesy. It would have you hand him your purse, your silverware and your jewelry, and mildly apologize that you have not more to give him. It would have you give the incendiary a can of kerosene, or a bundle of kindlings, and conduct him to the most available spot for a successful burning of your house. It would have you greet the murderer as a most intimate friend, furnish him with a pistol or a knife, show him where and how he could dispatch your wife or your children in the neatest manner, and then, after begging his pardon for the trouble he had taken, bare your own breast to him.

This shameful document further states that all the trouble arose from "the meddlesome and insolent course of the military!" These grand jury commune and tramp sympathizers also censured the sheriff and the Governor, and, from beginning to end, show their immediate collusion and sympathy with and for the overwhelming red-handed elements which made the Pittsburg arson and the Pittsburg butchery possible.

Too strong a public condemnation cannot be stamped upon an action by a supposed intelligent body of men, which is so at variance with facts, and so terribly repugnant to all sense of public justice.

There will be but one result to all this. Pittsburg must mend her ways and yield to the inevitable. She must show the whole country that she will not continue in this self-destructive course. She has already lost largely by her suicidal frenzy. She had one of the finest union depots in the

world. To-day she has but a railway station-house. Before the riot she had a series of the most extensive machine-shops in America, which brought, through their employees, hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to her tradesmen. To-day she has a little repair-shop that will perhaps support a score of families ; and who can blame a vast business interest like the Pennsylvania Railway Company for removing everything possible of value beyond the reach of so ruffianly a people ? Through her acts Allegheny County *must* pay the losses, which will amount to nearly four million dollars at the lowest estimate, and no vindictive reports of special grand juries can shift this just responsibility.

A prompt, honorable response to the requirements of the case must be given. The shameful disgrace of these Pittsburgh riots is in the past, if a clean record for the future can be given. But if the people of this city persist in their insolent attempts to defy public justice, commercial ruin cannot but be inevitable.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STRIKE AT ALLEGHENY CITY—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE REDOUBTABLE "BOSS" AMMON.

A most remarkable feature of the troubles at Pittsburgh and vicinity was the exceptional good behavior of the striking trainmen in Allegheny City—if that qualification may be applied to any body of men who recklessly take possession of their employers' property, and, in violation of all law and propriety, insolently assume complete dictation of their business to illegally enforce an equally insolent demand.

I wish to be plainly understood as unyielding in my opposition to any such course. The best experience from all periods of disorder and violence arising from labor troubles, at all times and in all countries, sets a seal of complete condemnation upon it. It is unjust; it is criminal; it is disastrous. But while condemning it, in justice to this particular body of men, I must say that after having taken the unjustifiable action which their crazy and irresponsible leaders precipitated, they were certainly deserving of much praise for completely refraining from all violence, and for taking stern and decisive measures for preventing the slightest expression of that savage communism which so disgraced the city of Pittsburg.

All regular travelers over the Pennsylvania Central and Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroads will remember that trains usually stop for a moment at a point called the outer depot, in the suburbs of Allegheny City. There is scarcely anything to distinguish this point as a railway station, and passengers, not knowing that it is one, when trains halt here quite commonly inquire: "Well, what are we waiting for *now*?" There is nothing but a quiet street, a few common boarding-houses, a little wooden building where an old-time railroad man dispenses lunch, cider, and villainous tobacco and cigars to working trainmen, and a lonesome brick building in the William Penn style, once a dwelling-house, now used as a telegraph and dispatcher's office. Between this lonely building—that might be taken for a boarding-house which had traveled around the city for custom and got irretrievably lost in its wanderings—the street and the tracks, there are several fine trees that furnish welcome shade to tired trainmen on hot summer days.

This is all there is to the place, save its nearness to the extensive machine-shops of the road, which are located along the tracks a little further into the city; but as a strategic

point its value was quickly seen by the strikers, who took immediate possession of the locality, and during the continuance of the strike remained in undisturbed possession.

As I have said, the orderly behavior of these men was commendable, but it was remarkable, when the near and general turbulence is considered. Although the strikers had more complete possession of this road, and more thoroughly dictated its management for the time the striking element ruled the country than was the case with any other railway, it is a fact that from the time the strike began until it was ended, not one drop of blood was shed, nor was a dollar's worth of property destroyed by force, or lost through theft.

A good humor and even temper seemed to prevail, and while the men were resolute and unyielding in resisting all appeals tending to a resumption of business, they were quite as resolute in permitting no interference from the riotous classes who wished an occasion for plunder. At the very inception of the strike here the trainmen organized committees with power to detail men, who yielded a prompt obedience. The work of saving, or rather protecting, property at once began. Tramps were handled so roughly that they sought more congenial quarters in Pittsburg; communists were given the cold shoulder; thieves were attacked and driven away. All the engines not in use, and those constantly arriving, were carefully housed and cleaned; passenger coaches which were not needed on account of the lightness of travel were side-tracked neatly; everything about the round-house and machine-shops was left snug and orderly, and a guard placed upon them that nothing might be molested; and on Sunday, when the fearful destruction was progressing in Pittsburg, these strikers worked like beavers to get the property of the road in such shape that the scenes transpiring there should not be re-enacted. All day Sun-

day, Sunday night, and Monday, while Allegheny City was emptying itself to join in the overwhelming excitement across the river, engines were steaming back and forth, shifting cars and putting things to rights. All the skill and energy of these five hundred men were used to arrange matters so that no harm should come either to railroad property or to the vast amount of freight which was constantly accumulating from the capture of eastern-bound trains and the joining in the strike by their "crews."

In this way the inner track, or the track nearest the bluffs, was jammed full of engines, passenger and baggage coaches, Pullman sleepers, and empty and loaded freight cars, away back to Rochester, twenty-two miles from the outer depot in Allegheny, and, to a traveler, the sight of such an immense collection of railroad property was not only imposing, but it served to give one a faint idea of the vastness of the interests dependent upon the untrammelled and uninterrupted operation of the railway lines of the country.

The strikers organized regular patrols, and instructed the members that any interference on the part of tramps or other outlaws should be met with prompt and summary treatment; and instances occurred where persistent vagabonds, who made repeated attempts to break open cars and rob them, were taken bodily by the strikers and flung into the Ohio River, where a protracted bath greatly subdued their pillaging propensities. Until the resumption of traffic, this surveillance over public and railroad property was continued; and when it is remembered that scores of these strikers, though so badly injured by their own unjust and ill-considered action, were sorely in need of the commonest necessities of life, had it in their power to levy upon whatever best suited their needs or their fancy, and yet never touched a penny's worth, they must be regarded as an exceptionally worthy body of men.

The city of Allegheny itself undoubtedly escaped a similar terrorism to that which ruled Pittsburg through this very cause. Its government for a time was quite as paralyzed as that of Pittsburg. It found itself entirely inadequate to cope with the emergency, could not bring enough dignity or power to bear upon the situation to compel any manner of respect or obedience, and was eventually forced to submit to a solution of the difficulties at other hands and through other agencies. Had there been an outbreak of the lawless elements, and had pillage and incendiarism begun, its cessation would have only come about, as it did in Pittsburg, through the utter exhaustion of the savage rabble, or it would have been quelled by the strikers themselves. There is no question but that Mayor Phillips, who is above demagogism, did all in his power to prevent violence, and that his kind and earnest advice had a good effect in suppressing turbulence; but it is almost wholly due to the conservatism and caution of the strikers themselves that no repetition of Pittsburg's disgrace followed their other unlawful acts.

I cannot pass this subject without expressing the certain conviction that the temperate action of the strikers, not only at Allegheny City, but along the entire length of this railway, was almost wholly due to the universal respect on the part of its employees for its General Manager, J. D. Layng, Esq. In this time of great excitement he was as utterly powerless as other railway officers; but it is a well-known fact that thorough discipline, coupled with universal kindness, is a marked feature in the management of this road, and the remembrance of the same by those who had for years come under its influence fortunately possessed a wonderful power of consideration and restraint.

Aside from this exceptional temperate action by so large a body of persistent revolutionists, nothing of a remarkable

nature occurred among the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway strikers at this point, save the bringing to the surface, and into short-lived popularity, of one of the most thorough frauds and braggarts of those troublous times.

Justus Schwab, of New York City, was a communist from education, association, and principle; P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, has at least the merit of brains, a good record as a working engineer, and executive ability; while Donahue, the Hornellsville mock hero, had the standing among his fellows which sympathy for a cripple and a great many years of hard work as a capable railroad employee would give; but this man, or rather boy, this Robert A. Ammon, was clearly a mushroom growth of a night, and though a great hero for a little time, fell to pieces like a mushroom still, when his qualities came to be tested.

It came within my province, through necessary subsequent investigations, to become most thoroughly acquainted with this fellow's history and antecedents; and for the benefit of sincere and intelligent railroad employees throughout the country, who have by various newspaper reports gained the impression that he was a person of fine ability and real heroism that had been ground down by the despotism of tyrannical railway management, I consider it my duty to disabuse their minds by stating a few plain facts concerning him and his meteoric connection with the great strike.

He is of a most estimable Pittsburg family, and his father, who has held many positions of trust, and is at this writing the president of a reputable insurance company in that city, is highly respected by all. The son, Robert, has long been regarded by the family as an irreclaimable youth. He has had every advantage and encouragement which parental affection coupled with large means could bestow, but

has, in every instance, abused both confidence and care. His college experiences at Columbus, Ohio, in company with the son of a prominent railway official, were simply a series of disgraces to himself and family, and of such unbearable annoyance to the faculty that his absence from the institution was finally required. From this time his reckless, aimless career seemed to grow more marked. At home or away from home, he was constantly in trouble. Finally, through the influence of his friends, he established an agency for several insurance companies in Chicago, but this venture terminated abruptly, and he left that city, as well as every other place he visited, under a cloud. The next effort at labor—and this was only assumed through the assistance of his friends—was hotel-keeping in Cleveland. The mysterious destruction by fire of the hotel over which he presided brought this scheme to a close. He was next heard from, away out towards the Pacific slope, on some objectless, if not criminal expedition, and then for months and months he was but little else than a respectable tramp about Pittsburg and Allegheny City, dreaded by acquaintances, shunned by strangers, feared by friends. In this way he became exceedingly impecunious, and, as he had for years abused the confidence of every friend he had gained, making it impossible for him to either secure reputable employment agreeable to his fastidious tastes, or anything in the way of pecuniary assistance more than mere charity, he was eventually forced into a labor which he utterly despised, and became a freight brakeman under conductor M. D. Huey, on what is called the "East End Run," between Pittsburg and Alliance.

From the moment he entered the service of the road he was a conspirator and a rebel. Here was just the right kind of an employee to make trouble. A person who has been too little of a man to retain a standing among those of

his class may always be counted on as a malcontent when he is obliged to associate with a less important class. Because the labor was severe, a something millions of workmen are accustomed to, he was loud-mouthed about railroad men being ground down into white slaves; because the wages paid did not enable him to satisfy his elegant tastes and vile habits, he harangued the men about their being robbed; and because he was everything and anything but a good employee, faithful to the company which had given him employment, that had perhaps kept him out of the poor-house or penitentiary, he was a ranting, turbulent, trouble-provoking vagabond, with just enough assumption to give him a certain influence, and just enough brains to make him dangerous.

He had been but seven months in the employ of the company when he became so much an agitator, and had so thoroughly filled every one with whom he came in contact with sedition and discontent, that he was discharged. He was one of the foremost movers in the organization of the Trainmen's Union, and was unceasing in his efforts in bringing about the conditions for a strike. The sole object in this was a desire on the part of Robert A. Ammon to hold in his hands a certain power which a vain mind unceasingly longs for, and to so manipulate the employees of this road, that between his control of the former and the constant annoyance he would be to the latter, he could fill his pockets with his companions' money in the shape of the fees and dues these organizations always succeed in wrenching from the many for the benefit of the few, or be bought from his purposes by a fat position higher up in the employ of the company.

The management declined to submit to this sort of business, however, and Ammon was relieved from duty. Here was an opportunity for him to play the martyr, and he did

it to the best of his very good ability in this direction. "Look at me," he would say: "I who have struggled to ameliorate the condition of you poor devils am persecuted and driven away from earning the little pittance I have been receiving. You must avenge such injustice or you will soon be powerless!"

He was largely responsible for the short-lived strike which *did* occur on this road in June, not only by personal efforts among the trainmen, but through the bitterest of articles which appeared in an insignificant inflammatory sheet published in Pittsburg, but after this strike suddenly fell through. Ammon immediately left for the oil regions, where for the time intervening he tarried in company with other outlaws, living upon the proceeds of the shame of vile women who were smitten by his rather fine appearance, his oily tongue, and his boundless impudence and assumption.

At the outbreak of the great strikes, Ammon hastened back to Pittsburg, and, like an evil spirit, flitted here and there among his old comrades, urging them to stand fast by their reckless action; and he undoubtedly infused considerable enthusiasm into the strikers by his cunning advice and impassioned harangues. These men, feeling a certain shame in their guilty acts, only too gladly welcomed any outside sympathy and assistance, and very few days elapsed before "Bob" Ammon, as he was called about the Outer Depot, became the cheap hero of the hour. He imposed his fluency of language upon these men for the powers of a real orator, and his energy, with the use of his tongue, passed current among them for genuine ability. They needed a brilliant and able leader, and Ammon easily made them believe he was the man for the hour.

On Sunday, July 22d, a committee of the strikers composed of an engineer, a fireman, and a brakeman, waited upon the doughty adventurer and with a deal of mock cere-

mony begged him to represent the entire employees of the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railway and become their general manager. This supreme illustration of assumption yielded an apparently reluctant consent, and was shortly installed at the dispatcher's office, where he at once assumed complete control of this important branch of the railway service; issued passes over the road over his own name as manager; dictated how and when trains should move; and, in fact, usurped every power and authority possible to a man who, independent of the check which a board of directors generally gives to chief railway officers, ruled with supreme authority.

The fame of this wonderful railway manager at once spread abroad throughout the land. His ability was compared to that of a Vanderbilt, a Scott, or a Garrett. Newspapers praised his genius while giving a faint condemnation to his criminal acts, and among the great armies of strikers throughout the country "Boss" Ammon, as he had now come to be called, was suddenly surrounded with a halo of glory. But all such brainless adventurers run out their tether very quickly. The men whom he had persuaded into the very acts which had resulted in placing him above them very quickly saw that his tyranny, inefficiency, and villainous cupidity were immeasurably more aggravating and unbearable than the assumed wrongs he had led them to believe they had suffered. Discontent and threats soon followed; but "Boss" Ammon never heeded these. His taste of power and notoriety was very sweet, and he continued to carry matters with a high hand.

On Tuesday evening, the 24th instant, Governor Hartranft arrived by special train from the West. As Ammon, in control of the telegraph office, had been made aware of his coming, the fact had been bruited about among the men with the intimation that their leader and dictator would do

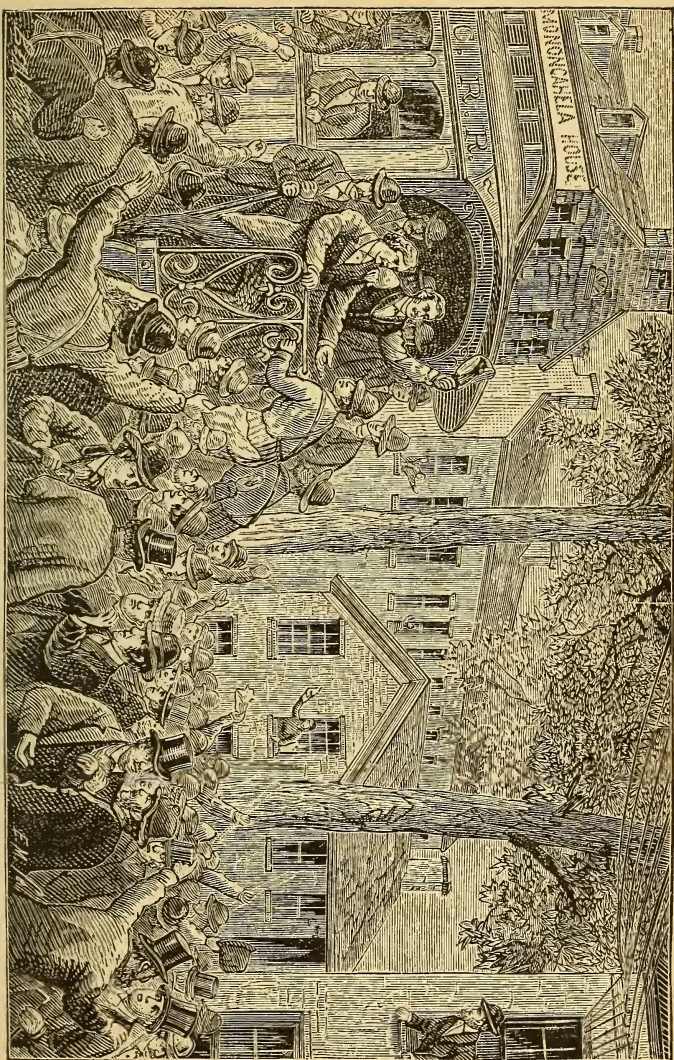
some exceptionally brilliant thing on the Governor's arrival, which rumor was bound to prove true. The train was heard approaching about seven o'clock in the evening, and by Ammon's orders was promptly flagged. As it came to a halt, in company with several of his followers, he boarded the palace-car containing the Governor and his friends, and marching straight up to him, intimated, in a way which permitted of no denial, that the gentlemen whom he represented *expected* some remarks.

He then conducted—under the circumstances it should be written *forced*—the Chief Executive of the great State of Pennsylvania to the platform, where amid the wild yells of the thousands who had by this time gathered about, he stammered out a few words which might be taken to mean very much or very little. Then the Governor was permitted to retire; “Boss” Ammon descended from the car; at a signal from his hand the train moved on; and while the rabble about were loudly cheering the young scamp, he returned to the dispatcher's office with the air of an emperor.

But this was the signal for the tyro's overthrow. The older, more conservative, and careful strikers saw that Ammon was leading them into danger, and that day's was the last of his power. He was summarily removed by the committee the same evening; and at once became a fugitive loafer, his ordinary character, passing his time with women of ill-repute, in avoiding officers of the law which he had broken, and in giving vent to insurrectionary screeds in the inflammatory sheet before referred to.

A week subsequently he was arrested and imprisoned in default of heavy bail. This event was Ammon's crowning glory, and brought him out of ignoble retirement into the full blaze of renewed newspaper renown. It made him more than ever a martyr. In the eyes of certain of his old railroad comrades he had now proven himself noble—*by*

Bob Ammon compelling Governor Hartranft to address the strikers at Allegheny City.



getting into jail! He was being terribly persecuted. The sympathy of a class who are nothing if not both mawkish and obstinate went out to the "brilliant young striker," as he was often termed, and many of the Pittsburg and Allegheny City people who had heard of his pranks from youth began to express an interest in him, and for a time he was again quite the rage.

As stated, it was within my province to keep close company to this man, and without giving the particulars of the same, I can state that while in jail, in Pittsburg, his vanity, want of principle, and vile life came most strongly to the surface. He took upon himself the title and honors of the hero of the hour; like a prince in ill fortune received those who called upon him with the calm and almost demented assumption of a Don Quixote; wrote for his newspaper organ vile diatribes against the officers of the Pennsylvania Central and Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroads; indited in the same hour, and sent by the same hand, most truckling and unmanly appeals for help from his parents, mercy from railroad officials, and threats of vengeance and breathings of utter defiance of law to his old comrades; and with an impudence most inexplicable, endeavored to place himself in correspondence with the great men of the country, with newspapers, and particularly with lecture bureaus, which he certainly believed would vie with each other to obtain so great a sensation when he should have been liberated.

Ammon had been married some three years previous; so he claimed. This is disputed by many, and his own letter to his wife during this incarceration would seem to substantiate the theory that he was not; for in one of these passionate appeals he pleads that if she, his presumed wife, will be true to him through his trouble, he will marry her so soon as he is liberated. Whether he is or is not married

to the woman he calls his wife, she has been as true as steel to him, has borne him a child, and deserves all the fidelity a husband should give a wife; but among the scores of women who were silly enough to assist in the glorification of this adventurer were some half a dozen mistresses, a number of them women of the most abandoned character. These persons were most constant and assiduous in supplying the prisoner's bodily wants, and he lived like a prince on their contributions, lording it over them like a Turk or a Mormon. A hundred other incidents occurred to illustrate his natural depravity, his littleness of mind, and his utter want of manhood; but these will suffice to disabuse the public of any incorrect notions which may have been formed concerning the man.

His notoriety was the outgrowth of a moment, and as suddenly faded from sight. He was simply one of those thousands starting out in the world with bright promise, who, notwithstanding their brilliant devices and startling pretensions, in good time come to be known for just what they are worth; and only because he was one of the grotesque productions of these dark days have I devoted so much space to him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INCIDENTS AT JOHNSTOWN, ALTOONA, AND HARRISBURG.

PROBABLY no point, brought into prominence by the great strikes, more thoroughly illustrated the fact that their extent and ferocity were due almost chiefly to the cursed spirit of communism among the lower classes of working-men, than did Johnstown, Pennsylvania. It is one of the

important manufacturing towns along the Pennsylvania Central road, is situated at the confluence of Conemaugh River and Stony Creek, eighty-five miles east of Pittsburg, and, while it bears no particular relation to railroad interests more than that a large amount of bulky freight is shipped from the place, it has become a thriving little city merely from the really immense foundries and manufacturing which have gradually clustered here, and at Cambria, a little distance to the west.

There are no railroad shops, no repair houses, the town is no railway junction ; in fact, scarcely a railway employee makes the place his home ; so that any disturbances at such a city could certainly not be charged to trainmen. But, from the beginning to the end of the strike, Johnstown was a small pandemonium, and the mill-men, factory hands, and other artisans seemed possessed of a most devilish propensity to injure the very interests which sustained them.

These mill hands possess a reputation of having very violent tempers and very little judgment. They closed every factory, foundry or shop in the place at the first excitement with the most riotous demonstrations, and then turned their attention to the railroad, which they assumed to be the common enemy of all mankind.

These reckless fellows gained the notoriety of stopping the very first mail and passenger train known to have been halted by any rioters along this great thoroughfare, at the very outbreak of the strike, and at every occasion thereafter annoyed the officials of the road, insulted trainmen manning such trains as the railway strikers permitted to move, and taunted and attacked nearly every train-load of troops moving either west or east for the purpose of quelling the disturbances ; but these grimy rioters at last met their match in Colonel Hamilton, of the regular army.

On Thursday, July 26th, seven hundred United States troops left Washington, D. C., for Pittsburg and other points in Pennsylvania. They were really sent forward to give moral force and support to the large numbers of Pennsylvania militia that Governor Hartranft had marshaled in his first business-like endeavor to end the disastrous troubles in his State. This militia force comprised General Brinton's reorganized Philadelphia Division, General Gallagher's Division and General Harry White's Division, besides three batteries of United States Regulars, numbering nearly two thousand troops all told, with the regular troops under Colonel Hamilton, following a few hours behind.

As this first force passed through Johnstown it was attacked by a great mob of ruffians, armed with stones, chunks of coal, and pieces of metal, which were thrown at the car windows with savage effect. Many of the troops, as the cars were crowded, were standing on the platforms, and were badly cut and bruised, while those within the cars suffered quite as severely from having bits of glass crushed into their faces and other portions of their bodies. Train after train passed, each being served in like manner; if anything the attacks increasing in recklessness and savage ferocity.

At last, as the trains bearing Colonel Hamilton's command came by, they were served with like attentions by these Johnstown ruffians, and those in advance were badly smashed and shattered. When the one containing that officer came along, some little distance beyond Johnstown, and nearer Cambria, another brutal attack was made.

Colonel Hamilton, out of all patience and full of indignation that the troops in advance had permitted such outrageous treatment, sprang from his seat with the bluff remark:

"By God! I'll put a stop to this!"

He then grasped the bell-rope, giving it a violent and protracted pull.

The engineer, who was strongly guarded by troops, instantly responded to the signal by reversing his engine; and Colonel Hamilton's prompt and impulsive action undoubtedly saved scores of lives.

The speed of the train was very sensibly checked, but it had acquired such momentum that it still moved slowly onward.

As events subsequently proved, after the passage of the first trains bearing troops, a few human devils among the mob had concocted a scheme to completely wreck the following train and kill every soldier possible. These demons slightly misplaced the switch at what is known as the "Cambria Siding," and twisted the "indicator," the engineer's guide to determine whether or not the tracks are properly connected, to cover their hellish work. Then they placed a flat-car laden with brick near the junction of the tracks. The train came on at a great force, though not at a high rate of speed. It was after dusk, and objects were not plainly discernible in the twilight gloaming. The engine and tender passed the switch and the obstruction car safely. The first two baggage-cars, loaded with camp equipage and provisions, both jumped the track and scraped violently against the brick-car, which threw them still further off. The third and fourth cars, partaking of the movement of the first two, were jerked violently from one side of the track to the other, coming squarely in contact with the car on the siding, completely tearing up both ties and rails as they twisted from side to side, carrying with them the fifth car, and all piling up at last, the bottom of one car resting on the roof of another, three of them lying crosswise on the track at an angle of thirty degrees, and the brick-car topping all, but finally rolling off to one side.

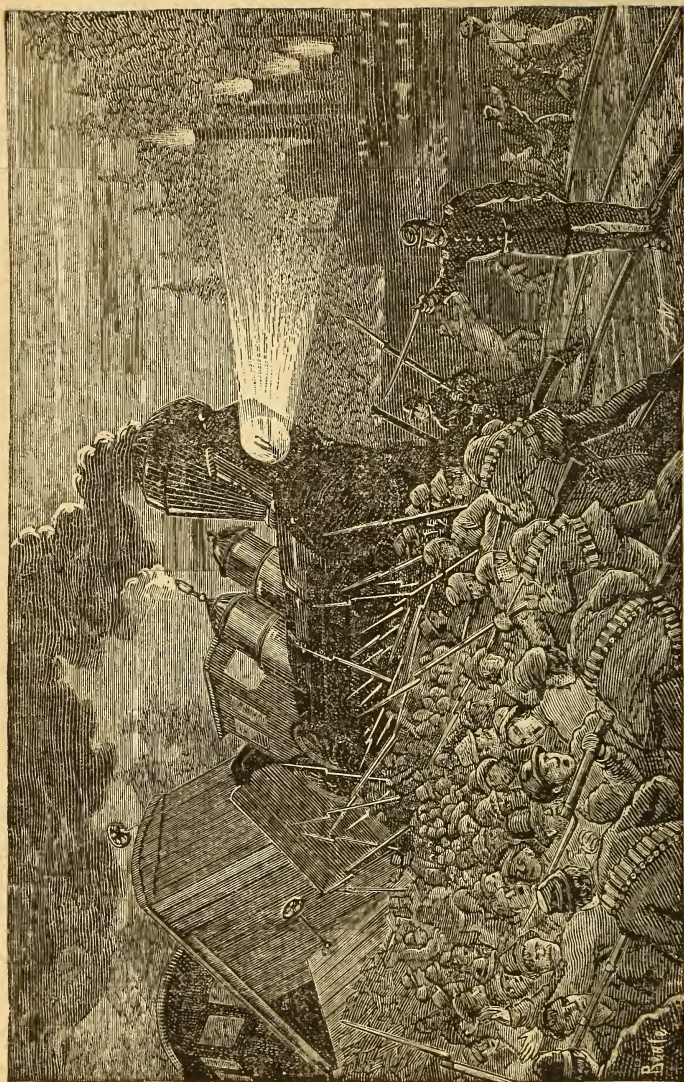
Several of the soldiers were badly wounded by the collision; and Colonel Hamilton himself had two ribs broken

but as soon as the officers and troops could collect their scattered senses, effective measures were used. Pickets were thrown out in every direction, and a regular skirmishing for the enemy was begun. Those who had expected to stand by and gloat over the death and wounding of scores of soldiers, suddenly found themselves in the hands of the military, who did not take much pains to use them tenderly. Parties were run down and captured, dragged out from under buildings, and three were taken while trying to play fox and burrow in a hole in the side of the mountain.

There was no playing soldier with these grim fellows wearing the United States regular uniform. There was no warning "Who comes there?" nor cry of "Halt!" but a springing forth of soldiers, an ominous "click! click!" of gun-locks, and bayonets presented squarely in front. It did no good to beg for mercy. These disciplined soldiers gathered in the mob, and many innocent persons with it, of course, like herding cattle, and when about a hundred had been collected, just corraled them up against the wreck, prodding them into submission and quiet in a very rough and effective way, and finally, when the wreck had been cleared, carrying them on to Pittsburg as prisoners, where they remained in jail until they were vouched for by good and responsible parties.

This put a quietus upon the ferocity of Johnstown rioters. They lost courage by being so properly handled; and those guilty of the most daring outrages—among them the misplacing of the switch—were subsequently apprehended, through the use of my operatives, and punished.

At Altoona the strike wrought great excitement, but little more worth recording. The special reason for this wave of unusual and intense excitement lies in the fact that this now large city illustrates almost the single exceptional instance in America where a great railroad corporation has built a



Capture of one hundred Rioters by Regular Troops under Col. Hamilton, at Johnstown, Pa.

place of nearly fifteen thousand inhabitants solely through its own patronage. Here are the great foundries, factories, supply-houses and repair-shops of this gigantic railroad, the Pennsylvania Central; and every present industry of the place, which twenty years ago scarcely contained a thousand inhabitants, has been the direct and unequivocal result of the steadily-increasing demands for the road's equipment, followed by other interests which have gradually gathered about so great a hive of special industries.

Thousands of mechanics are employed here in the shops, and thousands of people are supported by their wages; consequently when the blow was struck at Pittsburg, every soul in Altoona stood aghast at the common terror. It was natural that there should be great excitement, but when the fact is considered that nearly every individual in Altoona owed whatever prosperity he enjoyed to the labor furnished by the railroad company, the intense and vicious hatred which was everywhere shown was simply unaccountable.

Large numbers of trainmen reside at Altoona, but while they struck as promptly as at other points along the line, they as a body did not prove nearly so vicious. On the other hand, nearly every shop-hand in Altoona, every mechanic and workingman of all trades, all of whom had no business to interfere in the matter, which was, primarily, strictly a fight between the trainmen and the company, took up the cudgel and the brickbat, and declared war.

Probably no city in the country was, for a time, so thoroughly and overwhelmingly overrun by its lower classes, and kept in such constant fear and terror, and nothing but a large force of troops brought here, and held here until the close of the troubles, always coming and going, but still the force held to a requisite number, prevented arson, bloodshed, and general ruin of railroad and other property.

As it was, the only overt acts which occurred at Altoona,

transpired on Saturday, July 21st, and on Sunday, the next day. Insults and threats were common at all times; but the lawless elements were pretty thoroughly held in check by the constant exhibition of a competent force on the one hand, and pacific measures on the part of shop superintendents on the other.

In this connection, it is only just to state that the cool judgment, careful foresight, determined bearing, but at all times the kind and friendly manner of the General Superintendent of the road, C. Clinton Gardner, Esq., had more to do with preventing wide-spread destruction and bloodshed than any other one cause.

The first occurrence in question was not serious, but while it lasted was a shame and a disgrace to the mechanics of Altoona.

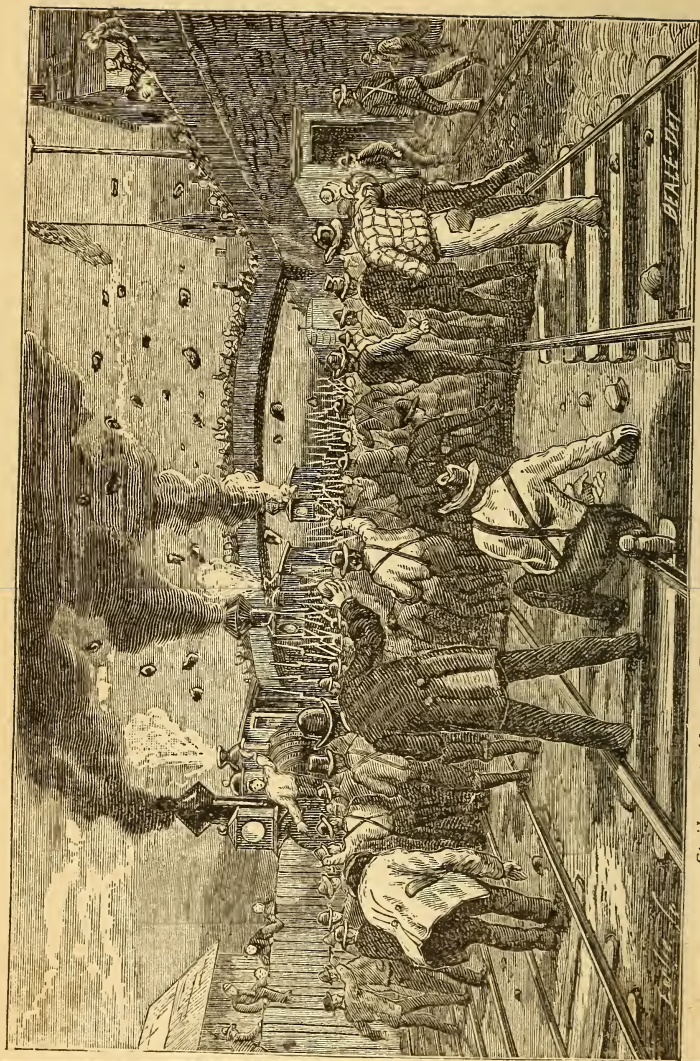
During the day the strikers had been very quiet, and had behaved themselves admirably. There was that undercurrent of great excitement everywhere exhibited as news from Pittsburg was awaited with breathless anxiety. But at five o'clock in the afternoon a train from the east appeared laden with troops. Although the rioters had permitted other trains of troops to pass on towards Pittsburg earlier in the day, the sight of these particular soldiers seemed to madden the strikers, and immediately hundreds rushed about the depot grounds and attempted to prevent their further passage. But the train got off, and while it was moving out was ferociously assaulted with stones and other missiles, and several shots were also fired. Soldiers returned the fire, but no one was hurt; and after the departure of the train the excitement seemed to as suddenly subside as it had been created, the strikers dispersing quietly to their homes for the night.

The next day, Sunday, more serious trouble was had, which culminated in a substantial victory for the mobs.

On the evening previous at six o'clock, two hundred and fifty troops of different commands left Philadelphia to reinforce those already at Pittsburg. Arriving at Altoona the next morning, the rioters in great force stopped the train and took the engine into the round-house, swearing that the troops should proceed no further.

Colonel Peter Lysle, who was senior officer in the different detachments, now assumed command, and with a squad of soldiers and a volunteer engineer from the militia, started after the engine with the avowed determination to recapture it. Several thousand rioters, fully armed with all sorts of missiles and some weapons, now interfered, and the first detachment of troops were compelled to move back. Then the entire command marched down upon the mob, but the latter had suddenly been reinforced by almost the entire population of Altoona, and who so violently and effectively assaulted the troops that they were quickly compelled to give up the field. One company, with supreme cowardice, threw down their arms and fraternized with the strikers; many of the others bought tickets to return to Philadelphia; while the balance retreated precipitately to a safe distance from the city. Those who attempted to return to Philadelphia, among whom were many of the City Troop, the crack Philadelphia cavalry organization, were ingloriously captured and completely humiliated and disgraced at Harrisburg, as will shortly appear.

At the last-named city, the capital of the second great Commonwealth of the nation, many stirring incidents transpired. Because it was the capital, and the source from which should emanate all authority for the eventual suppression of troubles in Pennsylvania, made it no exception to the ravages of the gigantic wave of communistic anarchy which cursed the whole land. The railroad employees and their sympathizers were all aware that Governor Hartranft



Strikers at Altoona, Pa., attacking Troops en route for Pittsburg.

was absent, summering in the West, and they had very little respect for any show of authority coming from any lesser official.

On Saturday, the 22d of July, a meeting of fully four thousand strikers and other persons was held on a common, a few hundred yards above the depot, the leaders speaking from the top of box-cars, and exciting the crowd to a very violent pitch, it being fully determined by the mob to meet force with equal force, and make quick work of any troops that might be used against them.

From this meeting the rioters surged back to the depot, and at eight o'clock in the evening, when a delayed passenger train from the West appeared, detached the engine several times, and finally ran it triumphantly to the round-house, the passengers being compelled to accept the situation and lie over.

On the same day, the Fourth Division of Pennsylvania Militia was ordered out, for the purpose of assisting in the suppression of violence, and particularly for the purpose of guarding the three Susquehanna bridges.

At midnight of the same day an attempt was made by the more fiendish of the mob on the Philadelphia and Reading road near Harrisburg, to throw from the track a train containing a company of militia, en route for Harrisburg, from Pine Grove in Schuylkill County, by placing several iron bars across the rails, but the obstruction was discovered in time to prevent the wanton murder and destruction which would otherwise have followed.

On the evening of the next day, Monday, a most humiliating spectacle was witnessed in the streets of the capital city.

About four o'clock in the afternoon word was sent to the mob which held undisputed sway, that detachments of two Philadelphia regiments, among which were the City Troop

before referred to as having disgracefully fled from Altoona, were on the western side of the river, and prepared to surrender their arms if they could be guaranteed protection. Soon after, a crowd of nearly fifteen hundred of the mob crossed the foot and wagon bridge to be present at the surrender of these brave soldiers.

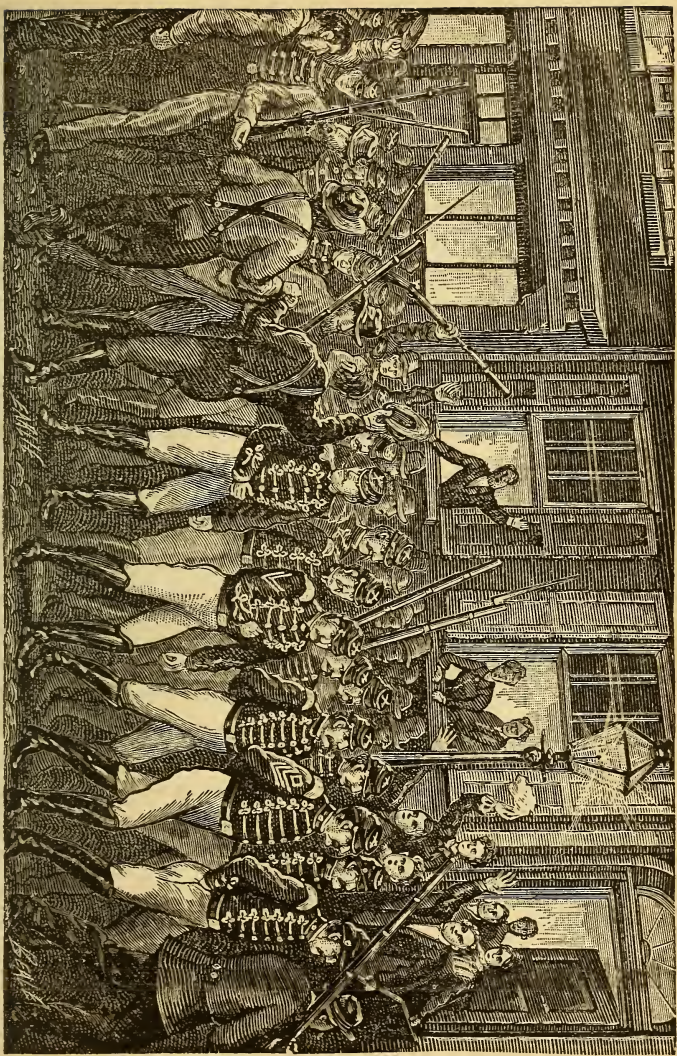
When the militia saw this formidable body of men approaching, they were possessed of the idea that they were to be immediately attacked, and drawn, and quartered; and, becoming panic-stricken, fled in the utmost dismay up the Susquehanna River.

After a time communication was established with the troops, by flag of truce and other methods, and arrangements were perfected for their surrender to the mob, which occurred soon after.

The strikers then hemmed in their prisoners, and amid the wildest cheers brought them back to the city, marched them triumphantly through the principal streets, and eventually to a hotel, where the scared and exhausted fellows were fed. They were compelled to stack their arms outside, and when they emerged from the hotel, they found that their jolly captors had taken possession of and distributed them. Then the disgraced troops were again marched through and through the streets in the business portions, and up and down the residence portions, with the howling, shrieking mob at their sides, who compelled the better classes of citizens to hurrah and pretend to rejoice with them. Finally, after the mob had exhausted themselves in this way, the poor fellows, like captured mice that cats had tired of playing with, were turned loose, to get to their homes as best they could.

Other straggling parties of soldiers, sent from different parts of the State to reinforce the command guarding the State arsenal, were similarly served, and their arms appro-

Rioters marching captured Philadelphia Troops through the streets of Harrisburg.



priated. These were subsequently turned over to the State authorities in a fit of good humor on the mob's part, under advice of Mayor Patterson, who seems to have acted with admirable judgment.

Up to this time no plan for the protection of the city had been formed. The Sheriff was absent, and Mayor Patterson felt doubtful about his authority extending beyond the use of the police, which was wholly unable to cope with the rioters. On the arrival of the Sheriff, late Monday evening, a conference was immediately had with the Mayor, the result of which was to direct the police to call personally on several hundred reliable men of the city, who were ordered, at a certain signal, to assemble at the court-house. The same evening, at a later hour, the mob began the work of plundering gun and pawn shops. The preconcerted signal was given, when the citizens rallied in large numbers with such arms as they could procure.

Headed by the Sheriff and the Mayor, they formed in solid ranks and marched rapidly down Market Street to the depot. The rioters, who were then sacking a pawn-shop, immediately broke and fled like sheep across the canal, leaving the depot and the city streets in possession of this very effective committee of safety.

It is simply an illustration of what determined citizens can do when organized and *led* by cool-headed officials; for this simple action utterly ended mob rule in the city of Harrisburg.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE READING RIOT.

ON Saturday, the 21st of July, great excitement was caused in the city of Reading, by the dispatches constantly arriving from Pittsburg, Baltimore and other points. Bulletins were placed in front of the *Eagle* building, near the corner of Sixth and Penn Streets, and attracted large crowds. As the telegrams increased in interest, the excitement increased, and in the afternoon about two o'clock a meeting of trainmen, called a "Union Meeting," was held in Columbia Hall.

It was chiefly composed of those engineers, firemen, and brakemen who had cast their fortune with the Brotherhood men during the April troubles on the Philadelphia and Reading road, and was called to order by William Strunk, a discharged Brotherhood engineer. There were about twenty of these engineers present. The remainder were firemen, brakemen, and rif-raff; but the meeting was held with some degree of secrecy.

It was at once suggested that they precipitate as serious troubles as were being experienced at Baltimore or Pittsburg. One man immediately proposed that they take a keg of powder and blow up the Lebanon Valley railroad bridge, a costly structure crossing the Schuylkill River, about a mile and a half above Reading, and connecting that city with Harrisburg.

The plan which was further discussed, was to place the

keg of powder just over a pier in the center of the bridge, attach a long fuse to it, and then, as they forcibly expressed it, "Blow the d——n thing into hell!"

Besides this cheerful arrangement it was proposed to go down to the "Neversink Curve," about three miles by rail from Reading, and blast tons of stone from the rocky bluff overhanging the tracks at that point, which would greatly harass the company under existing circumstances. It was also proposed that they proceed to the "Sinking Spring Quarries," and obstruct the trains there in like manner. One Brotherhood engineer suggested that a portion of the rioters go below Reading and stop the trains as suggested, and others do a like service in the interests of anarchy above the city.

It was finally agreed that they act at midnight; but when it was attempted to secure a list of the names of those who would stand by the execution of the nefarious work, the Brotherhood engineers rose and left the hall. They had suggested and incited the mischief, but, seeing that these suggestions were likely to be carried out by the excited crowd, they slunk away and left the work to be done by bolder and braver men. Shortly after the meeting broke up, no definite conclusion being reached, although a general understanding was had that rough work was to be done.

In the evening the same crowd again met in Columbia Hall. They sent a communication to a meeting of the Brotherhood engineers, in which united action was requested. It was not received, the point in this being to impress the public with the idea that they could not be drawn into any acts of violence. At the same time it was quietly made known to the members of the other meeting that both parties should meet at nine o'clock to tear up tracks and stop travel. This, however, was broken up by a fight which occurred among themselves during the

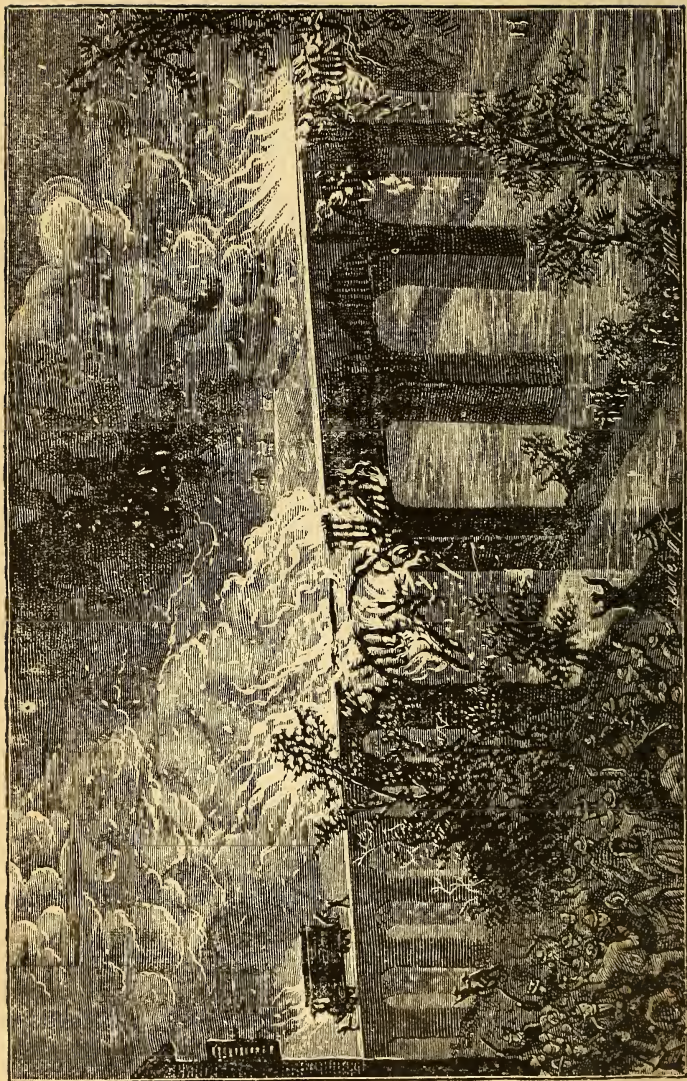
evening, and which had the effect of interfering with the plans for general destruction for that night.

On Sunday the excitement continued to increase, and culminated at about ten o'clock at night, when a large and riotous crowd assembled at the corner of Seventh and Penn Streets.

Seventh Street is occupied by the railroad tracks for a long distance through Reading. The party mentioned was headed by men with tin horns, and passed up Seventh Street through this "Cut." The road is below grade for a distance of about four blocks north from Penn Street, and on either side is a stone wall, about twenty-five feet at its highest point, which is crossed by viaducts at Court and Washington Streets. Through this cut the crowd surged, hooting and yelling and making the night hideous with their clamor.

The train from Allentown on the East Penn. road was due about half-past ten o'clock, and arrived at the depot simultaneously with the crowd, which rushed upon the engine and threatened to kill the engineer. Two of the depot officers mounted the tank, and, drawing their revolvers, threatened the crowd, but the engine in the meantime was uncoupled and run back upon a side-track, leaving the train at the depot.

The mob, which was headed by two men named Greth and Weber, immediately began tearing up tracks and "wedging" switches. Two cabooses were set on fire, when the crowd moved on, going west on the Lebanon Valley road. The part of the mob in advance next set fire to a freight train, using the oil and "waste" taken from the wheel-boxes, firing it and placing it upon the tracks beneath the cars. They then gathered a large quantity of "waste," stole a huge can of coal-oil, and then started rapidly towards the Lebanon Valley bridge.



Destruction of the Lebanon Valley Railroad Bridge at Reading, Pennsylvania.

This bridge is what is termed a "truss" bridge, the tracks being at the top, and the sides, which are about twenty feet high, covered with sheet iron. The advance party, numbering about thirty, and led by men named Smith and Humphries, on reaching the bridge, crossed over to the western end. Here they were met by the watchman, whom they ordered to leave. They then raised a trap-door leading down into the body of the structure where a narrow gangway extends. Some seven or eight descended through the trap, carrying the oil and "waste," and also large armfuls of broken wood. With this material they built a large fire within the body of the bridge, after which they came up the trap singly. Three of the incendiaries then went to the watch-box at the end of the bridge, demolished the doors and windows, and then set it on fire. They then passed out of sight, up the Lebanon Valley tracks until they reached the switches, then turned north, recrossed the Schnylkill at Tuckertown, and rejoined the crowd at the eastern end of the bridge.

While the freight-cars and cabooses were burning, the Reading firemen, led by their Chief, Howard Boyer, came upon the scene, but were prevented by the mob from making any efforts to suppress the fire. The rioters held full and undisputed sway. Six loaded freight-cars and two cabooses were destroyed by this fire, which was burning while the Lebanon Valley bridge was being consumed by the flames. The structure so wantonly destroyed cost one hundred thousand dollars. Its incendiaries were Alfred Smith, Samuel Humphries, and a man named Cunius. The two former were tried and plead guilty. They were sentenced to imprisonment for five years in the Berks County jail. Cunius has not yet been apprehended.

The leaders of the mob, who accompanied the bridge-burners as far as the eastern end of the bridge, were Hiram

F. Nachtrieb, Alfred Greth, and John Weber, all Brotherhood engineers. It was admitted by Nachtrieb, under oath, that he was at the bridge at the time it was set on fire.

These facts, taken in connection with the fact that Alfred Greth and John Weber, two well-known men of Reading, and long connected with the Brotherhood, were known to have given orders at the commencement of the destruction on Sunday night, which was one continuous riot from ten o'clock until early next morning, make it conclusive that the members of the Brotherhood engineers, in Reading, were alone responsible for the entire riot and its disastrous consequences in that city and vicinity.

The passage through Reading of coal trains is the great feature of railroad business at that point. These almost numberless trains are made up at Palo Alto, some thirty-five miles to the north of the city, all the coal shipped by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, and also by the "coal laterals," is forwarded through Reading to the great markets of the East beyond, and, from a local regulation, the trains are compelled to pass through the city at a slow rate of speed.

During the forenoon following the bridge-burning, these trains were intercepted in their passage through the city by men jumping upon them, putting on the brakes, uncoupling the cars, and throwing car-links and pins away. When the train, called through that locality the "buck-rabbit" train, from the fact that it stops at every little station, reached Reading, the engineer was driven off, and the engine taken charge of by Levi Rogers, a Brotherhood engineer. He took the engine to Chestnut Street and gave it in charge of the foreman of the shops, ostensibly for the purpose of preventing destruction by the mob. Then the mob dumped coal from the loaded cars upon the tracks to obstruct the trains.

In the meantime arrangements were made with General Pleasants, Chief Engineer of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, to call the Coal and Iron Police from Pottsville, by telegraph, and they were to be met at Reading by Captain Liunden, of my force, who was to assume command.

About four o'clock the "up" and "down" passenger trains meet at Reading. On the arrival of the "down" train it was stopped in the "cut," and the engineer, Michael Cassidy, was ordered off. He stated that it was a mail train, and protested against leaving. Some of the crowd said that the mail-car could go on, and jumped upon the platform, to uncouple it from the remainder of the cars. Cassidy, however, had so arranged the air-brakes that they could not be uncoupled. Alfred Greth, the Brotherhood engineer before referred to, told Cassidy to remain on the engine, that he would see that the train went through, *but he must not come back again*. The train, after some delay, and after backing up on the side-track, so as to get past the coal on the tracks at Penn Street, passed on.

The Coal and Iron Police arrived from Pottsville about six o'clock in the evening, and disembarked at the depot, but their train being taken possession of by the mob, Captain Alderson and a party of ten of the Coal and Iron Police made a splendid charge, and drove the mob away from the platform. The train was started, but was stopped in the "cut" by the mob. At that point it was no longer under the protection of the police.

When the express train leaving Philadelphia at about four o'clock in the afternoon, William Savacool engineer, arrived at Chestnut Street, the engineer was obliged to slacken speed. He saw that the track was blockaded with coal, and an immense crowd was congregated at Seventh and Penn Streets. Realizing his danger, and being a man

of determined character, he immediately put on full steam, blew the whistle, and rushed at the rate of forty miles an hour through the obstructions, scattering the coal in all directions with such force that many of the rioters were knocked down by the flying lumps. But the mob, which immediately closed in after the retiring train, followed him to the depot, and, while oiling his engine, he was assailed and terribly beaten, being compelled to fly for his life into the depot.

A consultation was held about this time between Mr. John E. Wooten, General Manager of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, George F. Baer, counsel of the company, and Captain Linden, of my force, who had come down from Philadelphia at a marvelous rate of speed on a small engine called the "Ariel," during which it was decided that Captain Linden should take charge of the Coal and Iron Police, and make an effort to guard the car-shops—those comprising the most valuable property of the company at Reading.

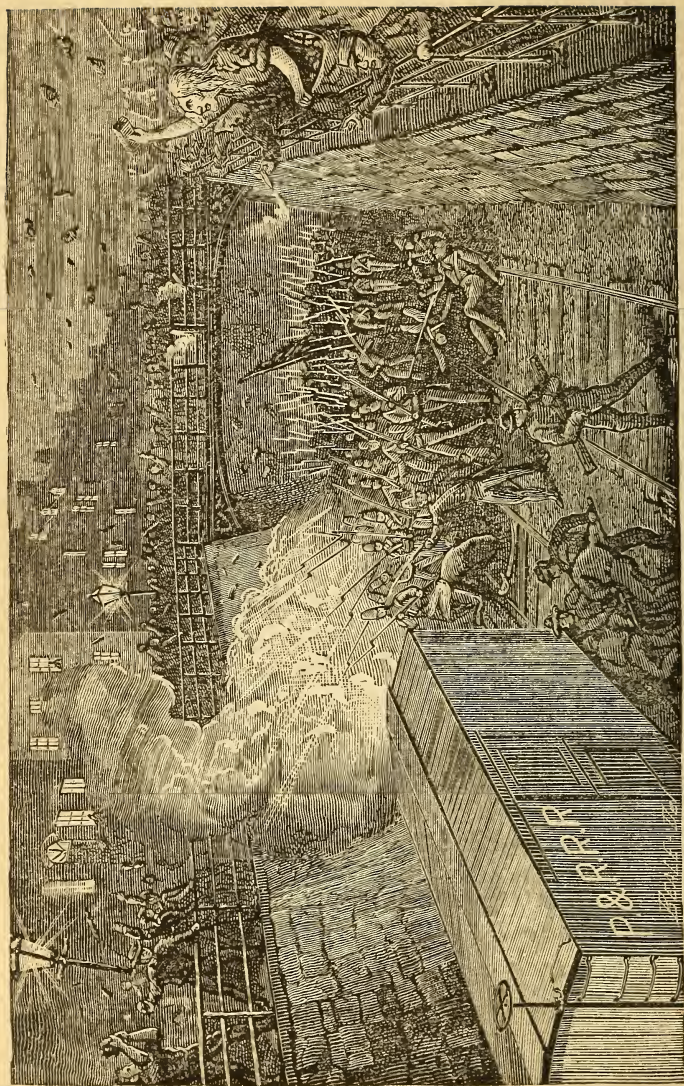
When this force was about to leave the depot for that purpose, the Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia was seen coming down the East Penn. Railroad tracks towards the depot. They had come from Allentown, and had alighted from the cars at Temple, about four miles from Reading, marching from that point into the city. General Reeder, who was in command, was informed of the Coal and Iron Police's intention to protect the shops, whereupon he decided to assume protection of the depot. He said that he was determined to release the train, which was still standing in the cut. The Coal and Iron Police then took possession of the car-shops, and General Reeder, with his command, marched down the main tracks of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and directly into the "cut," instead of pushing a portion of his command down the sides, and another force through the cut.

The entire space in this cut was packed by an excited and angry multitude. The street on either side of the walls was also filled with rioters, men, women, and children. They actually seemed to hang over the sides of the walls, like bees upon the edge of a hive. The troops had no sooner got into this narrow defile than they were fiercely attacked by the crowd on either side. Bricks, stones, clubs, pieces of coal, and every conceivable missile that could be secured were hurled upon them, the women among the rioters appearing to be more ferocious, if possible, than the men. The soldiers were unable to retaliate; and after numbers of the troops had fallen, they suddenly fired, though without doing much damage, owing to the protection offered the rioters by the walls.

The crowd in front, however, in the meantime, instead of running away, had wedged themselves more densely into the "cut," in order to resist the passage of the troops, who by this time had become almost maddened by their helpless condition, and who, with a seeming sense of desperation, suddenly fired a heavy volley directly down Seventh Street into the mob.

This had the effect of clearing the mob in front, but the rioters on either side continued their reckless attack upon them. Unfortunately, numbers of the city police had been stationed at the crossing of Seventh Street for the purpose of keeping it clear for vehicles, and a number of these police were struck when this volley was fired.

The soldiers, having cleared the "cut," turned down Seventh Street, halted at the corner of Fifth and Penn Streets, re-formed, and then marched out Fifth Street to the depot, where they halted for the night, leaving the train just where it stood, and in no way affecting the condition of affairs in the cut, or about the delayed train, except to increase the fury of the mob. After the troops had returned



Rioters assaulting Soldiers in the cut at Reading, Pennsylvania.

to the depot, the mob having become maddened by the fruitless resistance offered, and from the large quantities of liquor, which it is alleged had been freely distributed to them during the day by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, now rushed up Penn Street, and took immediate possession of the armory belonging to the "Reading Rifles," a local military organization under Captain Weinrich, and seized all the rifles at the armory, but they proved to be useless, as some members of the company, fearing this, had removed the ammunition. The rioters then made a rush for the car-shops with the intention of burning them, after which they were to retire, for the purpose of exterminating the militia, but, suddenly changing this plan from one of those freaks common to mobs, they tore up the railroad tracks south of Penn and Seventh Streets, ran freight-cars, loaded with leaf tobacco, off the track, destroyed the switches at Cherry Alley, and robbed the cars of their contents. This concluded the riotous demonstrations at Reading.

On the next day, Tuesday, a general gloom settled over the entire city and community, owing to the unfortunate killing of so many persons. The mob became in a measure demoralized, and seemingly began to consider the consequences of their rash acts. They remained about the depot all day, but made no decided demonstrations. Nothing was done by the company during the day, the trains all remaining standing as they were; but it is a notable fact that this was the *only* day, during the entire troubles at Reading, when passenger traffic was suspended. It is also worthy of remark that none of the employees of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad were known to have participated in these riots. They were entirely the work of discharged Brotherhood engineers, the rather large class of firemen and brakemen, whom they had deluded into "stand-

ing out " during the troubles in April previous, and the sympathizers of both classes, of whom there were naturally a large number.

On the same evening Mr. Baer, counsel for the company, telegraphed Capt. Linden, asking him if he would furnish protection to the repairmen if they could be secured to relay the track early next morning. He promptly replied that he would, and he at once detailed twenty-eight members of the Coal and Iron Police, armed with Winchester rifles. This organization had done such effective service in the coal-regions during the Molly Maguire troubles, that they were respected and feared, both for their bravery and fidelity. Captain Linden was accompanied by Captain Alderson, who had so bravely repelled the mob at the depot on Monday previous with but ten men. They proceeded to the corner of Seventh and Penn Streets, on Wednesday morning at five o'clock, and in a short time the tracks were cleared of the coal dumped there by the rioters, and the rails relaid without annoyance or trouble.

This ended the delay caused by the riots in Reading, and the stoppage of passenger-trains was only from Monday night until the following Wednesday morning.

A great amount of ill-feeling was subsequently aroused in Reading by the attempt to arrest and punish strikers and rioters, and it was a frequent occurrence to have the hands in the railroad-shops resist the apprehension of such persons.

The accompanying illustration will give the reader a good idea of such instances, and shows where a desperate man was taken by Chief Cullen, rescued by his comrades, but released and turned over to the officers on the promise being given the men that the person arrested should be well treated.



Arrest of a Striker in Reading, Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FURTHER TROUBLES IN THE COAL REGIONS.

ALL through the great coal regions of Pennsylvania, the strikers brought trouble and dismay enough to fill a hundred volumes, were they minutely recited. At Scranton, at Wilkesbarre, at Shenandoah, at Plymouth, at Hazelton, and at a score of other important and unimportant points, the wild wave of turbulence rushed upon and beat the ignorant and disaffected miners and their sympathizers with relentless fury.

A recital of the troubles at one or two of these points will suffice for all, as they were almost precisely similar throughout the entire section. That vast body of men employed, and unemployed, in this grimy labor seems to be forever in a condition where striking and violence are looked upon as a welcome sort of change and diversion. With the troubles elsewhere for an excuse, and the growlings and mutterings of the trainmen nearer home to give the provided excuse more real force and might, they went into the fight against what they always have assumed to be their oppressors, the great coal companies, with as much genuine fervor, and quite as much ignorance, as the crusaders went to the holy wars.

Although the agitation and riots, brought about in this section by the great strikes of '77, were begun at a later period than at almost any other point so affected, it was also true that they continued longer, and were not at the beginning of 1878 yet wholly quieted. This fact illustrates

no particular feature of the great strikes, but brings more forcibly to public notice the intensity of the feuds existing between laborers and their employers in this terribly distracted and at all times turbulent region.

By July 29th, the labor crisis in the entire Lackawanna Valley seemed to have nearly approached. The second week previous, upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal had been shipped to the market. The week previous to, and including, that date, not a tenth part of that quantity had been sent out, and, during the subsequent two weeks hardly a train-load was dispatched.

All the miners of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company discontinued work on Saturday, July 28th, and those of the Pennsylvania Coal Company were thrown out of work the next day by the destruction of the "head-house" of "No. 5 plane," and a bridge, by fire. This "head-house," which was located in the woods, just east of Scranton, was burned about three o'clock in the morning by a band of over one hundred armed men, who took the watchman from his watch-house, gagged him, bound him to a tree, and then fired the "head-house," around which they danced and shouted in fiendish exultation, like a pack of demons, as the flames progressed. Then the bridge was taken in hand and served likewise. This wanton business threw the road idle from Hawley east as far as Pittsburg. The men at these mines were working on full time and shipping thirty thousand tons of coal each week. Neither had any demand been made for an increase of wages.

By Sunday, July 29th, not a mine in this great coal-producing valley was being worked, and all were fast filling with water. How much of a disaster this is to coal companies can be seen from the fact that in 1868 the Diamond Colliery was idle three days for the repair of its machinery, and it took eight months, and cost thirty thousand dollars,

to pump out the water which had accumulated in that short time.

On Saturday a gang of six hundred miners surprised and stopped a coal-train on the Delaware and Hudson road and forced the men to abandon it. On the next day it seemed that the whole section of country for a hundred miles in either direction from Scranton had been utterly given up to the lawless and fiendish elements; but on Monday there was a sudden collapse of the strike along the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western road, after a week's siege, many of the men returning to work at their old wages. The same morning Mayor McCune, whose determination and bravery subsequently came near costing him his life, sent word to the executive committee of the railroad strikers that travel must be resumed over the road the next morning, even if the presence and use of troops were necessary to accomplish that result.

Accordingly the men called a meeting at one o'clock, when a decision to allow trains to run was reached by an almost unanimous vote, and in a few hours a passenger-train was dispatched for Northumberland amid the universal rejoicing of the inhabitants. This train was greeted along the route by great crowds, although no violent demonstrations were made.

But the end was not yet.

In such a section of country as this, the important and even overwhelming element in a general strike is composed of the thousands upon thousands of miners. They number from fifteen to twenty thousand in this valley alone, and when they learned that the railroad employees had given up the strike, no language could express the bitterness and hatred with which they denounced them.

All of this hatred and bitterness culminated on Wednesday, August 1st, when the disaffection so long brooding over

the city, and the senseless and unreasoning struggle of labor against capital, brought forth riot and death.

The great mass of miners and other workmen on strike, dissatisfied over their defeat and chagrined at the fact that many of their fellows were returning stealthily to work, resolved on making a grand demonstration to sustain their waning influence and browbeat the authorities, who were quietly but surely getting the upper hand and compelling a return of decency and order.

Accordingly a great mass-meeting was held on the morning of the day mentioned in the suburbs of the city, at which between five and six thousand men were present. The critical situation was discussed by half-crazy speakers. Speeches in the interest of order were received in sullen silence.

Finally an anonymous letter was read which produced the wildest excitement. It stated that the assertion had been made by W. W. Scranton, Esq., General Superintendent of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, that he would soon have these thousands of miners by the throat and where they would be only too glad to work for thirty-five cents a day. No more wanton and cruel a lie was ever constructed, but it had the desired effect. It set these already excited and unreasoning fellows in a blaze of rage and frenzy. The wildest confusion followed. Several reporters who were found in the crowd were attacked, in some instances beaten, and all their notes were captured and destroyed.

This seemed to whet the appetite of the mob, and suddenly the vast assemblage separated into two squads and proceeded to the machine-shops, foundries, and furnaces of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, assaulting and driving away a number of men and boys who were at work. They then rushed to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western car-shops. The workmen there were panic-stricken

and fled in terror, but not before some of them had been terribly beaten and otherwise injured.

During the attempted settlement of the troubles at Scranton and vicinity, Mayor McCune had been unceasing in his vigilance and efforts to bring about a restoration of peace, without conflict. He had even declined the use of the military sometime previously tendered by Governor Hartranft. But among the conflicting and vicious elements necessary to be controlled there had grown up a bitter animosity towards him, for the reason that all criminally reckless men naturally hate an officer whose honesty and bravery compels him to oppose them. So that when he appeared upon the scene he was everywhere greeted with jeers and hisses. Every effort he could make or word he could utter was wasted. He was quickly driven from the ground in the most violent manner. Happening to meet the Rev. Father Dunn, of St. Vincent's Cathedral, the latter took him by the arm to protect him. While thus passing along, the priest saw the mob wildly following a man whom its members were stoning terribly. He stopped with the Mayor to beg for the protection of the poor fellow, and the two were immediately surrounded by the howling crowd. Soon the appealing words of the priest were lost in the surrounding din and yells of the rioters.

The Mayor then further endeavored by all means in his power to quell the pandemonium, which only resulted in the mobs being distracted from other deadly intentions to wreak their vengeance upon him. Half a dozen burly ruffians rushed upon him. He struggled valiantly with them, and Father Dunn bravely sprang to his rescue. But the rioters, despite this, were not to be deterred from their murderous work. In the rush which followed, Mr. Lilly, a lumber boss in the employ of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western shops, was brutally beaten.

Mayor McCune was hustled about fearfully for a few moments, the brave and generous Father Dunn several times throwing himself bodily between him and upraised clubs which for a time were stayed by these acts of heroism; but finally, Mayor McCune was struck a terrible blow on the head by a club in the hands of one of the ruffians. This was followed by another blow more stunning than the first. He staggered and fell, and, with him, Father Dunn, who was still bravely attempting to protect him.

Blood flowed freely from the Mayor's head and face, and the brutal mob continued kicking and beating him, and shouts soon went up from the crowd: "The Mayor is killed! The Mayor is killed!" This alarmed those in the immediate vicinity, who fled, and the Mayor was allowed to escape to a near drug store where his wounds were dressed. A portion of the crowd then lifted Father Dunn from the crowd and bore him bodily away to a place of safety.

At this moment there was seen marching down Lackawanna Avenue, from the company's store, a body of armed men with repeating rifles and fixed bayonets. It was a posse which had been some time previously organized by the Mayor, and they were now coming to his assistance, at his request. They saw him bleeding at the street corner, as they crossed Washington Avenue. Just as they were approaching him for instructions, the mob attacked them furiously. A large crowd had also followed them, and began firing pistols upon them from behind. The company immediately wheeled about and fired. Some aimed over the crowd, and others fired with fatal effect killing four men and wounding others.

The mob broke and fled in every direction; but the company kept on firing wherever they could see a threatening crowd, and these volleys completely rid the streets of rioters. The ghastly picture presented upon the streets as

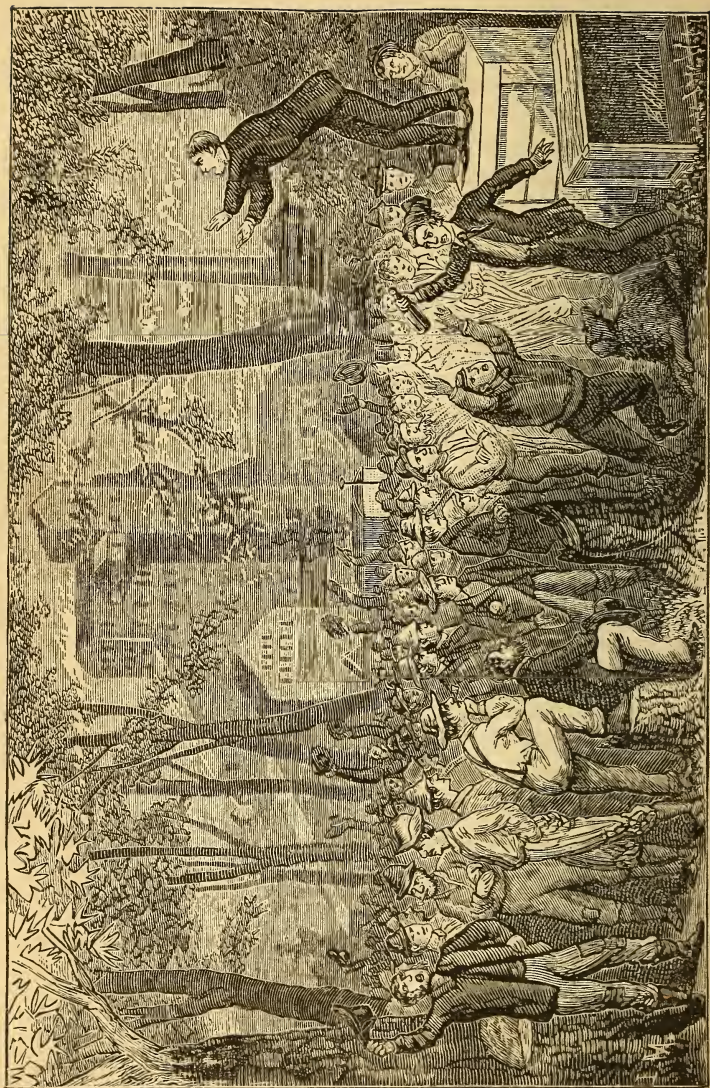


Attack upon the Mayor of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

the mob fled was horrible. On the corner near the drug-store where Mayor McCune had his wounds dressed, lay a man with the top of his head torn off and his blood and brains scattered on the sidewalk. Three others in the middle of the street were struggling in the last agonies of death; and large numbers of wounded were being carried into drug-stores, or to their homes, by their friends.

This ended the bloodshed and riot at Scranton. On the next day, General Brinton with three thousand troops, who, from their experiences at Pittsburg and elsewhere, were in a condition of feeling which would permit of no trifling, arrived in the city, and immediate and effective measures were taken to put down the terrible lawlessness and disorder which seemed everywhere rampant. Notwithstanding the wounds of the Mayor, his bravery never deserted him, and on Friday, the 29th, at the head of a posse, he compelled the closing of the saloons, though every manner of threat against his life was being continually made. The troubles continued at this place and vicinity for several weeks, breaking out with lessening degrees of intensity, until finally quieted as much as it seems to be possible to quiet this reckless class of workingmen; but this much was only accomplished by the constant menace of large bodies of militia that were finally followed by the regular troops, whose presence everywhere during these lamentable occurrences commanded complete respect.

By Saturday, July 28th, Wilkesbarre, Pa., was also comparatively in a state of siege. It was surrounded by thousands of miners and railroad strikers, who hung about the mines and depots ready for participation in any fracas that might be precipitated, and varied this amusement by insulting respectable citizens and plundering any and every place which was left unguarded. This status of things continued until the Wednesday following, when all mail

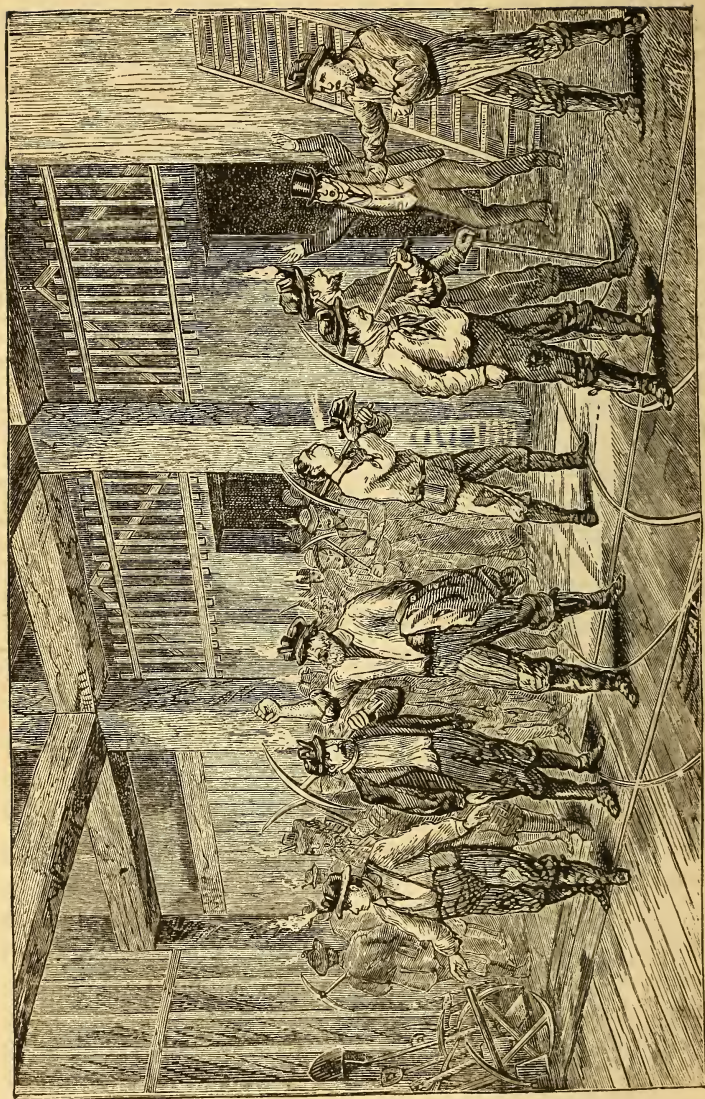


Miner's Meeting, at Dana's Grove, near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

and passenger trains were stopped in a most brutal and riotous manner, general bloodshed only being prevented from the fact that the mob was permitted to wholly have its own way.

In the meantime troops under Governor Hartranft had arrived, but they had no noticeable effect upon the vast crowds of miners, who went where they liked, and did as they pleased. Illustrative of this insolence of the mobs was a gigantic meeting of the miners held at Dana's Grove, a beautiful piece of woodland, a short distance from the city. On August 4th, fully six thousand of these daring, reckless fellows proceeded to this grove, where they held a general indignation meeting, aired their grievances, and impudently sent messengers to Mayor Loomis, and Sheriff Kirkindall, demanding to be informed why the military was at Wilkesbarre and vicinity, threatening peaceful workmen like themselves. They then returned to the city, marching through the streets with bands of music, insulting everybody upon the streets, stoning any and every party that might happen to arouse their ire, and in every other way possible endeavoring to provoke a conflict with the citizens and the troops.

But no further notable trouble occurred. Among the many interesting features of the strike in the vicinity of Wilkesbarre was the constant forcing of men, who were willing to work, from the mines. Great crowds of ruffians, hundreds of whom had never done a day's honest work in their lives, armed with pistols, bludgeons, and knives, would proceed to a shaft, and then, in Falstaffian pomposity, pass resolutions of condemnation upon mine-owners, railroad companies, and all capitalists, when they would appoint a committee to descend the shaft and order the laborers within the mine to discontinue work, on pain of stopping the pumps and fans. Those at work well knew



Strikers abandoning a mine.

how much danger lay in this threat, and all the efforts of the mining "bosses" to keep them at work were of no avail.

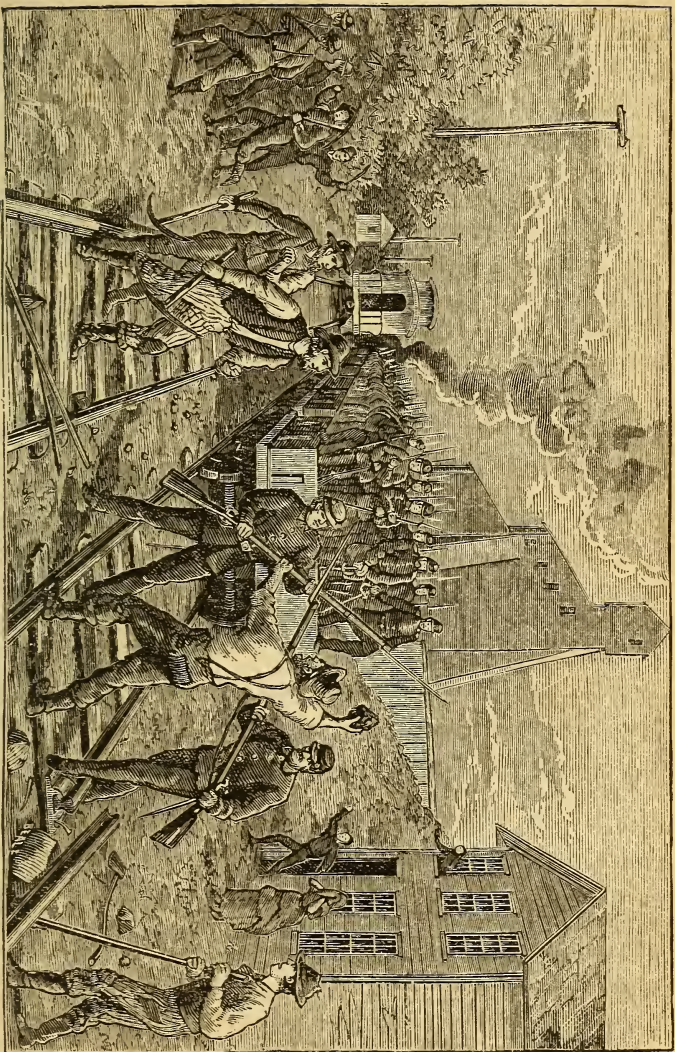
At Plymouth, the strikers secured the reputation of being more persistent and vituperative than at any other point within the State of Pennsylvania, save at Pittsburg. Plymouth is situated just across the river from Wilkesbarre, and is the real center of the vast possessions of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, which is itself the property of the New Jersey Central Railroad Company. The company has in the surrounding Wyoming valley about twenty breakers, and eight thousand miners are employed. These turbulent fellows give direction to public feeling on all questions concerning labor or other matters, and the result was that when the excitement concerning the general troubles reached this region, every miner turned out, congregated at Plymouth, and, although they made no trouble in the town itself, its entire inhabitants being in close sympathy with the mobs, every devilish device which ingenuity could suggest was brought to bear on crippling the railroad, and particularly brought into requisition against permitting the troops to pass through the place to the turbulent points beyond. Tracks were torn up, torpedoes were placed under ties, rails were piled across tracks, switches were spiked, and every imaginable obstruction created. These scamps never made a decided stand and invited a fight, but did their work covertly and then dispersed; but they met rather rough usage on the morning of August 2d.

On that morning a train loaded with troops—nearly one thousand of the soldiers sent by Governor Hartranft from Pittsburg on his famous flank movement, which eventually ended the riotous troubles in Pennsylvania—passed up the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg road on its way to Scranton. At both Kingston and Avondale trouble had occurred, and when Plymouth was reached the troops

were in no condition to be trifled with, particularly as they had already learned of the vicious disposition of the rioters at this point; and as rioters were found attempting to tear up the tracks, they halted, swiftly deployed skirmishers, surrounded the entire place, and at the point of the bayonet prodded and huddled the scoundrels together, quite after the fashion of Colonel Hamilton at Johnstown, Pa., and finally took nearly one hundred prisoners in box-cars, like so many swine, along with them. Many resisted arrest and were fired upon, and wounded; but this treatment proved effective at Plymouth, and though the tracks were torn up immediately after the train passed on, the spirit and bravado of the rioters at this point had been crushed.

And thus the spirit of mob rule surged back and forth over this seemingly accursed region. At Shenandoah, at Mauch Chunk, at Hazelton, at Bethlehem, and at a score of less important places, these half hundred thousand miners and their sympathizers, following this fearful fancy which has pursued the same class from time immemorial, that they can only hold their own against their employers by periodical anarchy and riot, repeated the violence and tragedy which forever bind them in the chains of their own ignorant forging. They presented, as they have countless times presented, the pitiable picture of men blind with fury and rage of their own nursing, standing before their own work and taking the bitterly-needed bread from the mouths of their fellows and their own families.

From over-production, and a hundred other causes which have affected all interests, they were certainly having "hard times in the mines;" but the idleness, the destruction, the wanton pillage, the stoppage of investments from fear of the results of all enterprise, were the consequences of their own brutal work. While we may pity them, we cannot but condemn them with a touch of horror and dismay. They



Quelling a Riot at Plymouth, Pennsylvania.

will not work themselves ; they will not permit others to work. They kill and plunder and butcher like demons, destroy the very interests which place bread into their mouths ; and then, because they have recklessly crippled their employers, strike and kill and burn again. And thus these rounds of terror have gone on and on, until what should be the fairest garden-spot of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is swiftly becoming such a pest-hole of anarchy and murder that it would almost seem that the time is not far distant when it will become necessary to chase these demons, like foxes, from the fair mountains with fire and sword.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STRIKE AT PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND UPON THE ERIE RAILROAD.

It may be fairly stated that the great strikes of '77 brought comparatively no violence to either Philadelphia or New York, the largest two cities of the country. There was naturally great excitement in both places, but no active demonstrations by the rougher elements were permitted to gain either the force of terror or riot. There was every condition for all the terrors that reckless men, run wild, are capable of inspiring. There was loss to business men, gain to newspapers, rushing to and fro, senseless, ludicrous, and pathetic incidents without number, and common apprehension and excitement ; but, tersely stated, those cities have the most effective police organizations in America, and that fact alone prevented untold loss of property and life. In

the discussion of the troubles consequent upon the great strikes, this fact has been overlooked. Our great cities above all things need strong police forces. Then head them with brave and honest officers, and remove them irrevocably from corrupting political influences, and when riot and turbulence raise their ugly heads, honest men and decent citizens will find that they have a protection, and not a weakness, in their midst.

I do not say that the police forces of these cities have reached the degree of purity and independence suggested, but it is certain that they have been made strong in numbers, very perfect in organization, ready and quick from most excellent discipline, and effective and powerful from being led by fearless and experienced officers. No other reason can be given why Philadelphia and New York escaped the disgraceful scenes enacted in almost every other place of any importance north of the Ohio River.

Although great excitement had existed in Philadelphia from the very beginning of the troubles at Pittsburg, the strike proper did not reach the city until July 22d. At six o'clock that evening it had extended along the line from Pittsburg to this city, and coupled with this movement was the joining of the New York Division people with their brethren of the main line. Everything was done very quietly, but the men seemed determined to make the company as much trouble as possible. A special train had brought Major Stokely's family from Long Branch the day previous, but the crew had "struck" as soon as they had reached West Philadelphia.

The railroad officials were not much excited on account of the strike here, as it had been expected, and came quietly and without any turbulence on the part of the trainmen, who suddenly became very discreet when they learned how well the authorities were prepared to receive them. Aside

from this, Colonel Scott never for one moment swerved from his original purpose, the foresight and wisdom of which no thinking business man can question, to place the entire responsibility of preserving the peace and operating the Pennsylvania Central road in safety, upon the city and State authorities. Lawless citizens of the State had taken • violent possession of the road and the company's property. What power besides that of the State was competent, or should be compelled, to return it?

From six o'clock until dark the strikers were apparently inactive. The vast crowds that had collected at the spacious depot during the day—surging back and forth about the grounds, and rushing into and out of the nest of saloons on Market Street opposite—had finally dispersed until but a few remained. It was thought that they had gone to their homes, and the authorities began to congratulate themselves that the storm would pass over the city without leaving its destructive trail. In this they were mistaken; for, although the police had so well guarded the approaches to the depot and tracks that none except working employees and depot attaches had been permitted to pass the cordon, with the darkness the crowd of strikers and rif-raff began to gather thickly upon the bluffs, and shortly after open acts of violence were begun.

It was determined to stop everything upon the road, save through mail trains, not even shifting-engines being allowed to run. Engine No. 435 was attached to a train of nine oil-cars, with tanks filled, destined for Harrisburg. When the train was about starting, it was surrounded, and the engineer was told that he must not move it. At the same time the locomotive was uncoupled from the cars and returned to the round-house. At about nine o'clock the Southern Express left the depot, but had proceeded only a short distance when it was also surrounded and stopped. The engineer

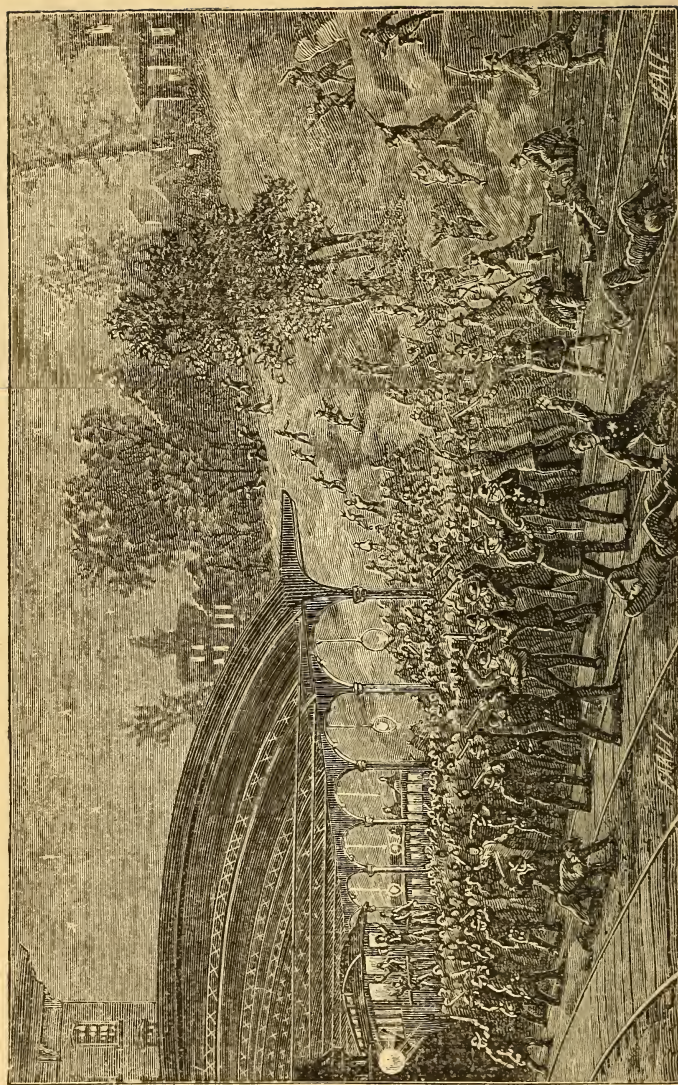
stated that he only intended to take the train with his locomotive, which was a shifting-engine, as far as Thirty-third Street, where the regular engine would be attached. The strikers allowed the train to pass, but informed the engineer that no more shifting-engines would be permitted to run, either inside or outside of the yards. This engine shortly returned, and its fires were raked out, which placed a final embargo upon matters here.

Meanwhile, the crowd upon the high bluff above the tracks had become larger and more vicious and boisterous. There were but few policemen at this point, and they were powerless to control the mob. Large torpedoes were placed on the rails, exploding as the mail trains passed, and increasing the general excitement.

The police several times endeavored to drive back the mob, but had not sufficient force at hand, and were eventually compelled to retire, when Chief of Police Jones ordered reinforcements sent to the point. When these had arrived, Captain Curry, who was in command of the squads, called out in a loud voice: "Gentlemen, you will have to leave that bank! This place must be kept clear!"

The crowd, which by this time numbered about five hundred, only responded by derisive yells and jeers. Captain Curry told his men to stand firm, preparatory to giving them orders to charge on the mob, when, luckily, Lieutenant Schoolly, of the Seventeenth District, suddenly appeared in the rear of the mob. This was the signal for another chorus of yells, and the crowd then began stoning the police in both directions.

"At them with your clubs!" shouted Captain Curry. The policemen drew their maces and charged up the hill upon the rioters, handling their clubs so vigorously and effectively that the strikers, after a short and vigorous



Philadelphia Police clubbing the Mob from the Pennsylvania Central R. R. Depot.

resistance, finally broke and fled over the bluff, back into the streets of West Philadelphia.

No arrests were made, the officers deeming that course ill-advised, as it would only cause bitterness and further excitement among the strikers. They simply hit a head wherever they could find one belonging to a striker.

Earlier in the evening, after the stopping of the shifting-engines, nearly two hundred of the strikers proceeded to the New York freight shops, at Thirty-eighth and Palmer Streets, where about fifty men were at work. These were violently driven from the buildings, and the fires put out. The shops lower down would have been similarly treated, but, as it was Sunday, there were watchmen about. These scenes of disorder were followed by placing nearly three hundred policemen along the top of the heights, stretching from Callowhill Street bridge on the west side of the road. The grim file of policemen, with accoutrements glittering in the moonlight, stood along the brow of the hill, masters of the situation, but momentarily anticipating grave disturbances. When parties of from a half dozen to fifty were ordered to "move on," they would comply in such a wolfish way that the greatest patience and good judgment were required to prevent collisions.

"Oh, we won't resist, we won't! We ain't got no rocks in our pockets, *we ain't!* Oh, no!" they would shout at the police, in a way that made some of the officers tremble for consequences should active trouble occur. But fortunately the night passed without riot, and in the early morning the place had the appearance of a tranquil camp, for here and there along the tracks and at the edge of the bluff could be seen police on their beats, thick as soldiers on duty, and at intervals relief squads stretched out on the grass or upon boards, as soundly snoring as though in their own beds.

On this morning it was decided by Colonel Scott and

Mayor Stokely to have the moving of freight begun, but such menacing crowds gathered at Callowhill Street bridge, with the evident determination to oppose it, that the execution of this plan was abandoned until General Hancock should have arrived with regular troops. By ten o'clock the mob had increased until it numbered nearly a thousand persons, and its members began forcing their way in upon the bridge and upon the cordon of police in so threatening a manner that Chief Jones, who, with Captains Wood and Heins, was upon the ground, ordered the crowd to disperse. This command not being obeyed, the police charged on the crowd and pitilessly clubbed its members until they fled in every direction.

It had been something of a mystery to the authorities, during the morning, what had become of the main body of strikers, as the crowd at Callowhill Street was composed chiefly of vagabond boys and idle ruffians, but their movements became known between ten and eleven o'clock, when the clang of fire-engines was heard and clouds of dense smoke were seen ascending from the lower end of the city. The torch had been applied at last. The strikers had fired an oil-train, part of which consisted of the cars which had been stopped on the previous night, but had been taken in the morning to a point on the Junction Road near South Street bridge, and just opposite the almshouse. To the original train had been added a large number of cars from the West Chester Road, the whole string extending over nearly a quarter of a mile of track. Six fire-engines were promptly on the ground, under the personal supervision of the Chief Engineer, but it was almost impossible to stay the flames, owing to the great difficulty, from the intense heat, of getting near the fire, and also from the fact that the entire supply of water had to be taken from the Schuylkill River. Four hundred police formed a hollow square around the burning train

and with difficulty protected the firemen from the ruffians who predominated in the crowd of nearly ten thousand excited people that surged back and forth with a strong determination to prevent the use of the engines, if it were possible. But, as in every other instance in Philadelphia, the police were on hand in such large numbers, and so effectively officered, that the strikers dared not interfere. Four box and two tank cars, all laden with oil, were necessarily left to the flames, the heat was of such a terrible intensity. The wooden tanks in the box-cars being open, no explosion was expected from them, and none came, but when the flames at length reached one of the iron tanks, there was a stunning explosion that shook the earth, and a column of blazing oil shot up into the air to a distance of at least fifty feet, and in its descent some of the burning fluid plashed into the faces and over the persons of two of the firemen, burning them terribly. It was with the utmost difficulty that the fire was confined to the cars, but a general conflagration, which the fiendish incendiaries had intended, was finally averted.

The first regular troops arriving in the city came from Baltimore, where they had been on duty for three days previous, just after noon, and consisted of one hundred and twenty-five marines, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hayward and General Hancock. They reached the city at two o'clock, being followed during the afternoon and night by several hundred regulars. No other events of importance occurred in Philadelphia on Monday.

By noon of Tuesday the force on duty in this city, and which could be relied on to maintain the public safety, was divided as follows: 1,400 armed policemen; 400 armed firemen; 700 United States regular troops, with batteries; 125 marines; 2,000 special policemen, sworn in during the day; the Veteran Corps, increased to 500 men; volunteers

who had enlisted to form a regiment of 1,000 "emergency" men; and five companies of the Grand Army of the Republic. Besides this, Mayor Stokely was authorized to increase his special police force to 1,000 men, which made a force of upwards of 7,000 fighting men, well armed and equipped.

Governor Hartranft arrived in Philadelphia Wednesday afternoon, and quietly set to work arranging matters for his campaign, which comprised a great show of troops at Pittsburg and the subsequent handling of matters in the coal regions. He was greatly assisted by Colonel Scott, who, it is worthy of remark, showed most wonderful energy during the troubles, never for a single moment leaving the West Philadelphia Depot, where he remained night and day, so long as there existed the slightest possibility of trouble.

The first spilling of blood, during the strike in Philadelphia, resulting in death, happened near the North Pennsylvania Depot on Thursday evening. A mass meeting of strikers was held at Fourth and Berks Streets, and the efforts of the police to disperse the crowd and break up the meeting, which was becoming a dangerous one, ended in the killing of one rioter and the wounding of several rioters and policemen. In this instance the police were compelled to fire upon the members of the mob, who had savagely resisted the attempts made to disperse them, attacking the police both with stones and fire-arms. In every instance in Philadelphia where a mob was attacked, there was so effective a handling of the police that there was no halting until the work had been thoroughly done, and the last man showing resistance clubbed from the streets, or into submission.

Riotous crowds learn these things quickly, and the result is that their courage oozes away in just the proportion that the police force shows itself determined and even most mercilessly persistent in the execution of duty. For-

unately Philadelphia had, and has, this kind of a force; and for this reason, and no other, that city escaped with the few ripples of disorder mentioned, so trifling as to hardly deserve record.

The thorough and magnificent preparations made by the First Division of the New York State Militia and the New York City police checked the threatened disorder in that city at the very outset, and left nothing whereon to hang the slightest fear or expectation of an outbreak.

Some trepidation was felt as to the result of the monster mass-meeting which was called by the choice spirits of the communists, to be held at Tompkins Square on Wednesday evening, July 25th. As no opportunity had been given the rougher elements to get force and headway by these turbulent gatherings, the communists, under the leadership of Justus Schwab, a saloon-keeper, John Swinton, a newspaper writer and general agitator, and David Conroy, a rank stirrer up of political strife in a small way, had determined to hold an out-door meeting to air their grievances, and the city authorities had concluded to permit it, partly to ascertain the temper of the classes from whom trouble was expected, and partly for the purpose of making the fight, if one had to come, so decisive that the mercilessness of their beating would teach them the lesson of compliance to law and order at a time when it so much needed to be taught.

Justus Schwab called at Police Headquarters and intimated to General Smith, President of the Board of Commissioners, that it would be just as well to keep the police away from the meeting, as his followers might become infuriated by the sight of the blue-coats and exterminate them.

The doughty General promptly replied that the custom of sending policemen to preserve order and await contingencies at all public meetings would not be deviated from in this instance, whereupon Mr. Schwab was desirous of

knowing just how close they would be stationed. But "old Baldy," as the General is called, was not to be caught napping in that way, and rather tartly responded that he was not at liberty to give the exact distance in feet and inches, and the great communistic leader departed, giving vent to subdued mutterings.

By a wise provision of the laws of New York State, in case of insurrection, or expected outbreak too formidable for the Police Department to control, that department is authorized to call upon the military without any unnecessary intervention of "red tape," and the First Division State Guards, under General Shaler, was put in readiness to act in prompt and hearty unison with the police.

The Police Commissioners and Superintendent Walling disposed of the force at their command in a very creditable manner; for while large bodies of patrolmen covered threatened points, no part of the city was left unguarded. The forces covering Tompkins Square were distributed as follows: Mounted squad and mounted patrolmen from uptown precincts, under Sergeant Revell, at the Eighteenth Ward Market, foot of East Seventeenth Street; three hundred patrolmen at the Seventeenth Precinct Station House, corner of Fifth Street and First Avenue, Inspector Murray commanding; two hundred patrolmen at the Eighteenth Precinct Station House, Twenty-second Street, under Inspector Thorne; one hundred and sixty men at the Eleventh Precinct Station House, commanded by Captain Alaire; and one hundred men in reserve at Police Headquarters, under Captains Hedden and Gunner.

A glance at the map of New York will reveal the strength of the position taken by the police and the impossibility of any crowd penetrating beyond Houston or East Fourteenth Street or Second Avenue. The ability shown in this superb arrangement of the force at command was wholly due to

the military foresight of General Smith ; and I cannot resist the assertion that we should have more brave, capable, and experienced ex-military officers at the head of our police departments in large cities. In case of a reverse, the police were backed by the Seventh Regiment, whose armory, at Sixth Street and Third Avenue, is within five hundred yards of Tompkins Square. This regiment could have reached the Square in less than ten minutes, and the most distant of the other three could have arrived within twenty minutes. Besides this, nearly every part of the city was covered by the Central Office detectives, as well as by scores of my own detectives from my New York offices, at 66 Exchange Place, all of whom made reports concerning the temper of the lower classes of people in different quarters of the city, and also as to the movement and numbers of any crowds that might be found congregating ; while stages were sent to Police Headquarters to transport the reserved force to any threatened point.

At no time in the day was there any excitement at Police Headquarters.

Everything went as smoothly and noiselessly as though no strike and wide-spread excitement had ever existed ; but it may be said that while the people of other cities all over our country were pausing almost breathless to await the result of this very Tompkins Square meeting, the New York authorities, who were acquainted with the disposition and condition of their splendid forces, were actually chuckling among themselves at the fine rows of broken heads that would be assorted the next morning if that mob, whatever its size or temper, dare make one motion of revolt which should warrant the giving of orders that would unloose the avalanche of police and militia upon its members. It was ordered that no mercy should be shown and that the forces should give it to the communists right and left, front and

rear, until the mob element of that city once for all should be crushed out.

But fortunately this treatment was not found necessary. Some hint of the condition, numbers, splendid equipment, and unflinching determination to quell all disturbance, possessed by the police and militia forces, had been conveyed to the most blatant of the promoters of the meeting, and everything passed off in comparative quiet, when the previous threats and mutterings of these communists were remembered.

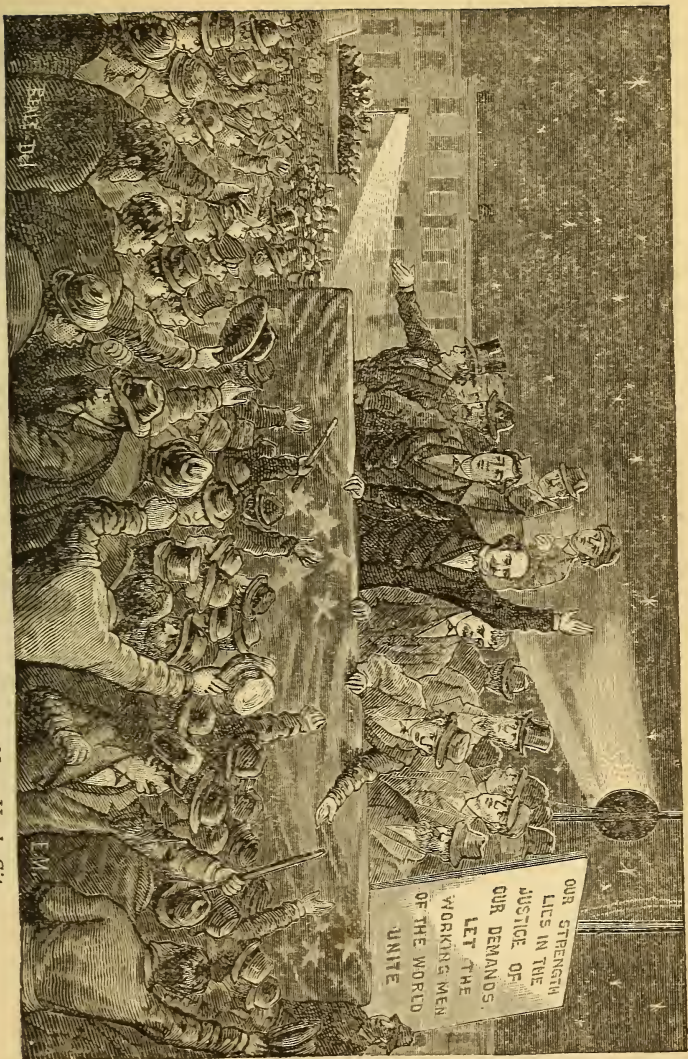
The meeting itself was probably one of the largest, if not indeed the largest, open-air gathering that had ever been known in this country. But it was in every sense a weak, characterless demonstration. Two grand stands had been erected, one for the use of German, and one for the use of English speakers. Huge calcium lights were provided, and they gave a weird look to those standing in the shadows. The Square was packed and jammed full, but hardly a policeman was in sight. This vast concourse, which fairly represented the murderous elements of New York, in some way *felt* that they were standing there under the very muzzles of trained guns, and the feeling dampened their law-breaking ardor and threw a sort of uncomfortable funeral-air over the entire meeting. Not all the rantings of these crazy leaders could lift the rabble out of this somber atmosphere into a condition of enthusiasm; and Tompkins Square was as clear of loiterers as it ever was on a moon-light night, at half past nine o'clock.

Before ten o'clock the militia were informed of the utter peace prevailing, and the following order effectually snuffed out the last vestige of the demonstration :

“ TO ALL : Promptly suppress all disturbances in your precinct, and disperse all crowds on the street-corners.

“ G. W. WALLING, *Superintendent.*”

Great Communist Mass-Meeting at Tompkins Square, New York City.



This telegraphic order was sent to all precincts at midnight, and, an hour later, a stranger passing through the streets of New York could never have imagined that one of the largest mobs ever known had been so thoroughly dismembered that nothing but the memory of its harmlessness was left.

This was the beginning and ending of turbulence during the great strikes in New York City. Of course the place shared the general injury, felt the general apprehension, and was touched and stirred by the general excitement. But that was all.

For what trouble was experienced in the State and city of New York, the communistic spirit of certain railroad employees at Hornellsville was responsible, the same as Martinsburg was responsible for the troubles in West Virginia and Maryland, and Pittsburg was responsible for her own calamity and that of the entire State of Pennsylvania.

The strike was inaugurated at Hornellsville at one o'clock in the morning of July 20th, the next day after the strike occurred at Pittsburg. It was decided upon just before midnight of the previous day, and was announced at the New York headquarters of the company in less than fifteen minutes afterwards. Every train was then ordered to stop running, which had the effect of keeping hundreds of railroad hands away from the seat of trouble. The stoppage of trains on the road continued just six days, and fifteen hundred troops were brought here to assist in quelling disturbances. Although they also occurred at Corning, Elmira, Susquehanna, Salamanca, and at other points along the Erie road, from the first, all eyes were directed to Hornellsville, as the place contains the largest numbers of railroad employees of all grades of any point along the road, and the unruly spirit of many of these men had really precipitated the entire trouble throughout the State.

The leading mind in the matter was one Barney Donahue, a cripple, but a bright, fluent, impulsive fellow, who was continually stirring up dissensions, from the loose manner of his language, rather than from any real malicious motive. Donahue began working on the road as early as 1850, and had consequently seen nearly thirty years' service on the road. His private character was good, and, when finally placed behind the bars of Ludlow Street Jail, in New York, for contempt of court in conspiring to obstruct a road in the hands of a receiver, and consequently under protection of the United States Courts, it was his first criminal offense.

The man himself is about five feet seven inches in height, with sandy mustache and hair. He is a fluent, earnest talker, is possessed of exuberant spirits, and is one that, among certain classes, would be termed "jolly good company." His influence among the trainmen arose from his long, and generally considered faithful, services to the Erie road, his ability to make himself generally liked, and a feeling of affection mingled with pity on account of his crippled condition. His leg had been broken in an accident on the Susquehanna Division, and his hand had been crushed in a "smash-up" on the Northern Central Division of the road near Canandaigua, in the winter of '76 and '77. Inflammatory rheumatism set in and further crippled him. He was then placed on the "extra-brakeman" list, and only managed to make enough money to pay his board, and that of a very poor sort. He had finally left the service of the company, but remained at Hornellsville in no pleasant mood, and in just a condition of mind to assist in fomenting troubles.

Finally, when the men resolved to quit work, they made Donahue chairman of the joint committee, pledged themselves to abide by his advice and decisions in everything, and, from their standpoint, made the man, as far as was in

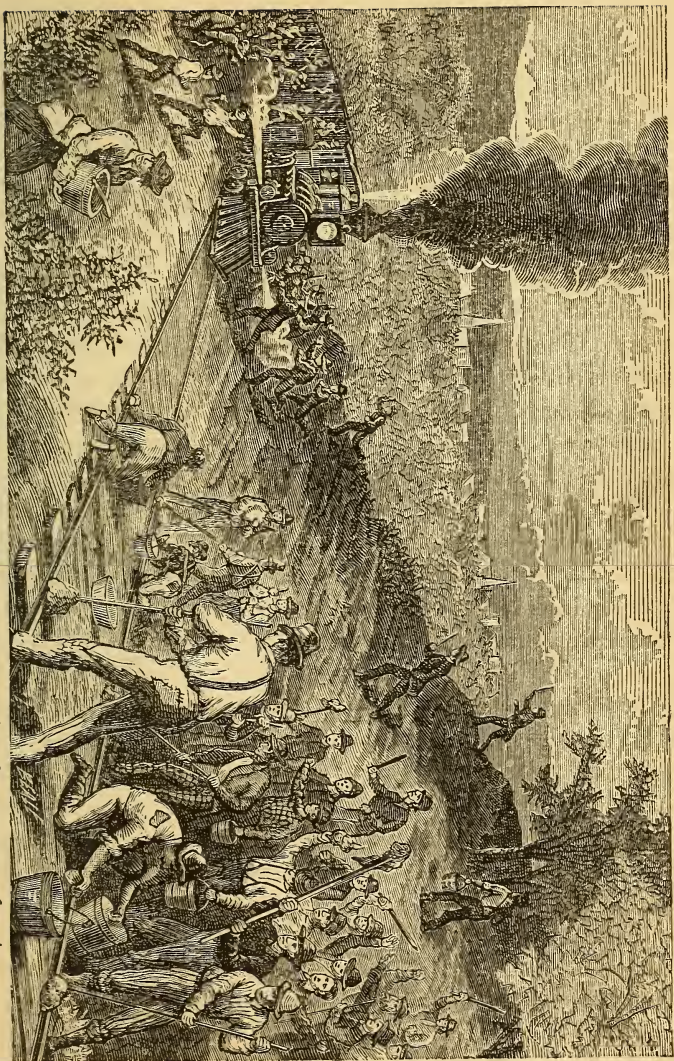
their power, dictator of the road. It is worthy of remark that though it was claimed that fully twelve thousand employees were relied on by Donahue to hold out until the order for the reduction of ten per cent. on wages, which caused the strike, was rescinded, but little brute force was used at any point along this line, a very few broken bones resulted from collisions, while not a single person was killed.

Donahue claims that this was prevented by a general understanding had among the trainmen that no violence would be tolerated. However this may be, though the employees were very determined, considerable good humor prevailed; and the strikers seemed to rely for their success more upon the prevailing trouble, upon annoying the officials, and upon obstructing trains in a thousand ways familiar to trainmen, without coming in direct contact with the local authorities or the military, than upon the use of that ferocious and devilish brutality which disgraced the operations of all bodies of strikers in so many other sections of the country.

An illustration of this was found in an attempt to move a passenger train west from Hornellsville, on Sunday morning, July 22d. Several train-loads of passengers had accumulated there, and were willing to run any risk in order to reach their destinations further west. At about nine o'clock the train was made up, and after it was literally covered with troops it slowly moved out. The road west out of Hornellsville climbs Tip Top Summit, one of the heaviest grades on the line, and at least a thousand strikers had determined that the train should never reach the top of this grade, if a lively application of grease, soap, and torpedoes could prevent it.

So it was a question of time, and the strikers used it to the best of their ability. Whenever the train would reach

Strikers soaping the track near Hornellsville, N. Y., and preventing the movement of trains.



a greased spot the driving-wheels of the engine would spin like a top. The engineer would then let on sand, and a little more speed would be secured. Then a dozen torpedoes would explode amid the deafening yells of the strikers, who, in hundreds, ran on beyond the train and worked with might and main at the soaping and greasing. Every struggle of the engine over the slippery spots would be greeted with shouts of derisive laughter, terrifying the passengers, discouraging the soldiers, disheartening the engineer, but always prompting the strikers to redoubled exertions. The struggle was too unequal. These hundreds of fellows knew just how much soap and grease to use, and just where to use it; and after the train had labored along this way for about a mile, the strikers finally captured it and took it back to the city with the wildest demonstrations of delight.

On the morning of July 26th, the strikers gave up the fight, and set about getting things in good shape again with as much determination and spirit as they had shown in their previous attempts to compel an unlawful victory.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE STRIKES AT BUFFALO AND AT POINTS ALONG THE LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

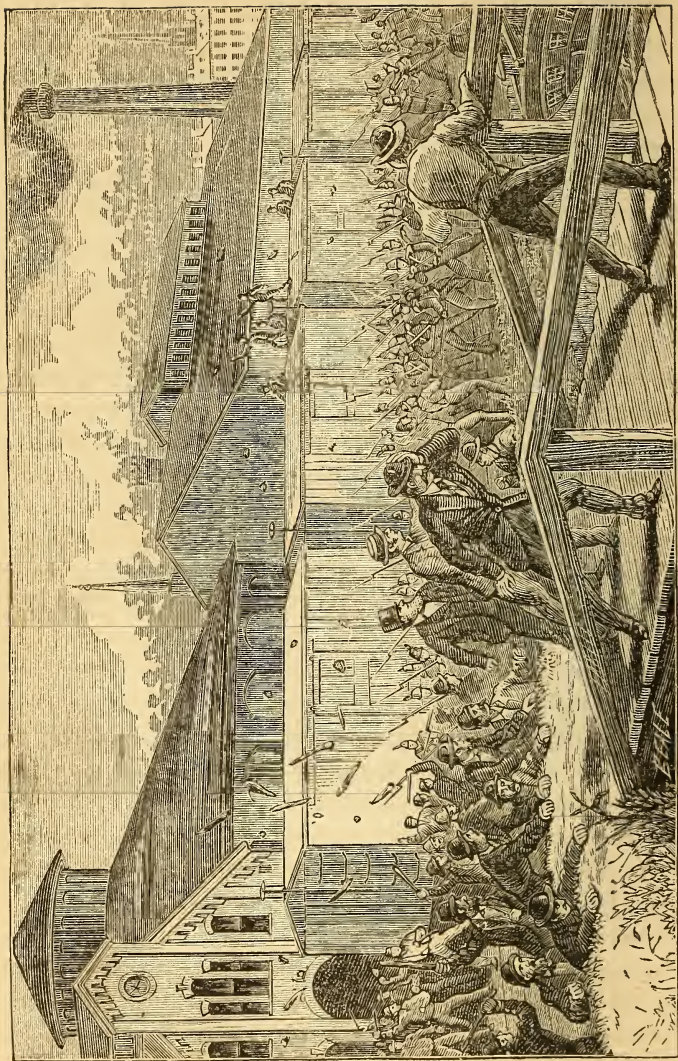
THE alacrity with which the New York Militia responded to the call, made upon them by Governor Robinson, was not only creditable to the men themselves, but was an indorsement of the sensible policy of that State to encourage and sustain a force competent to cope with trouble in just such exigencies. The law of that State permits the enlist-

ment of twenty thousand non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates. The enthusiasm and efficiency of this body of the National Guard have been considerably raised within the past few years by the introduction of rifle-practice. There are now eleven rifle ranges in different parts of the State used by the troops, and some of them, like Creedmoor, have become great resorts. The improvement in marksmanship has been conspicuous. The last annual appropriation by the State Legislature for the use of this militia amounted to \$275,000. The result of this in New York, where the lawless elements prevail proportionately as largely as in any other State of the Union, was to prevent during the great strikes more violence and destruction of property than would pay for the support of this force for the next fifty years.

Troy, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester, all being largely manufacturing towns, contained a large population of hard-fisted, restless fellows who naturally pride in disorder, and whose peculiar ideas of law and right fitted them for looking on participation in riot and violence in the light of a very desirable and enjoyable diversion. These men could have, and would have, made short work of any local officers. When they suddenly found that they had in their midst bodies of splendidly-armed men, ready to try conclusions with them on the slightest show of violence, their desire for this kind of sport became controllable; and only one point in this entire great State was visited with disorder which could not easily be controlled.

That city was Buffalo.

In this city the general strike was inaugurated on Sunday, July 22d, by men from the Erie road, compelling the trainmen of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern road to join them; but no rioting occurred until the next day, when early in the afternoon a raid was made by nearly two thou-



Futile attempt of the Militia to capture the Strikers' Round-House Headquarters at Buffalo.

sand of the rioters on about one hundred and fifty militia, who had been ordered to guard the round-house of the Lake Shore road. They gained a complete victory, forcing the troops out with little trouble, after which the mob took possession of the round-house and barricaded it most effectively. Colonel Flach, of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, with more confidence in the prowess of his men than knowledge of the stuff of which mobs are made, attempted with only thirty men to recapture the round-house and shops. They were met with yells of derision from the crowd, who could have successfully resisted twice the number sent against them, and under a terrible shower of stones and bits of iron, were compelled to retreat on the double-quick, forcing their way through the mob that had flanked and surrounded them, at the point of the bayonet. Many of the soldiers were severely clubbed and cut with knives. Six of the troops lost their muskets, and Colonel Flach himself was clubbed, twice knocked down, and finally forced with his men to retreat across the canal and take refuge in the Lake Shore paint-shop, from which they were all subsequently rescued by the police!

The only other conflict of a serious nature occurring at Buffalo transpired on the same evening. This was one of the sharpest and most exciting struggles which happened at any point during the great strikes.

Brigadier-General Rogers telegraphed Captain Towle, commanding the Seward Guards, a local military organization of Westfield, N. Y., to report to him with his command at the earliest possible moment at Buffalo.

Pursuant to this order the Seward Guards were assembled, and were able to leave Westfield, for Buffalo, at half past seven o'clock in the evening, with no thought of the terrible reception they were to receive. Some cowardly scoundrel connected with the railroad company's telegraph

office, at Westfield, had sent a message over the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company's lines, giving information to the strikers in Buffalo that the troops had left Westfield, and of the time they might be expected in the former city; so that, as they were rolling along pleasantly towards Buffalo, a reception committee of several hundred ruffians were quietly arranging plans to make the arrival of the brave Seward Guards a memorable one.

The orders to Captain Towle were to take his command to Buffalo Creek bridge, but before the train had arrived to within a fourth of a mile of that point, red lights were shown, and the engineer had the choice of stopping, or taking the chances of being ditched. He stopped the train, which was immediately boarded by hundreds of rioters, who cut off the rear car containing the Westfield company, permitting the engine and the forward cars, containing passengers, to proceed into the city.

The appearance of the mob in such immense numbers, and so unexpectedly, prevented any provision being made to guard the doors, although Captain Towle himself bravely defended the front door for some minutes. A rush was then made through the rear door, and in less than half a minute between fifty and sixty of the infuriated scoundrels had filled the aisle and were making the air blue with their shriekings and cursings while demanding the guns from the troops. Orders had been given to fire under no circumstances, or provocation, until a distinct command had been given. The Captain refused to yield a gun.

The leaders seemed to wish to avoid violence, but the rabble was utterly beyond control, and soon revolvers were drawn on the militia, while the hundreds outside set up the cry, "Run them in the lake!" "Dump them into the creek!" together with the vilest expressions of abuse. A few of the men, not knowing what to do, gave up their guns,

Fight between the Westfield, N. Y. Militia and the Buffalo Rioters.



and miscellaneous firing quickly began. Those who had captured muskets got on the outside of the cars, jammed the muzzles through the glass and shutters and then fired, while others of the mob hurled rocks and fired revolvers through the windows. All this time a hand-to-hand fight was going on inside the car, the soldiers clubbing the rioters with the butts of their muskets and firing whenever opportunity offered. At one time four men had Captain Towle down, choking and beating him, but he was rescued in time to save his life, and permit him to go on with his plucky work of cracking heads.

In the meantime the mob had increased to nearly three thousand persons, and were pushing the car violently back and forth. As it was sheer folly for a company of fifty-seven men to cope with a mob of thousands, the troops determined to fight their way out of the car and through the mob. Those leaving the rear door went out precipitately, but the troops passed out of the front door in good order, pushing the ruffians before them. It was now seen that the enemy had retired somewhat, which gave the troops opportunity to form, when the mob again began to close up and advance. Orders were given to fire in front and on both flanks, which was done with good effect.

Then orders were given to reserve fire, as ammunition was scarce, and the company, deploying skirmishers, were now able to effect a retreat towards the lake, which they did, carrying their wounded upon hastily improvised litters. This was in the neighborhood of Tift's Meadows, a locality which will ever remain memorable to the Westfield militia. They finally secured quarters at a friendly German inn, where their wounded were kindly cared for by the physicians of the neighborhood. The Westfield militia passed into the city the next day, and the mob remembered them with respect.

At no time during the troubles at Buffalo were the New York Central men concerned in the lawlessness, and the movement of trains over this road, while not wholly uninterrupted, in the main, resisted the encroachments of the unruly elements. As previously stated, the men of the Lake Shore road had no original intention of joining the strike, and were forced out by the trainmen of the Erie road. But when they were once out, they were very obstinate about returning to work.

But it is worthy of record that out of the hundreds of striking trainmen in Buffalo, not a score were identified with the mobs. The latter were composed, precisely as they were in Chicago, of the communists and the very scum of the place. This element was effectually quelled in Buffalo, on Tuesday, and that, too, without the use of the troops.

Early on that morning the mob, its members armed with every manner of cudgel, conceived the idea of putting a stop to all kinds of labor. The crowd therefore visited large numbers of factories and shops, and compelled them to close. In some instances they were successfully resisted by armed employees, assisted by squads of policemen. But this kind of lawlessness was carried so far, and so insolently, that at last Colonel Byrne, the able and efficient Chief of Police, completely out of patience, determined to put a stop to it at all hazards.

At about ten o'clock, in East Buffalo, the mob became very demonstrative, pelted the depot with stones, set fire to freight-cars on the New York Central tracks, between Clinton and Howard Streets, and finally attacked the police themselves with great violence; and Colonel Byrne determined upon radical measures. He sent two huge wagon-loads of men to the relief of Captain Wurtz. With these the latter proceeded to the vicinity of the crossing. The

men on duty there, holding their own with difficulty against the throng, had already received their instructions, and, at a preconcerted signal, made a feint, drawing the attention of the mob towards a central point. Then instantly the main body of police, numbering seventy-five men, formed in line across the wide street, facing the city and the *backs* of the mob. Every one of these officers carried the heavy-weight baton, a terrible weapon when wielded by a skilled and muscular arm.

"Now, boys, slash 'em!" shouted Captain Wurtz, and in another instant such a grand charge was made as words fail to describe, and those only who were hit can fully appreciate. Like lightning the clubs descended and ascended. Every stroke hit a new head, whose owner went solidly to the ground or howled in continual somersaults. The officers seemed to put their whole souls and strength into this commendable work, and from the field of conflict rose cries of pain which could be heard a mile away. The rout was complete and final, and by midnight the East Buffalo grounds were as clear and quiet as a country field on a Sunday afternoon.

All trains over the Erie road were running into the city on Friday; the Canada Southern road resumed operations on Sunday; but the return to active freight business by the Lake Shore road, which removed the last traces of the strike at Buffalo, did not occur until the third of August.

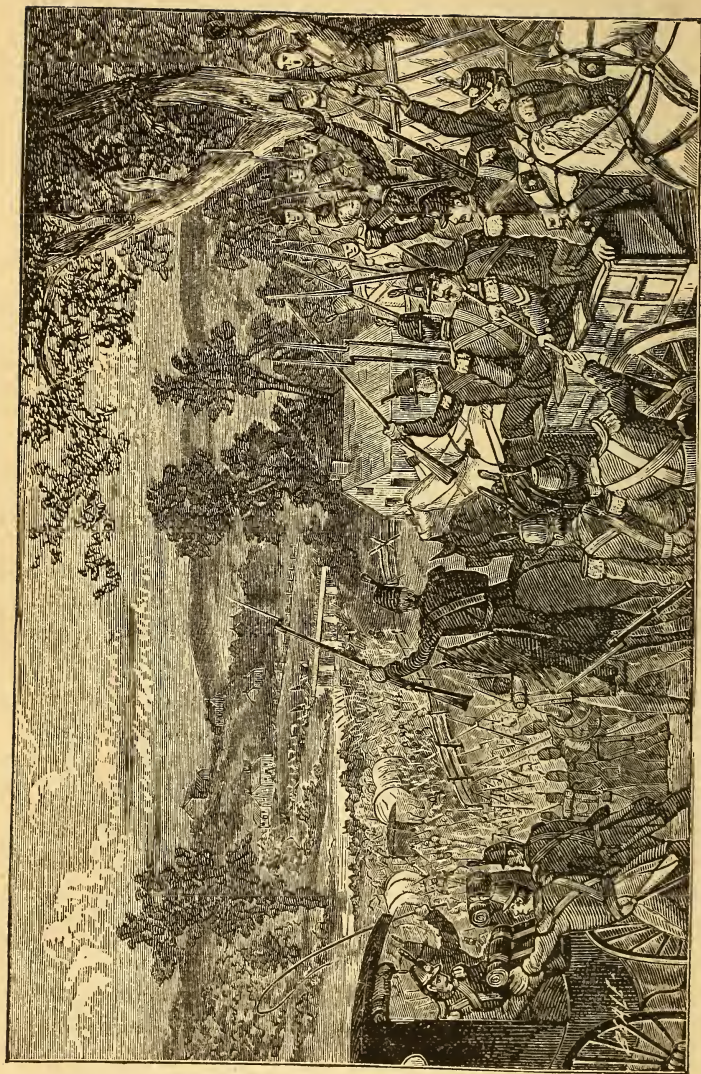
The only noteworthy sensations created by the strike at Erie were the leaving of the Erie troops under General Huidekoper, to reinforce the soldiers at Pittsburg, and the excitement caused by the refusal of Mr. Vanderbilt to permit loaded passenger trains, arriving in that city from Chicago, to proceed to Buffalo. On Tuesday, July 24th, the train from Chicago arrived at Erie at about noon, and was loaded down with passengers anxious to get through to

Eastern cities. By Mr. Vanderbilt's special order the train was abandoned, it being feared that serious trouble would be encountered should it be sent on to Buffalo.

The train was therefore abandoned, and the strikers, feeling that this action was calculated to bring discredit upon them, assembled at the depot in large numbers and threatened to run the train through to Buffalo. Their efforts were seconded by the passengers, who were equally indignant. The strikers fired up an engine and were about to go out with the train, when orders were received by the Division Superintendent to detain the train at all hazards. The Sheriff, Mayor, Chief of Police, with the entire police force of the city, and one hundred special men, went to the depot, and after barely escaping a riot, succeeded in preventing the movement of the train. The strikers at Erie then sent a telegram to President Hayes, asking him to insist on the Lake Shore road moving the United States mails at once. The President failed to answer this message. The trains from the West continued to accumulate at this point until Thursday, July 26th, the hundreds of delayed passengers using the coaches for sleeping apartments.

General Huidekoper, "the one-armed hero of Gettysburg," and in command of the State troops of the north-western portion of Pennsylvania, had a difficult and trying time of it attempting to get to Pittsburg to reinforce the troops there. The strikers all along the different railroad lines leading to that point prevented the transportation of his troops by rail, and no conciliation or threats could induce the trainmen to raise the blockade.

But go to Pittsburg with his command he must, and would. They accordingly started from Erie upon a forced march, as in the old war days, after a time pressing into service every sort and manner of conveyance possible. In this way they trailed over the hills and through the valleys



March of General Huidekoper's Command from Erie to Pittsburg.

like a parcel of uniformed Gypsies, meeting with hundreds of amusing incidents consequent to the first march of raw troops, and finally reaching their general rendezvous, at Franklin, in the oil regions, in a rather dilapidated condition. Being tired of this sort of progress, General Huidekoper decided to use the railroad, and, by a clever ruse, secured transportation from this point to his destination.

A request was sent to the Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who asked the authorities of the Buffalo, Titusville and Corry Railroad to send to Pittsburg, as soon as possible, eighteen empty passenger cars, for the use of the former company. On their arrival at Franklin, General Huidekoper had his men in readiness, and immediately took possession of the train, put a strong guard on the locomotive, and started. Revolvers were presented at the heads of the engineer and firemen, who at first refused to run the train; but they were given to understand that that train must be speedily taken to Pittsburg or there would shortly be two less railroad strikers in existence. This had the desired effect, and the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Regiments were finally landed safely in the "Riot City."

At Cleveland, the most beautiful city of the North, although the strike was general among the trainmen of all roads centering here, from first to last no violence was apprehended and none came.

Two important facts contributed to this pleasant condition of things. The city of Cleveland holds, as an investment, bonds of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad to the extent of nearly a million dollars. The city, therefore, as a municipal corporation, is largely interested in the profits accruing from the operation of the road. The amount thus received by the city is pledged for the redemption of the Water Works loan, and thus every tax-paying citizen of the place has a direct and tangible in-

terest in the safe and successful operation of this particular and important line. Therefore if the strikers themselves had been inclined to grow riotous, they would have received no sympathy and aid from the great masses of citizens, without which no violence from such a source can succeed. But aside from this, the strikers at Cleveland at no time showed the least disposition to precipitate disorder, and on all occasions let it be plainly understood that no riotous demonstrations on the part of the rabble would be permitted.

The second cause entering into a prevention of hostilities was found in the action taken by President Devereux, of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway, who, before his men had been given time to get excited and venturesome, on July 23d, promptly stated to them that they might all go to work on full time, and at an advance of ten per cent. in wages. This offer was joyfully accepted, and both the trainmen and shopmen resumed their labors the next morning, which removed the last vestige of apprehension of riot and violence at Cleveland.

At Toledo the troubles were undoubtedly intensified and lengthened by the unexplainable action of that city's Mayor. On Wednesday, July 25th, several thousand trainmen, stevedores, shop-hands, and other laborers assembled in front of the United States Hotel, on Ottawa Street. The meeting was noisy and turbulent, and was called for the purpose of uniting all classes of workingmen upon an earnest support of the striking railroad men. Mayor Jones was present, and being called on for remarks, responded by giving the mob element courage and impudence. He said that it was eminently proper for them "to march quietly to the manufacturers and request them to alleviate their distress." He also stated that he would not advise the mob to do this, but if they should happen to do so, they should not want for the necessities of life so long as he was Mayor of Toledo!

This was about the choicest encouragement given to the roughs of any city during the great strikes, and at the conclusion of the same they formed in line, marched the whole length of Water Street to the depot, and then from place to place, driving every manner of laborer from his work, until all the manufacturing establishments in the city were closed.

A mass-meeting of the better class of citizens was held in the evening, but it was captured by the rioters, who from this time kept the entire city in a blaze of excitement all night, but who were prevented from demolishing the Board of Trade building by a most efficient use of the police.

While the rioters were surging back and forth through the city, and meeting with but little resistance, several hundred determined men met at the Boody House and organized an effective Vigilance Committee. The next question was how to properly arm them; but Sheriff Moore settled this by ordering them to report to the Court-house yard early the next morning, when they should be served with everything necessary for the defense of the city. It had come to the ears of the authorities that nearly five hundred stand of arms were secreted at a certain point. At a late hour of the night, when everything had become comparatively quiet, the Sheriff and a quiet but business-like posse sallied forth from the dark shadow of the jail.

The party proceeded stealthily up Adams Street. By a circuitous route the men finally reached a point at the lower end of Monroe Street. Not more than two or three of the men knew the destination of the party. Under the circumstances, the expedition was indeed exciting. Nearing the place where Sheriff Moore said the halt was to be made, something resembling another party of men was discerned through the darkness. Every man laid his hand upon his revolver, but the objects finally were found to be merely

several harmless express wagons. The command to halt was given, and the officers knocked at the door of a small cottage. The man of the house came tremblingly to the door.

"Who's there?" he excitedly asked.

"Friends!" was the rejoinder.

"Devil knows who's frinds, these times!"

"Never mind, we *are* friends," said Sheriff Moore. Following this, came a hurried consultation that many of the loyal sons of Erin could have plainly understood.

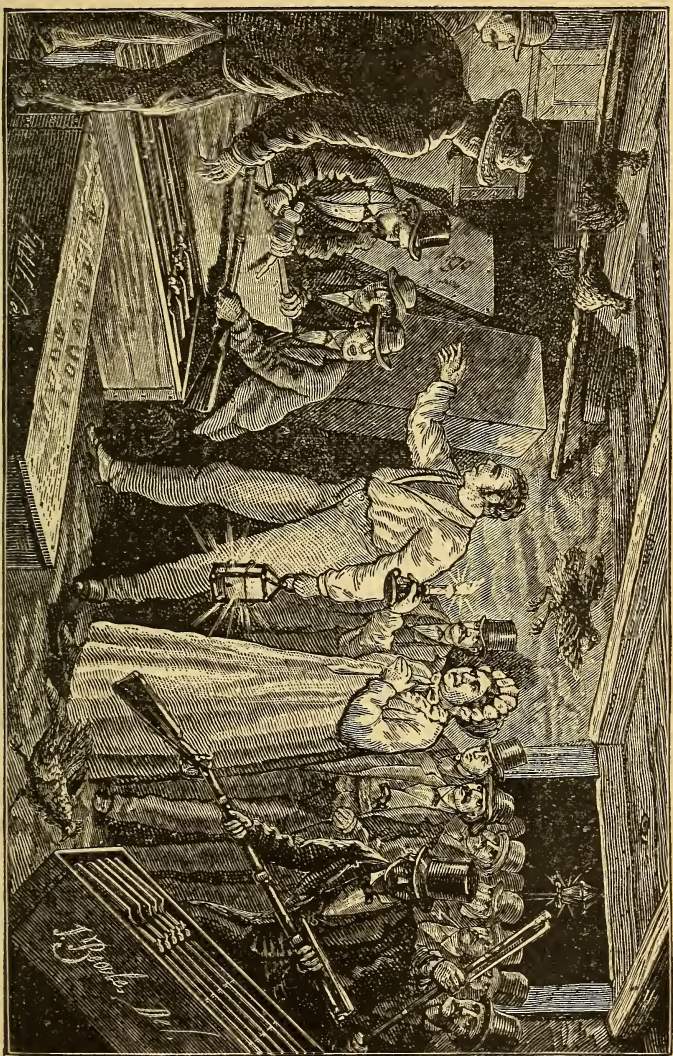
There was no more delay after this. The man of the house, in very scant clothing, accompanied by his good wife, terribly excited, and in still scantier clothing, quickly led the way to a capacious hen-house, next the alley, in the rear of the house.

The hens and chickens flew in every direction, but there was something more important to be looked after than these, for, piled up in different places about the little building, were seen mysteriously marked boxes, which were soon conveyed to the Court-house with great caution and secrecy.

When the members of the Vigilance Committee reported the next morning they were astonished to find that five hundred breech-loading rifles were on hand, besides sixteen thousand rounds of ammunition.

Sheriff Moore's move was made none too soon, for these five hundred rifles and ammunition, which had been purchased for the use of the Fenians several years before, and stored away in this Irishman's hen-roost, would have been captured by the rioters, who had planned to honor this novel arsenal with a visit at eight o'clock in the morning.

With a proper use of the police, aided by the local military and this splendidly armed Vigilance Committee, riot and bloodshed were prevented in Toledo; but it was not until August 2d that the embargo upon railroad business was



Lucky Capture of five hundred Stand of Arms by the Committee of Safety, Toledo.

removed, and it was only then effected by the police and militia moving in large force upon the strikers holding the railroad tracks, shops, and depots, and taking possession of these places by a free use of the club, and at the point of the bayonet, which had the effect of removing all railroad obstructions between Buffalo and the West.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PITTSBURG, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO RAILROAD TROUBLES,
AND THE "BIG SCARE" AT LOUISVILLE.

FROM Allegheny City, back along the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, the strike held the firmest and most secure sway that reigned upon any railway line in the country; but, as has already been explained, through the universal respect held for the General Manager of the road, J. D. Layng, Esq., the moderation and good judgment used by him in the treatment of strikers, and from the noticeable effect of the excellent discipline in force among all employees of the company, from one end of the line to the other, good order and a fair measure of good humor prevailed.

At Alliance and Crestline there was quiet determination among the trainmen, and, of course, that great excitement among other classes of citizens which could not but exist everywhere; but at no place along the entire line was there found anything approaching violence or riot, save at Fort Wayne.

The strike was inaugurated here late at night, on Satur

day, July 21st, the same day of the Pittsburg riot, and was, undoubtedly, a direct result of that disgraceful affair.

The strikers began by preventing freight train No. 15 from going out. In a few moments several hundred trainmen assembled at the depot, and announced that no freight trains should be moved until the order for the ten per cent. reduction in wages was rescinded. The railroad officers made several unsuccessful attempts to secure crews, but found it impossible. The strikers then spiked and guarded the switches, and patrolled all the main and side tracks in the city. The master mechanic and division superintendent, with an engine-wiper, boarded a locomotive with the intention of taking it out, but were prevented from doing so by the strikers, who took the engine-wiper from the locomotive, handled him rather roughly, and drove the officers from the yards, when they proceeded up and down the tracks taking the coupling-pins from between all cars. On the next morning, Sunday, Mayor Zollinger visited the scene of disturbance, and read his proclamation commanding the rioters to disperse, which was treated by them as merely a huge joke.

Matters remained in about this condition for several days, the strikers having complete possession of the tracks, shops, and depots, and conducting their affairs with much military color and discipline. They patrolled the tracks, slept in the passenger-coaches and cabooses, ready for immediate action if they should be attacked; guards were placed over the company's property and all freight in transit, that it might be protected; and the strikers were provided with food, tobacco, and cigars, by sympathizing citizens, in abundance. They pronounced a war of extermination against tramps and vicious communists, whose only object was pillage and destruction; and it was a common occurrence, when these reckless fellows were caught in some dastardly attempt upon

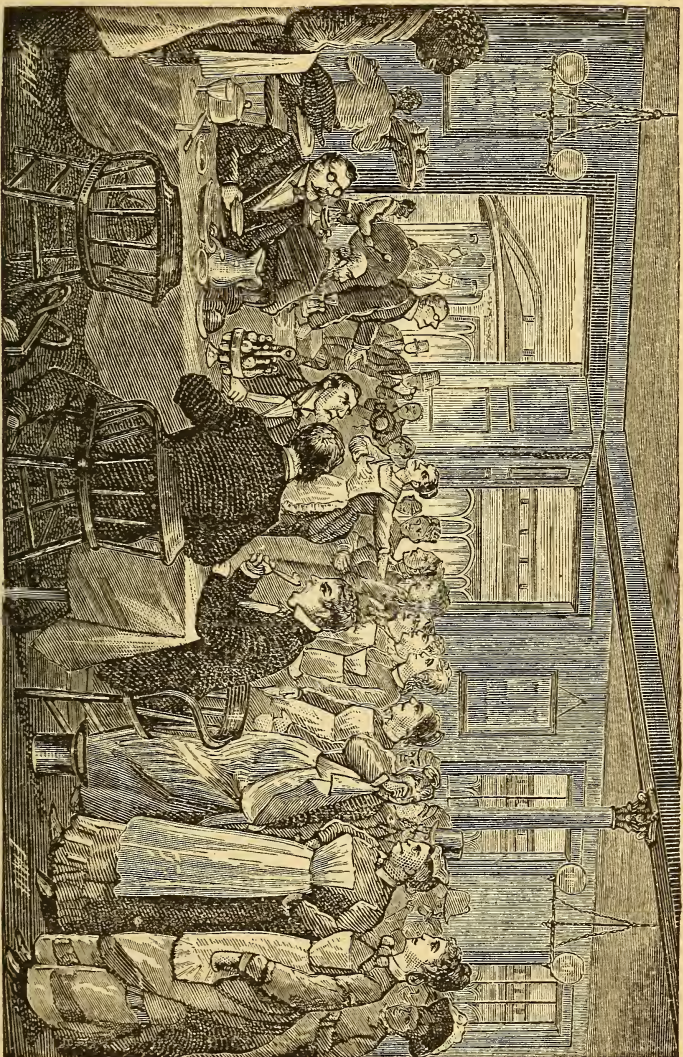
property, to pursue them, capture them, and then hustle them to the bridge over the river, where they were unceremoniously dropped into the water beneath, and left to scramble to dry land as best they might. This condition of things continued until Saturday, July 28th, when the strikers won two desperate but bloodless contests with the Mayor, Sheriff, and railroad officials.

About noon, while many of the trainmen were at dinner, Mayor Zollinger, Sheriff Munson, and Superintendents Gorham and O'Rourke, accompanied by a large force, made a bold and sudden attack upon the strikers at the round-house, and ordered them to surrender both that point and the passenger-cars which they had been occupying as headquarters during the previous week. They refused, when a locomotive, which had been taken possession of by the authorities, backed down to where the coaches were standing. Mayor Zollinger then coupled the cars to the engine, which then started away. The strikers were for a moment dazed by the suddenness of this move, having expected the policy of masterly inactivity, which had so far prevailed, to be maintained to the end; but they speedily rallied, and, arming themselves with clubs, stones, coupling-pins, links, and anything else convenient, they dashed at the engine and recaptured it, with the coaches. Several men, flourishing clubs and bludgeons, boarded the locomotive, drove off the engineer and fireman, and compelled the officers of the law to beat a precipitate retreat. The mob yelled itself fairly hoarse with triumph, and in a brief period had swelled to five hundred, all of whom were well provided with clubs and missiles.

The Sheriff soon returned, and attempted to arrest the ringleaders and strikers, but was again beaten back, barely escaping personal injury.

The strike at Fort Wayne died of its own weight, and passed out of existence with the almost simultaneous raising

Hotel servant-girls striking for higher wages at Ft. Wayne, Indiana.



of the embargo on business along the entire line; but one other incident, illustrative of the ludicrous side of these great labor upheavals, is worthy of record.

It has been noted that at Newark, Ohio, the ladies of the city composed the real power of the strike. Something similar was the case at Fort Wayne, although the enthusiasm was restricted to a particular class. These were the hotel servant-girls.

At an early stage in the proceedings great excitement was found to exist among them. There were handsome conductors, brave engineers, bold firemen, and doughty brakemen, fighting for their rights. These classes wonderfully stir the average hotel servant-girl's heart under ordinary circumstances. Now that they were engaged in a holy war, the very souls of their admirers went out to them, and many were the elegant lunches which disappeared out of the back doors of hotels, and finally into the always ready mouths of the strikers. But the matter did not stop here. Through this sympathy and enthusiasm, born of the common excitement, the striking fever was communicated to the tenderer sex that make hotel life heavenly or miserable. Why should not they have a strike, in imitation of the bold trainmen? They *did* strike, and every rosy-faced waiter-girl, every big-boned dish-washer, and every blarneying chambermaid, at a prearranged hour, marched into the dining-room of every hotel in Fort Wayne, and, in the name of each over-worked hour and underpaid day treasured up in their memories, solemnly demanded an increase in wages of fifty cents a week!

There was no use of calling in the military on an occasion like this.

The girls struck, and they won.

A ripple of riot, born of the billow of fire and rapine which deluged Pittsburg, reached even into the quiet, well-

ordered city of Louisville. It was merely a tempest in a teapot, which boiled itself away after a few hours of mob antics, in which no lives were lost, and with but little more destruction of property than annually accompanies the Sophomore "breakont" of many Eastern colleges.

The reason for the meagerness of evil results from the so-called riots in Louisville are, that no city in the country had been so little affected by the increasing stringency of the times. During the past ten years the history of Louisville has not been marked by any era of feverish speculation; manufactories had not been started to remain idle; and for years the business policy of Louisville has been noted for shrewdness and caution.

Therefore, when the hour of dread came, its streets were not packed with gaunt, hollow-eyed men, asking for bread or work. But a universal scare was abroad, and the evidences were soon manifest that a "horrible fear" had come over Louisville.

The *Courier-Journal*, the great director and exponent of public opinion in Kentucky and the South, in its issue of July 23d had a most able and comprehensive review of the situation in other cities. It eloquently and earnestly exhorted the workingmen of Louisville to remain quiet, which had a wonderfully beneficial effect. But all day Monday and Tuesday solid old fellows, made timorous by imperiled capital, might have been seen in knots and groups, canvassing the probable hour when social anarchy would unchain its devouring wolves.

Tuesday morning, July 24th, Mayor Jacobs made proclamation to the unemployed, disaffected, and discontented. The Mayor is a gentleman of wealth and culture, whose life of elegant ease hardly fitted him for a rough grapple with a turbulent city mob; but he was ready to do his whole duty at whatever cost.

All the excitement and quasi-devilment which did occur in Louisville was but the natural result of a universal expectation that something "terrible *was* going to happen." It was the old story of the fond mother telling her squad of children, that "while she was out visiting, whatever they did, they must be sure not to put beans up their noses." The consequence of her timely admonition was that, on her return, she found each individual youngster with his nasal appendage stuffed full of the aforesaid garden fruit.

Thus a small percentage of thoughtless and inconsiderate workmen, a sprinkling of howling communists, vicious tramps, mischievous boys, and idle city riff-raff, determined that the popular anticipation of disturbance should not be disappointed, and they accordingly proceeded to give the citizens of Louisville a breezy bit of excitement. From the first act to the last of the riotous drama, the mob was at no time so formidable but that a squad of a dozen determined policemen could have driven it before them, or scattered it to the winds in five minutes. That this was not done at the first outbreak is due to the fact that the Chief of Police, Colonel Edwards, made no well-organized attempt in that direction.

In the Louisville mob there was not a railroad man, or a respectable mechanic. Its members were merely negroes, half-grown boys, tramps, and cowardly thieves, who had no defined object beyond smashing windows and gas-lamps. Colonel Edwards dignified the vile rabble by not venturing to attack it, and waited for the organization of citizen soldiery before attempting to compel them to disperse.

The railroad troubles had been of a very ordinary character. It was merely the old question of higher wages, or rather an agitation looking to receiving the former pay on the part of the employees. On the Louisville Short Line Railroad, Receiver McLeod, about July 16th, had cut down the pay of

the men a trifle, but it was promptly restored to the old standard by order of Chancellor Bruce, when the proper representations had been made. Consequently, the employees of this line were thoroughly loyal to the company, and ready to defend its property to the last extremity. The workmen in the shops of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad made a very respectful plea to Dr. Standiford, President of the road, for increase of pay back to the old rate. Dr. Standiford, a gentleman of broad and enlightened views on all subjects, gave the matter due consideration, and the result was a compromise which was satisfactory to all parties, so that on the very eve of the disturbances the railroad element was eliminated as an active principle in the trouble.

Tuesday morning, July 24th, the excitement opened by a strike on the part of two hundred negro sewer-hands, who demanded an increase of twenty-five cents per day. Any one understanding the mercurial nature of that childish and ignorant race, would readily know that it requires but the veriest trifle to stimulate them into making a show of themselves. They had been perfectly satisfied with their wages, but right here was a glorious opportunity to parade the city and be looked at with curiosity by everybody. The prospect was too tempting to be resisted. So all the Sam-bos clambered out of the sewers, shouldered their shovels, and started on a straggling march up Green Street. They were exuberantly hilarious, and whooped along the street in the highest good humor with themselves. Nothing short of a general "baptism," or funeral with a brass band at the head of the procession, could have given them the same amount of intense satisfaction.

Intelligent speculators regarded the affair as a most amusing travesty on the strike mania, and predicted that it would act as an effectual dampener on a similar demonstra-

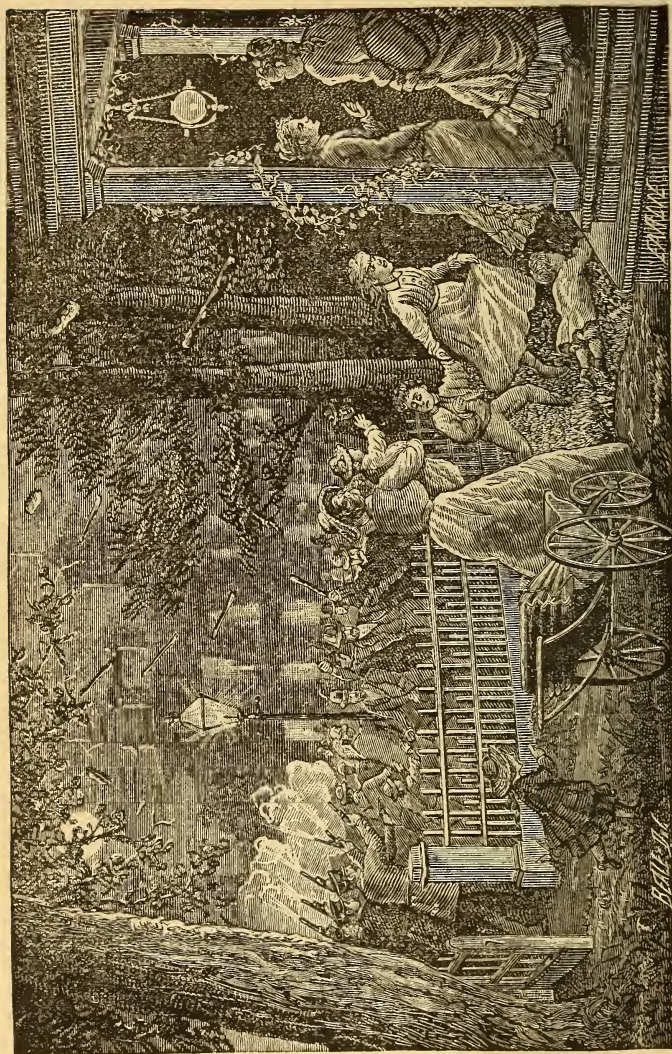
tion on the part of the whites. In any event the white workingmen did not turn out as a body at any time during the disturbances. The colored strikers, after giving infinite delight to a multitude of Dinahs and pickaninnies who crowded along the line of march, concluded that they must make a show of doing something, and accordingly directed their steps to the eastern outskirts of the city, where about one hundred of their colored brethren were employed working upon a new reservoir. All these promptly quit work, on invitation, and gladly joined their rollicking visitors in the pleasing pastime of promenading the streets. Then these combined forces marched around until the lazy ones began to drop out, and, finally, the amusement becoming stale, the dusky band dissolved.

From eight until ten o'clock Tuesday evening, July 24th, the trouble called the Louisville riots occurred. At a trifle before eight o'clock a crowd began to gather in front of the wide steps of the Court-house. It was composed of the usual lawless element, which always forms a certain proportion of every public assemblage. Negroes, half-grown rowdy boys, and dirty, disgusting tramps, and many communists, were in the preponderance. From the latter class came the speakers of the evening. When the crowd had been harangued by one of these individuals for a few moments, Mayor Jacobs slowly worked his way through the perspiring, foul-smelling gang, and from the Court-house steps, made a most kindly and feeling address to the mob. It is unnecessary to say that it was utterly wasted. The mob had determined to show what could be done.

A self-constituted leader sang out, "Let's mash the Louisville and Nashville freight depot!" A chorus of fiendish yells of approval was screamed out, and a ragamuffin gang of about five hundred separated from the respectable portion of the crowd, and with foul oaths and ribald shouts

straggled down Seventh Street to Broadway. Here they spread out, completely filling that wide and magnificent avenue, pursuing their noisy way to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Depot, at the corner of Ninth Street and Broadway. Opposite the front of this structure was a suitable quantity of stones and pieces of brick of assorted sizes, which the mob availed themselves of at once, and opened a brisk fusillade on the windows of the depot, until not a pane was left in the front of the building. Three policemen, who were standing near talking over the coming visit of President Hayes, at the time of the appearance of the mob, were too polite to interfere with the amusement of the crowd, and precipitately adjourned around the corner. Several railroad clerks, who were busy at the time the bombardment commenced, scurried out of the line of fire, coatless, hatless, and with pen behind ear. After the mob left they cautiously returned to their desks, but upon seeing some respectable citizens approaching who desired to see what damage had been done, they mistook them for another mob and forthwith jumped out of the windows and used their legs with such effect that some of them did not get home until morning.

After the depot divertimento the riotous gang turned about and marched up Broadway, carrying terror in their path. They bounced, hustled, and knocked down persons whom invincible curiosity had tempted out, insulted ladies and indulged in every manner of excess. The destructiveness of the cowardly mob developed itself in wanton attacks on private property. With shrewd forethought each one of the scoundrels freighted himself with all of the stone and brick ammunition he could carry, and expended it where it would do the most evil. Dr. A. B. Cook's and Mr. Delaney's elegant residences were assaulted with disastrous effect. The crash of the breaking glass and screams



Drunken Rioters attacking Private Residences in the Streets of Louisville.

of ladies and children were pleasingly commingled (in the opinion of the mob). Solger's superb confectionery establishment at the corner of Fourth and Broadway, was a choice tit-bit for these epicures of ruin. They shouted with rapture when they came to it, and stoned it until the whole front was demolished. After this delicate bit of sport had been duly enjoyed, the gang marched up Third Street, near Chestnut, and paid their dutiful respects to his honor, the Mayor, by saluting his fine residence with a volley of stones, which broke the windows, damaged the pictures and furniture, and frightened the family nearly out of their senses. After this congenial recreation they continued their course up Third Street to Walnut, where they desolated a corner drug store. Dr. Standiford's palatial residence, which is but half a block from Walnut, on Third Street, was too tempting an object for its ravage to be neglected; consequently they sent a couple of cart-loads of stones and brick-bats into it with undiminished zeal, and with the usual ruinous results. When the salute in honor of Dr. Standiford was over, they decided to move on the Louisville Short Line Depot, corner of Floyd and Jefferson Streets, for general purposes of wreck and pillage. On the way thither they manifested a charming impartiality in the distribution of their favors. They sent stones whizzing into all the residences on both sides of the street, without stopping to inquire the names of the owners. When the tumultuous, yelling throng arrived at the Short Line Depot, about twenty policemen and citizens, armed with muskets loaded with blank cartridges, saluted them with one terrifying volley. This had the effect of dispersing the first and last mob that gathered in Louisville during the great strikes.

The military episode of the disturbances was so unique in character, and bristling with piquant incidents to be laughed over in future years, that every Louisvillian can be

very much obliged to them for an agreeable diversion from every-day business routine.

Political party fences were thrown down in the crisis, and the sharp distinction between "Yankee" and "Rebel," which the years had been slowly mellowing away, was obliterated entirely by the shadow of a common danger.

Two regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and a battery of artillery were organized, officered, and filled to the full complement of men within two days. An army corps of twenty thousand men could have been furnished, with its quota of brave, competent officers, in the same length of time, from the splendid military material at hand. Generals Basil Duke and Benjamin H. Bristow, Generals Ward and Eli Murray, met as friends in a common cause; and, down through all the ranks, old soldiers of the "Blue and the Gray" mingled as comrades true. It was a sight to thrill the heart and flush the cheeks of every true American, to see those bronzed men, who had fronted each other as foes in the wild delirium of battle at Shiloh, or who had looked death at each other on the Cemetery Slope at Gettysburg, meet as brother soldiers at a common mess-table. The hubbub and excitement incident to military organization intensely delighted the younger men, to whom the late war was only a dim memory; and they fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm at the novelty of drills, street parades, and standing guard. These brave young fellows would have been untrue to the warlike traditions of their martial State, if they had not looked forward with considerable zest to a possible conflict of arms.

General Basil Duke and his staff of able officers, under direction of the Mayor, made all needed arrangements to meet any emergency. The railroad property was guarded every night for a week; and the main avenues of the city were patrolled all through the night by armed men. After

nine o'clock in the evening, all citizens who happened to be out on the streets were halted, and made to give an account of themselves. In fact, such precautions were taken as are usual with an army occupying a hostile city.

As the days wore on, it became evident to the citizens that all danger of mob turmoil was over, and the troops were disbanded subject to call at any time the Mayor might deem their services of use. The military episode was the means of giving a vast amount of amusement to the citizens of the city; but at the same time the memory of the wonderful rapidity with which the respectable fighting element of the place was organized for effective work, will remain as a perpetual warning to the turbulent and lawless elements of Louisville.



CHAPTER XXXII.

COMMUNISM AND RIOT AT CHICAGO.

THE surgings of trouble reached Chicago, the great inland metropolis of America, at a late date, and although they soon passed beyond, were fierce and furious while they lasted.

This city undoubtedly contains as pestilential a crew of communists as any city in the world. Its mechanics and artisans, as a rule, are among the most intelligent and advanced. Wages have always been fair; at times, exorbitant. The push, energy, and pluck for which its business men have a world-wide reputation, constantly furnish new avenues for all those business men or working men who

really desire to make some advancement beyond their previous condition; but notwithstanding every opportunity offered all classes of earnest laborers, Chicago among her upwards of a half million of inhabitants, from her fame, through her disastrous fire and the subsequent marvelous rebuilding of the city, and from being the grand half-way house of public resort between the commercial East and the vast and productive West, has gradually drawn to her a floating population both vicious and unruly. Among this unhealthy element the genuine order of communists has given her authorities the most trouble, and her citizens the greatest dread. They have repeatedly marched upon her Relief and Aid Society, her City Hall and Common Council, and showed their snarling teeth in divers ways.

It was this class, and no other, that precipitated riot and bloodshed in Chicago, and it is a notable fact in connection with these communists, that their viciousness and desperation were largely caused by the rantings of a young American communist named Parsons. This fellow had many of the characteristics of the Pittsburg rattle-brained mock hero, "Boss Ammon." Parsons is a printer by trade, and just previous to the great strikes had been a compositor on the *Chicago Times*. He had also distinguished himself by running for the office of alderman, and being beaten. He seems to possess a strange nature in every respect, as he has for several years lived in Chicago with a colored woman, whom he has at least called his wife. He is a young man, like Ammon, of flippant tongue, and is capable of making a speech that will tingle the blood of that class of characterless rascals that are always standing ready to grasp society by the throat; and while he can excite his auditors, of this class, to the very verge of riot, has that devilish ingenuity in the use of words which has permitted himself to escape deserving punishment.

It was more through this man's baleful influence, than from any other cause, that the *conditions* were ripe in Chicago for all manner of excesses. Because they were not greater is from the fact that the authorities were prompt and vigilant, and the citizens came to the rescue of their city in such a grand outpouring as was witnessed at no other point.

On Monday, July 23d, the pay of the engineers on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, which had been slightly reduced, was restored. From this date everything on that road was devoid of trouble, although the officers of the company took the precaution to remove the greater portion of the most valuable of rolling-stock to suburban towns along the line, in order to get it out of harm's way in case of fire and riot like that which desolated Pittsburg.

Although there had been no recent reduction of wages on the Chicago and Alton road, the moving of trains at the St. Louis end had been badly interfered with by rioters, and General Superintendent McMullen, on Monday, decided to at once discontinue the movement of all freight trains until the trainmen on his road were sufficiently over the common excitement to warrant a safe and expeditious handling of the company's business. General unrest and apprehension prevailed all over the city, but the day closed with no record of important events.

On Tuesday the strike in Chicago was fairly inaugurated and was begun by the men from the Michigan Central road, proceeding first among the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy men, whom they induced to join them, and, with this reinforcement, to the depots and shops of all other railroads centering in Chicago.

In every instance the men quietly quit work, and remained peaceably about their different resorts, while it is only a simple matter of justice to state that, in all the sub-

sequent riot and trouble, the striking trainmen were guilty of no single act of violence.

But encouraged by the show made by trainmen, and the ease with which a general strike had been effected upon all the railroads, the communists, just before noon, rallied from the slums of the West Side, and that famous and infamous locality in the southwestern part of the city, known as "Bridgeport," and accompanied by a bevy of little boys and girls, some of them not over six years of age, but all of whom carried some sort of a stick or club, proceeded first through the manufacturing district of the West Side, compelling them to close, most of which immediately reopened the moment the ragamuffin troop were out of sight, and thence to the manufactories and wholesale business houses of the South Side, where but partial success was met with, and the crowd finally dispersed from sheer want of leaders, who were quietly nabbed by the police, or who slunk shamefacedly away when confronted by the business men of that section of the city. At night a mass-meeting, composed of about five thousand roughs and communists, was held in Market Square, in front of the office of the *Vorbote*—or *Freebooter*, translated—the organ of the communists in Chicago. The authorities saw that the temper of the meeting boded no good, and the police broke it up, dispersing its members by a very free use of their clubs.

On the next day there was one continuous scene of disorder, which, however, did not culminate in anything serious until late in the evening. Everybody was excited, and in every section of the great city there was gathering in squads by respectable citizens, and gathering in mobs by the roughs, yet with a few charges by the police, a few rushes by the rioters, the day wore on, both the authorities and the vicious elements becoming each more determined to win the fight when it should come.

Colonel Hickey, Police Superintendent, had previously given orders which resulted in the removal of all arms and ammunition from the various gun and hardware stores to places of safety, which had been both secretly and effectively done; so that the pillaging which occurred at Pittsburg could hardly have transpired. Neither was there at any time apprehension of ungovernable riot occurring in the finer business portion of the city; for every business house had promptly organized such emergency forces, that, with the near aid of the police from headquarters, and that of my own large, uniformed, and well-armed Preventive Police, any attack which might be made from across the river could have been met and repulsed with great disaster to the common enemy. Besides this, the riot and disorder seemed naturally to confine itself to the southern portion of the city, where most of the freight depots of the different roads, as well as some of the largest manufacturing establishments in the whole country, are located, and upon the West Side—particularly the southern portion of the West Side—where there are innumerable packing-houses, machine-shops, “slop-shops,” or houses for the manufacture of ready-made clothing, rendering establishments, foundries, and all manner of the grosser industries that draw around them the most ignorant, as well as the most vicious and desperate, of laborers. Within an area of four square miles, covering this section of the city, all the rioting in Chicago was done. One of the chief reasons for this was found in the fact that the police forces were admirably handled, and instead of being held at headquarters to protect a trifling area, as was the case in some other cities, were separated into serviceable squads, and made to engage the communist ruffians *on their own ground*, thus rendering the most effectual protection possible to the best portions of the city, for the wild mobs were so hustled and worried in their own sections,

that they had little time, or opportunity, for projecting trouble beyond.

By this time the people of Chicago had become thoroughly aroused. Its two handsome militia regiments, the First and Second, had turned out splendidly, a local battery was in fine fighting trim, and Colonel Agramonte, with the hearty co-operation of the authorities, had hastily organized a cavalry force which subsequently did most effective work in riding down the rioters. Besides this, several companies of United States troops, bronzed and war-scarred veterans from the Indian countries, had arrived, and had been received with such an ovation as had never been tendered to soldiers before, many of the swarthy fellows being carried for blocks on the heads and shoulders of jubilant citizens.

But the people of the city, as before stated, were now thoroughly aroused, and while each well-wisher for the common good had lasting faith in the eventual peaceful solution of the trouble, every man of standing and respectability had a desire to do something to give beyond question public expression to a common determination to wipe out the stain upon the city's name.

The outgrowth of all this was an almost simultaneous movement from all quarters of the city towards the mammoth Tabernacle building, the great barn erected by certain business men, primarily as an advertising scheme, and, secondarily, for the purpose of spreading physical disease through spiritual salvation as distributed by Moody and Sankey. This meeting was called for three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, but by two o'clock from between ten and twelve thousand people had wedged themselves into the place. Fully as many more surrounded the structure, failing to gain admission, and it is certain that twenty thousand business men whose hearts and souls were with the meeting never went near it, knowing the impossibility of getting

within blocks of the building. If there had been a building in Chicago which held fifty thousand people, on that day, and for the purpose named, fifty thousand earnest, determined men would have packed it full. Chicago will forever sustain the reputation of never doing things by halves.

As an illustration of the temper of this meeting I cannot resist reproducing the words of that patriotic citizen and grand man, Robert Collyer. He came forward as if in the old times, when he was the strong-armed "Yorkshire Blacksmith" of Ilkley, to drive home with the hammer of supreme earnestness the heated iron which should weld all minds into a common purpose, and said :

"This is no time for preaching; this is a time for practice!

"The wisest and bravest and best thing we can do has got to be done now. We are going to take care of our city whatever comes. We are cowed by an insignificant mob. The great wheels of commerce and trade are stopped. I cannot expect to live long in course of nature. I thought I might live twenty years—I would like to. Do you know, fellow-citizens, as God lives, and as my soul lives, I would rather die in twenty minutes in defense of order, and of our homes, against these men, than to live twenty years of as happy life as I have lived all these fifty years. My thought was this: that we should have special committees in the wards and districts of our city; that we should organize a force of twenty thousand constables; that we should subscribe one million dollars as a fund to be drawn on, to take care of these men who are acting with us, but who cannot take care of themselves. I am poor, but I am willing to give two hundred dollars to begin with. That is my speech, gentlemen!"

It was not Robert Collyer alone, but half a hundred

thousand men who, like him, got at the heart of the thing without any nonsense, and the result was an organization of men who would have swept a respectable army from any field. Gray-haired man and full-blooded youth stood side by side, and were equally strong and powerful in the one great purpose.

So sudden and summary was the action of Tuesday's mob in closing up the manufactories of the southern portion of the West Side, that but a few of these places attempted to resume work on Wednesday. In the great lumber district, where at any time can be seen the largest number of planing-mills and the vastest amount of lumber at any one point in the whole world, the men gathered at their customary places of employment, only awaiting the signal from their employers before resuming their labor, but only one mill dared begin. At half-past eight o'clock fully one thousand lumber-shovers and mill-men had congregated in the vicinity, and, with a mob's freak, instead of attacking the mill which had begun work, turned its attention to the Chicago Planing Mill Company, and an adjoining distillery, which the rioters—every one of whom was armed with a piece of hard lumber from three to five feet in length, and every man's pocket bulging out with stones—favored with a lively volley of missiles, and a general clubbing of doors and windows. But suddenly they left this mill, and quickly rushed to the first which had attracted their notice, where they drove the workmen away with the utmost violence, and nearly demolished the building.

The mob then headed for the works of the United States Rolling Stock Company, McCormick's mammoth reaper factory, and similar large establishments in the neighborhood, to complete their work of the day previous, and to, if possible, destroy all those places whose proprietors had the temerity to defy their dictatorship.

Lieutenant Vesey, with all the available police at his command, made a flank movement, arriving at the Rolling Stock Company's Works in advance of the rabble, stationing his men in front of the building. The Lieutenant attempted to conciliate the mob, but it was useless. It was spoiling for a fight, and the arrest of one of its most blatant members precipitated it. They first tore down one hundred feet of the fence, and then, having received reinforcements, turned suddenly on the police in a most savage manner. The latter retaliated with their clubs, hoping that this would be sufficient, but, finding that several of their number were being struck down, drew their revolvers and advanced on their assailants, wounding many, when the mob retired sullenly, savagely contesting every inch of ground, until the crowd was suddenly assaulted in the rear by more police, under Sergeant Callahan, who had arrived at an opportune moment. Then firing ceased, and clubbing began in earnest. The mob fought back desperately, but were finally beaten, flying precipitately over the prairies in every direction.

Later in the day portions of the same mob surged back to the north, gathering force and impetus as it progressed, and made an attack upon the passenger depot of the Northwestern Railway, for the purpose of stopping all trains. They were, however, successfully resisted by the police and a *posse* of citizens, driven off with many a broken and aching bone, and their leaders dragged ignominiously to the lock-up.

But, whenever the mob dispersed at one locality, it seemed to have a strange and mysterious faculty of rising, "phoenix-like," at half a dozen different points. Manufacturing were again visited in the eastern and central portion of the West Side, and closed with the ugliest of violence.

An instance worthy of record, where this brute force failed to succeed, was when a vile crowd attacked the

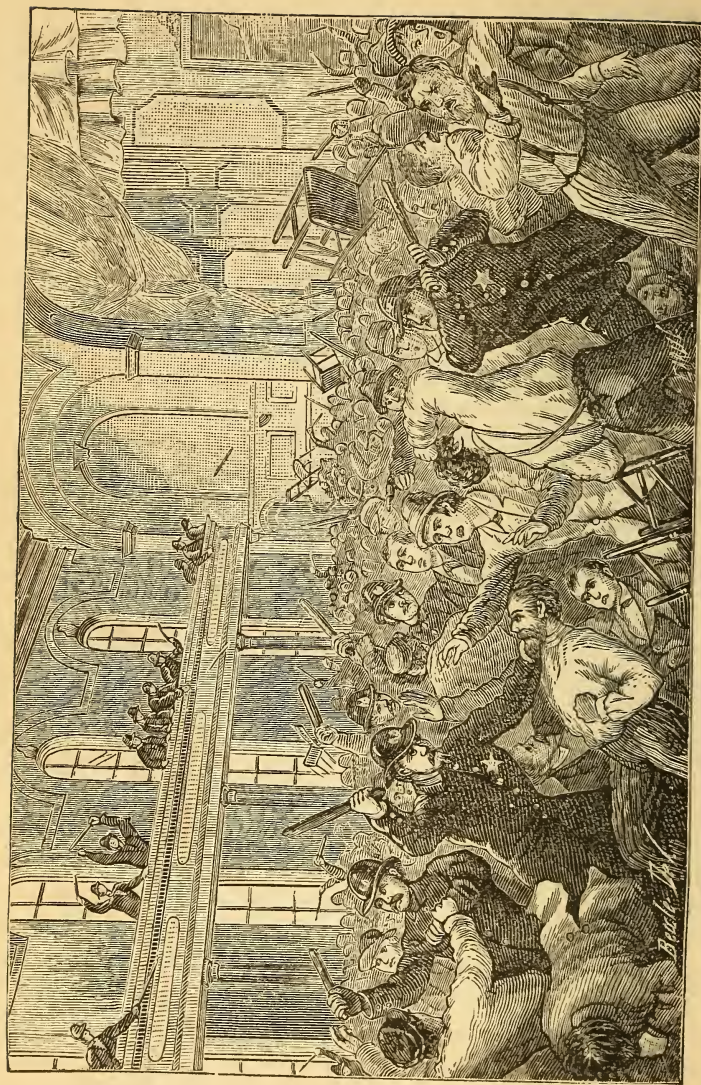
manufactory of the Crane Bros. & Co. This company had large contracts in iron-work to be filled by August 15th. Their men were working on full time, at good wages, and would not be bullied from the place. Arming themselves with convenient pieces of iron, they defied the mob, which was most ridiculously dispersed, by showering its members with water until they were completely drenched.

Back and forth all the afternoon and into the night, small crowds of rioters pushed their way through this section of the city, carrying terror everywhere. Countless collisions with bodies of citizens and police occurred, in which the latter were always victorious, but which never had the effect of effectually quelling the devilish spirit of the infuriated ruffians, and Wednesday ended, as it had begun, with turbulence and disorder, but with a drawing nearer to the grand climax, when the riotous classes should get their fill of conflict, and when the determination of all Chicago that the city should cast off the pestilential terror which had come upon it should prevail.

On Thursday morning everything was ripe for conflict. The citizen organizations, which were mainly relied on for service, in case the business portion of the city should be invaded, had been well perfected, the militia regiments, whose loyalty had been somewhat doubted, were in full force, and ready for hard knocks; the cavalry organization was well equipped with everything necessary to do effective charging and slashing; the artillery company had been as effectively manned by old battery men as ever was a company during our late war; a large force from the post-office, armed to the teeth with revolvers and muskets, the Veteran Reserve Corps, under old and skilled army officers, and, better than all, the United States troops, who had been increased to seven hundred men, every one of them quite as ready to meet communists as to follow Sitting

Bull; while the mob elements had gathered still greater force and power, and were ready for any work which it might be possible for them to compass.

The ball was opened at ten o'clock Thursday morning by a riot at Vorwaert's Turner Hall, on West Twelfth Street, half a block east from Halsted Street. A meeting of self-styled workingmen had been called, and by nine o'clock the crowd of hoodlums that had collected ran up into thousands. At about the hour first named, a detachment of regular and special police marched across the Twelfth Street bridge on their way to Twelfth Street Station. They were on foot and numbered about thirty men. No sooner had they neared the hall, than they were attacked by the dense crowd with stones and other missiles. They were compelled to fall back, when the rioters so hotly pursued them, that, in self-defense, they were obliged to turn upon them. The police fought like tigers, and, inch by inch, forced the ugly fellows back towards the building. Fortunately, a block and a half west from the scene of conflict, near the station, and in wagons, were nearly a score of police who had been sent from the Central Station, and were awaiting orders. As soon as they were apprised of the desperate condition of their comrades, there was never a quicker charge made. At them they went like a prize crowd at Donnybrook, and clubbed and smashed anybody and everybody before them, until they had formed a junction with the other party of police, when the main crowd, with yells of pain and rage, broke and fled in all directions. Then the combined force fought their way more fiercely than ever through the dense masses wedged into the vestibule and upon the stairways, pitching men bodily out into the street, or hurling them down the stairs, until the main auditorium was reached, when a scene transpired that beggars description.



Police driving a Communist Mob from West Side Turner Hall, Chicago.

Here was found a panic-stricken mob of perhaps two hundred persons, the larger portion of whom had taken refuge within, when the attack upon them by the police in the street had become too severe. But the officers kept at them with a vigor and enthusiasm beautiful and wonderful to behold. Many rioters climbed columns, like monkeys, and hid in the galleries; others secreted themselves beneath the stage, and among the "wings" and "flies" of the scenery; others jumped from the windows at the risk of broken limbs, and still others, too hotly pressed to escape, seized chairs, converting them into weapons of defense which they handled with the power of desperation; but no mercy was shown, and the clubbing went on until the great hall was cleared, and the mob had got the first taste of what was freely distributed in Chicago throughout the entire day.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE END.

DURING the Turner Hall fight another conflict was in progress on Halsted Street, between the Viaduct and Canal-port Avenue. In fact, Halsted Street was really the battleground during the entire day.

The particular occurrence referred to was caused by a gang of some three hundred young roughs attacking a street-car and its passengers. The police came to the rescue, but the mob rallied and returned to the attack most viciously, using revolvers freely. The police were slowly

forced back, firing with good effect, and wounding several of the rioters, who became infuriated. They charged and recharged on the police, fired revolvers and muskets out of windows and from alleys, clambered to the tops of houses and hurled stones upon the blue-coats. The latter intrenched themselves as best they might, and made as good a skirmish-fight as was ever witnessed. Finally reinforcements were forwarded, and the mob was defeated, but the battle had lasted two hours, and resulted in the disabling of several of the policemen, and the killing of one man and a boy, and the wounding of many of the mob.

It was soon seen that this point was to be the scene of trouble, and a large force of militia was sent to the vicinity, consisting of two cavalry companies, three hundred of the Second Regiment, under Colonel Quirk, and two ten-pound field-pieces, manned by veterans and firemen.

Fully ten thousand persons were massed in and along Halsted Street, nearly every one of whom was a rioter by nature and education. As soon as a charge would be made by the police, or the militia, in either direction, the crowd to be dispersed would make a short, sharp fight, and then, getting the worst of it, would suddenly dismember and rush to one side or the other, disappearing like an army of rats into the side-streets and alleys. Then, if the force was too large for an immediate reappearance, they would hurl stones, or fire revolvers, from their hiding-places, and the upper stories and even roofs of buildings constantly swarmed with the ruffians, who did everything in their power to murder the police and troops below. For hours this manner of charging, counter-charging, scurrying up and down streets, attempts to dislodge the enemy from the roofs of houses, and lively skirmishing of a general character, went on. Many exciting and ludicrous incidents occurred, if the sense of terror and the presence of wounds

and death could have been removed. One instance is worth relating.

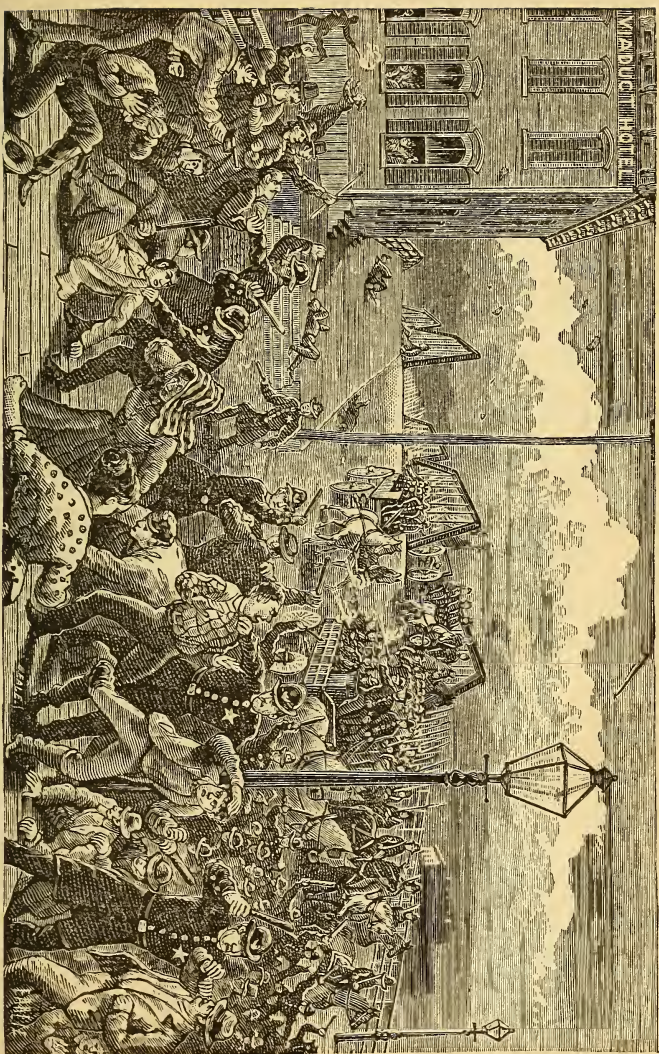
Whenever any of the rioters were captured, their attempted rescue was very popular among the mob. On one occasion a particularly desperate effort had been made to recapture a wagon-load of prisoners who were being taken to headquarters. In the scuffle and conflict which followed, one desperate fellow was being borne away by his friends, when policeman Hickey, brother of Colonel Hickey, the Police Superintendent, and a brave and stalwart officer, who was on horseback, at the risk of his life charged in upon the crowd, fought it until he had captured the released rioter, took him by the collar and bodily dragged him some distance from his friends, who were completely dazed by the heroic act, when he tied a rope to the ruffian's wrist, and, putting spurs to his horse, with a cocked revolver kept the rioters at bay until he had dragged his man triumphantly within the lines, while the police and militia were shouting themselves hoarse over the brilliant victory.

About this time Captain Seavey, at the Madison Street Station, received orders from headquarters to immediately proceed to the scene of conflict with all his available force, numbering at that time only twenty-one men. Discarding their clubs, he armed them with Springfield muskets and gave orders to shoot dead any man, or men, who might interfere with the command. Something in the appearance of the men, perhaps, awed the human devils by which they were compelled to pass, and they met with no serious obstacle. At Fourteenth Street they were joined by a portion of the Second Regiment, and a body of cavalry that had been busied keeping communications with the rear open. Then the entire force proceeded south to the Halsted Street bridge through the howling mobs, that stoned them from the sidewalks, but offered no direct resistance.

On reaching the bridge, a most terrific attack was made upon the police and troops with revolvers and stones. The larger portion of the force now charged the bridge and crossed it, after a severe fight, leaving but a small number to attend to the pursuing mob behind. The bridge had hardly been cleared before a gang of villains swung the same, jumping from it as the ends swept past the approaches. This left a handful of men at the mercy of an infuriated crowd of one hundred times their number. Certain death awaited them, had it not been for the wonderful presence of mind and heroism of a lad, not over eleven years of age, named James O'Neil, who deserves almost a brighter fame than the boy-hero of Pittsburg, August Dou-dal, who remained at his telegraph instrument sending dis-patches to Philadelphia of the progress of the riots until the mob burned the building over his head.

This lad took in the situation at a glance. He plunged into the river, never heeding the cowardly fiends who stoned him, as boys will stone a drowning rat, swam to the pier, climbed through the trap, and, amid the cheers of the police and the yells of the maddened mob, swung the bridge back to the approaches. The moment it was in place the cavalry charged back across it, followed by the Second Regiment supported by one field-piece, and all followed by police on foot and in wagons. Then firing on the mob began in earnest and with deadly results, four of the mob being killed outright, and large numbers wounded.

During the afternoon members of the mob which had received such a threshing at Halsted Street bridge and viaduct, moved over to the vicinity of Canal Street and Canal-port Avenue, and, effecting a junction with their friends from the "Bridgeport" slums, began making it decidedly uncomfortable for the police. Lieutenant Seavey's men were detailed to quell the disturbance, and met a murderous



Attack by Police and Militia upon the Rioters at Halsted Street Viaduct, Chicago.

reception by the mob. Sergeant Callahan's squad and Colonel Agramonte's cavalry were then sent to reinforce them, and the latter force charged at full gallop down Burlington Street, a thoroughfare but one square in length, but thickly infested by the lowest Poles and Bohemians which Chicago can muster. They fought with the ferocity of maddened brutes, but in among them, and upon them, dashed the excited horsemen, running them down and trampling them under foot, and showing them no mercy. The men cut right and left with their sabres, serving men and women alike, and often running their horses into the very doors of houses in pursuit of the enemy. This body of tumultuous fools were squelched completely.

And so passed this memorable Thursday.

It was one continuous series of fights, like those described, from morning until night. Nineteen of the rioters were *known* to have been killed. Over one hundred persons were known to have been wounded. The mobs had everywhere been defeated, and that disastrously; and when the darkness came, though a few upheavals of the brute element still rose to the surface, the monster Riot was found to be in its death struggle.

The force and effect of the great strikes were considerably broken when the excitement reached the State of Missouri and its splendid metropolis, St. Louis. This fact, coupled with the other fact, which does Missouri credit, that Governor Phelps had in him the promptness, bravery, and good judgment so requisite in executive officers, prevented all but a tithe of the real trouble experienced by other large cities.

It is no more than just that the story of the strike in Missouri and St. Louis should be called to the attention of the general public, so that this particular Governor need not share the odium which attaches to the Chief Executives of

Col. Agnew's Cavalry charging on Rioters in the Streets of Chicago.



several States which might be mentioned. Governor Phelps did his duty thoroughly. There was no halting or policy-hunting about him. He went right at the matter in a business way, and determined to rid his State of this particular lawlessness. In previous years, had there been more Governors for Missouri like Governor Phelps, the stain of lawlessness and crime, which for so long has rested upon her, and which cannot soon be forgotten, would never have been laid upon the State.

The first serious disturbances connected with the great strikes began in St. Louis on Monday, July 23d, and before Wednesday, the 25th, had passed away, the strikers had got control of the railroads and interfered with the operation of nearly all the industrial works in and around the city. The Governor was in the capital, Jefferson City, attending to his routine duties at the time, and telegrams began to pour in upon him from citizens and leading officials of St. Louis, calling upon him to appeal to the President for United States troops to suppress the riot, and a delegation from that city came to urge him to the same course of action. The Governor bluntly expressed the opinion that it was the business of the State to put down its own rioters, and it was his particular business to see that the work was done. He therefore refused to appeal to the President until the commonwealth had exhausted its own resources. The Governor went to St. Louis Wednesday night, and on Thursday issued his proclamation to the strikers. Among other straightforward things, this proclamation contained the following plain and forcible language:

“And I do assure the people of Missouri, and especially of this city, that I am here for the purpose of seeing that the laws are faithfully executed and enforced.”

There was no equivocation or begging of the question about this. It was the language of a man who was master

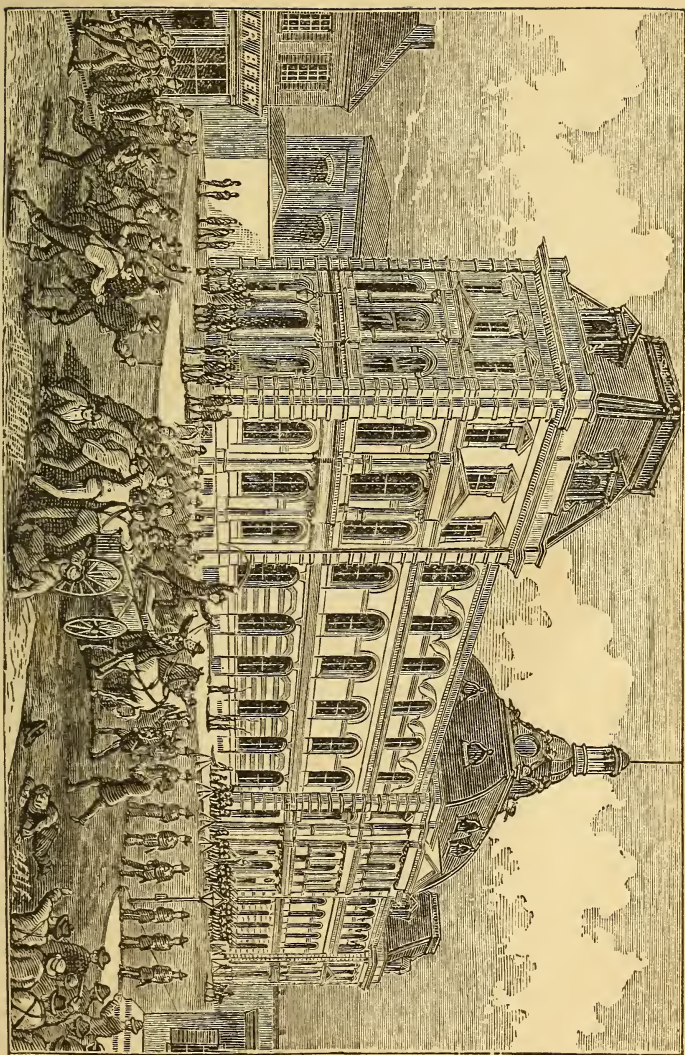
of the situation. The rioters felt it. It went right home to them. They *knew* there was to be no higgie-laggling or trifling. The police, under Chief McDonough, a cool and efficient officer, supported by the military, who had been given enthusiasm and spirit by the presence and determination of Governor Phelps himself, moved upon the rioters the next day, Friday, July 27th, and dispersed them without killing a man. Saturday St. Louis was as quiet as any city in the Union. The greatest heat of the disorder had been in East St. Louis, just across the river on the Illinois side, and Governor Phelps notified Governor Cullom, of Illinois, on July 26th, that the traffic of the great lines westward was stopped by the strikers in East St. Louis, and called upon him to restore peace and remove the embargo, offering the co-operation of the "good and law-abiding men" of Missouri in the work. At Kansas City, Hannibal, St. Joseph, and other points throughout the commonwealth, the same active and determined spirit prevailed, and the tendency to riot was suppressed without bloodshed, but without faltering. The importance of such a consummation may be fairly estimated, when it is remembered that the great lines of railway connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts run through Missouri. From the treatment of the strikes in the "border-ruffian State," that commonwealth is certainly bound to take high rank among her sister States in the Union.

During the entire disorder at St. Louis, although there was considerable excitement and frequent exhibitions of the mob spirit in the gathering of crowds, requiring care and good generalship to handle, there was but one occasion when the severe use of the police and military seemed to be imminent, and the origin and progress of that particular bit of turmoil was of the most ludicrous nature.

This occurred in front of the Four Courts, on Thursday.

An old German huckster, who was determined to attend to his business, strike or no strike, found occasion to pass the Four Courts building, homeward bound, after having disposed of his wagon-load of vegetables. This place was the headquarters of the police and troops, the latter being quartered in the jail-yard, and a small force left in front of the building for immediate service, should it become necessary. A cordon of police had been placed across the street, at a short distance either side of the front of the Four Courts, in order to keep clear sufficient space in which to make any necessary military or police evolutions.

But the old German huckster had got it into his head that this is a free country, and that he had as good a right to travel upon one street as another. The police stopped him when he reached the line, but he whipped up his team and paid no attention to the blue-coats. The more they endeavored to stop him the more he beat his horses, which soon began rearing about, when one or two officers attempted to spring into the wagon and effect the huckster's arrest. That irate individual then transferred his attentions from the horses to the police, whom he cracked over the heads at a lively rate. For some time he hotly defended himself, until other police sprang forward to assist their comrades. This was the signal for the rioters, who had been crowding the saloons and streets in the vicinity, to come to the rescue of the plucky Dutchman. The desire to take him from the police seemed to be electrical with the mob, and its members rushed down the streets in every direction. More police were called on, and, for a few minutes one of the liveliest and most laughable tussles of the great strikes was in full progress, the old German topping all and laying about him right and left with his whip, never caring whether he hit policeman or rioter, and swearing like a trooper as an accompaniment.



Scene near the "Four Courts", during the riots at St. Louis.

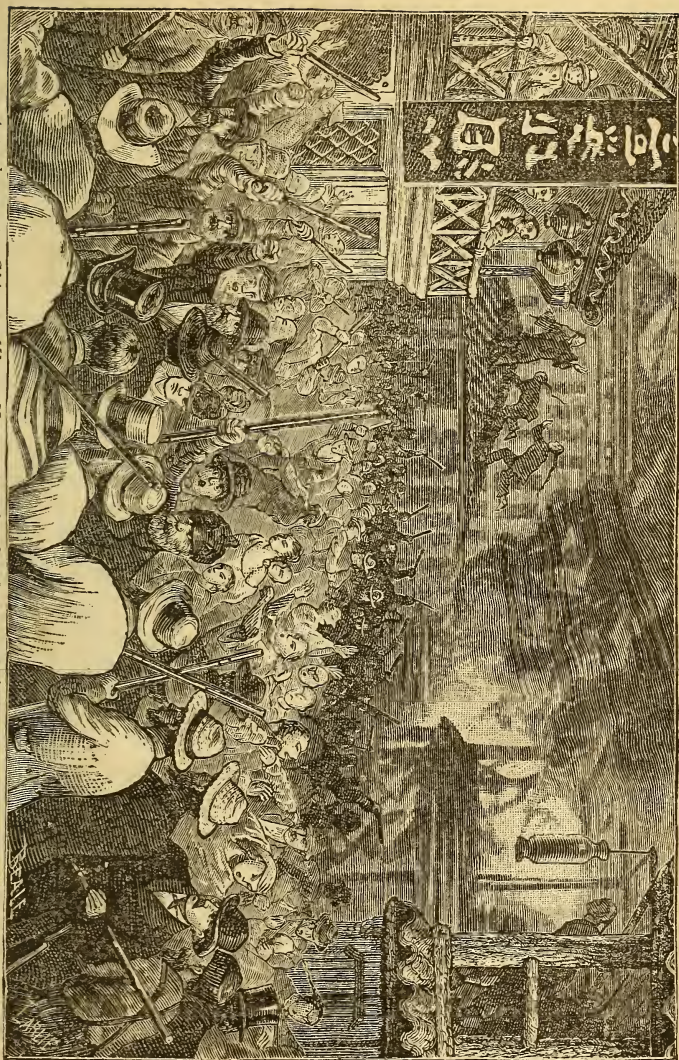
Finally the mob was repulsed, its leaders arrested, and the poor old huckster borne to durance vile, where he was kept for a short time, and then permitted to depart, after a lecture upon the enormity of his bloodless crime.

On Wednesday, July 25th, the subsiding wave of riot reached the Pacific Ocean and stirred San Francisco to its very center. In all California could not be found one good reason for excitement and disturbance, and all that came originated in the general public alarm and the inveterate hatred of the Chinese population by the lower classes of the whites. This subject has been too generally discussed to require touching upon here. It is merely necessary to refer to it, as the chief and only cause for a riot in San Francisco at this or any other time.

Mayor Bryant had issued his proclamation recounting the troubles in Eastern States, and appealing to the better nature and the patience of all citizens, while intimating that riot and disorder would be put down with a strong hand. The city had an available force of ten thousand armed men, consisting of police, militia, and emergency men. The latter, by far the greatest number, were composed of Union and Confederate ex-soldiers, and knew just what war meant. Beside this, two companies of United States troops were conveniently stationed at Alcatraz and Angel Islands, while the United States corvettes, Pensacola and Lackawanna, with a force of marines, were at hand in the harbor.

While everybody was in this condition of suspense, an alarm of fire was sounded. The "hoodlums" had fired the Pacific Mail docks, and the large lumber yards in that vicinity, and soon after, in large force, attacked the Chinese quarters in a most vicious and desperate manner. These helpless Celestials fled in terror in every direction. Many in dismay sprang from windows into the streets, and were then stoned and beaten by their enemies; others hid in

Attack on the Chinese Wash-Houses by the Strikers and "Hoodlums" in San Francisco.



underground holes ; others, in scant clothing, skipped along the roofs of buildings like the liveliest of escaped lunatics ; many pleaded and begged on their knees, and were clubbed and pulled through the streets for their pains ; while it is said that others actually committed suicide rather than be taken by the demons attacking them. As soon as this condition of things had been learned at headquarters, a large force of police was dispatched to the scene from one direction, and a much larger number of Vigilantes were sent to the same point from another. The two forces attacked them with splendid spirit and energy.

For a full half hour the struggle continued, the police and the Vigilantes both forcing the rioters into a dense mass, and pounding and beating them terribly, finally triumphantly bearing off half a hundred of the most desperate leaders, and dispersing the mob.

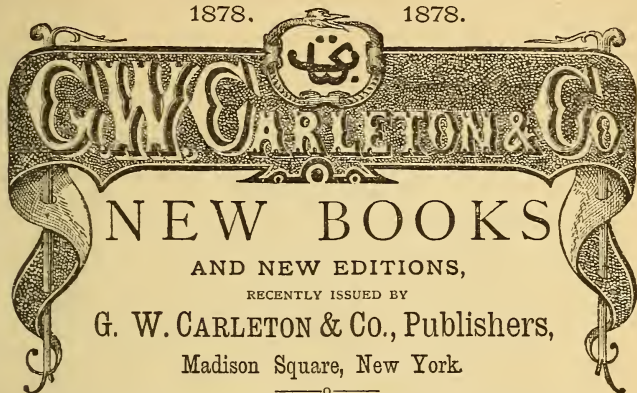
Three of the mob were killed outright in this battle, and forty-six "hoodlums" were badly wounded.

But it put an end to the trouble in San Francisco. Orders were given, and made known to the public, to shoot dead the first person found inciting riot or resisting arrest, and this, with the punishment given the rioters on Wednesday night, held terrorism in restraint.

After this summary handling of matters in San Francisco the whole land was again at peace. The great wheels of commerce began their accustomed rounds ; the business man drew a sigh of relief and returned to his duties ; the laborer put his hands again to his work, wondering where he had been benefited, and cursing his own recklessness ; and far and near our fifty millions of people, who had for nearly half a month stood aghast in terror, slowly shook off the horrible presence that had been upon them, and took up the old ways of life, as if waking from an oppressive dream.

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
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
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